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A FRIEND OF MRS. ANN HUTCHINSON.

II.

WHEN we remember the excesses of sects in Europe whose views resembled Mrs. Hutchinson's, we are inclined to judge charitably the conservatism of the dominant party in Boston and to sympathize in a degree with their dread of the influence of persons who taught a moral and political freedom so broad that it seemed to lead to license and the abrogation of all law. Theories of "soul liberty" sown broadcast in Europe in the sixteenth century had often borne dead sea fruits as evil as those of the French Revolution; and there was no American Republic of the nineteenth century, proclaiming liberty to all and allowing equality to take care of itself, to present the peaceable fruits of righteousness as a result of "following the principles of the reformation" with logical precision to all their consequences, as was the aim and pride of the friends of Mrs. Hutchinson. To this new party whose theories in regard to religious and political liberty were certainly far in advance of the views held by their neighbors, the men whom they found in power in Massachusetts were "priest-ridden magistrates," and the clergy they regarded as "the ushers of persecution," "popish factors," and "under a covenant of works," sometimes going so far as to call them Pharisees and hypocrites, and accusing them of setting up a court of high commission similar to the ecclesiastical court which had driven them across the Atlantic. They sympathized with the feeling of the Episcopal minister, Mr. Blackstone, an emigrant not of the Antinomian party, who when urged by the Massachusetts people, by whom he was highly esteemed, to unite with the Congregational church, replied: "I came

from England because I did not like the Lord Bishops; but I can't join with you because I would not be under the Lord Brethren." Mrs. Hutchinson's party detested despotism in every form or degree. Carried to their logical results, their theories would have made each man literally a law unto himself.

But fanatics trained in a Christian community are usually restrained by education and public sentiment. Their morality is of a better quality than their intellectual theories, and they do not follow the latter to their legitimate consequences. With one or two exceptions, the false doctrine of the party did not result in evil conduct. One of the party, it is true, Captain Underhill, the famous leader in the Pequod war, was banished, as the opponents of the Antinomians delighted to record, for gross immorality. Underhill had the effrontery to tell the reverent and pure-hearted Winthrop that "the spirit had sent into him the witness of free grace while he was in the moderate enjoyment of the good creature called tobacco," that is, while smoking his pipe, "since which he had never doubted his good estate, and neither should, though he should fall into sin." Probably Mrs. Hutchinson and the majority of her friends would have declared that they did not belong to the party which was called by her name. Any one who has read in the diaries and letters of the noble Winthrop the record of his abhorrence of evil and bitter repentance for the smallest fault, of his awful reverence for God and all holy things, can imagine the horror and disgust with which he listened to Underhill, whom he doubtless regarded as a fair representative of his

party. -His logical mind well versed in metaphysics and theology could conceive of no result but immoral practice from what he regarded as an immoral creed.

Mr. Coggeshall's friendship for Mr. Wheelwright and Mrs. Hutchinson, but still more his sense of justice and disapproval of "the stringency of regulation and lack of latitude even in non-essentials," produced by the desire for uniformity in creed and ceremonial prevailing among civil and religious leaders, brought him into conflict with ministers and magistrates. The party to which he belonged were at first called opinionatists, but soon from the "disregard to the law both as an evidence and a means of grace" with which they were charged, were called Antinomians. Callender says that they were "Puritans of the highest form," high church Calvinists. Such questions as the nature of the soul, resurrection of the body, the believer's union with the Holy Spirit, and the most difficult and abstruse Calvinistic doctrines, which were differently interpreted by the two parties, were discussed at every fire-side and wherever men and women met, and the controversy pursued with all "the exquisite rancor of theological hatred." Many of their distinctions and explanations were mere logomachy, and Cotton Mather says, "'tis believed that multitudes of persons who took in with both parties did never to their dying hour understand what their difference was." Often both parties were really "of one mind, the one speaking of the abstract, the other speaking of the concrete," as had also been said in regard to the ancient Nestorian controversy. Writing of his grand-

father whom he thought, and we are inclined to agree with him, resembled the amiable and peace-loving Melancthon in character, he says: "Nor indeed am I without vehement suspicion that Mr. Cotton was really one with his antagonists, whatever seeming difference there was between them." He could easily believe that, though "interest, prejudice and faction put them into such quarrelsome heretications one against an other," "these good men might misunderstand each other."* If he had judged all the Antinomians as charitably, he would have foreborne to call them hypocrites and liars because they sometimes said to their opponents: "Nay, don't mistake me, for I mean the same that you do; we differ only in words."† Boileau, describing the victims of the controversy about the words Hoomonsion and Homoionsion, calls them "martyrs for a diphthong," and the phrase might be figuratively applied to the Antinomians, so slightly did their theological system differ from the Calvinism of the orthodox party. One who has witnessed the struggles, the animosities, the unfair theological debates, the social ostracism of party by

party in a village where two small churches of different denominations, there being room for but one, are fighting for a foothold, can imagine the bitterness and all uncharitableness that filled many hearts in Boston at this time. Political strife was added to theological controversy. Friends and even families were divided in opinion and sometimes became open enemies.

The Hutchinsonians "frequenting the lectures of other ministers did make much disturbance by public questions and objections to their doctrines." The other side railed at Mrs. Hutchinson, "the prime seducer of the whole faction," denounced "her scandalous, dangerous and enchanting extravagances," her promises of peace and comfort and spiritual perfection to those who adopted her views, and compared her to the pythoness out of whom St. Paul cast the spirit of divination. And Cotton Mather tried to persuade himself that his grandfather Cotton never accepted her doctrines. He associated with her simply from the desire to do for the New England prophetess what St. Paul did for the ancient soothsayer. Even the good qualities of the Antinomians were misrepresented. "They appeared wondrous holy, humble, self-denying and spiritual, and full of the most charming expressions imaginable," but these virtues were assumed for the sake of winning disciples! These cunning sectaries "acquainted themselves with as many as possibly they could, and carried their acquaintance with all the courtesies and kindness they could contrive to ingratiate themselves in the hearts of others, especially the new-comers into the place." This charge of a sort of religious dema-

* "In the height and heat of all the difference, when some ships were going from hence to England, Mr. Cotton in the whole congregation advised the passengers to tell our countrymen at home 'That all the strife here was about magnifying the grace of God; the one person seeking to advance the grace of God within us to sanctification; and another person seeking to advance the grace of God towards us to justification,' and Mr. Wilson stood up after him declaring on the other side that 'he knew none that did not endeavor to advance the grace of God in both.'"—*Magnalia*.

† But such charity he would have agreed with a fanatical Presbyterian of that age in describing as "a cursed intolerable toleration."

gogism and that of interrupting speakers at public meetings, were about the severest accusations recorded against them ! The enmities engendered by political and theological divisions interfered with affairs of government and seriously retarded such important public business as the collection of taxes, the distribution of town lots and prosecution of the Pequod war. On a fast day ordered by the general court on account of the religious dissensions and the Pequod war, Mr. Wheelwright preached a sermon which his enemies said, "fanned the flame of dissension instead of quenching it, thus perverting the object of the fast and adding contempt of court to the crime of seditious preaching." The original manuscript of the sermon, or a part of it, is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical society. An endorsement states that "it was left in the hands of Mr. John Coggeshall, who was a deacon in the church in Boston." The leading Antinomians spent the fast day with Mr. Wheelwright's church, instead of going to the Boston meeting to hear themselves berated by Mr. Wilson. For preaching this sermon Wheelwright was, by the consent and advice of the clergy, tried by the general court and convicted, though sentence was deferred, of an attempt to excite dissension and of contempt of court. The Antinomian, Governor Vane, and some of his party protested, but without effect. The Boston church justified and defended the sermon, and presented a petition in Wheelwright's favor, which was pronounced a seditious libel and rejected. At this time the Boston church, with the exception of Mr. Wilson and four other members, ad-

hered to Mrs. Hutchinson's party. The language of the rejected petition was respectful, though earnest and forcible, and the modern reader discerns in it no evidence of presumption or sedition. John Coggeshall was in full sympathy with the opinions expressed in it, as will be seen further on.

So exasperated against each other were the two parties, that for the sake of avoiding conflicts and tumults and also to remove the voters from "the immediate sphere of Mrs. Hutchinson's influence," it was thought wiser to hold the court of elections (May, 1637,) at Cambridge, then called Newtown, instead of at Boston, the usual place of meeting. The people who, probably on account of the Indian war, were ordered to come armed to the election, were wild with excitement, and soon became an angry mob on the point of proceeding from bitter accusations to blows and bloodshed. Fortunately, before matters had reached that extremity the Boston minister, Mr. Wilson, who was short of stature, climbing a tree that he might be plainly seen and heard by the tumultuous crowd, made an earnest speech, and his eloquence probably changed the course of events, prevented the two sides from attacking each other and seriously or even fatally injuring many present, and induced a number to desert their own leaders and join the conservative ranks.

So great was the effect of Wilson's speech, that Governor Vane and his party, who, hoping they would gain by the delay, had endeavored to put off the choice of the governor and assistants until the election day should be over,

were forced by the clamor of the freemen to proceed to an immediate election. This was their last struggle for political power. Vane and the liberals were defeated and Winthrop and his adherents were victorious. The Antinomians, though according to their opponents convinced and confounded, were not crushed, but were as persistent in their errors and "as busy in nourishing contentions as before." The vergers who had escorted Vane to the election at Cambridge and who were accustomed to attend him to and from meeting on Sunday, refused to walk before Winthrop. They threw down their halberds "so as the new governor was fain to use his own servants to carry two halberds before him, whereas the former governor had never less than four." And later, when, dreading the influence on the community of the large accessions to their party which the Antinomians were expecting from England, a law was passed forbidding the inhabitants to rent a house to a new-comer or to entertain him in their own dwellings for more than three weeks, the people of Boston, on Governor Winthrop's return from the general court at Cambridge, refused to go out to meet him or to show him any of the customary attentions. But he soon regained his well-deserved popularity. Numerous pamphlets in manuscript (there was no printing-press in the colony) were published by Wheelwright, Vane, Winthrop, the church and the general court, and kept the two parties in an embittered and excited state of mind.

The day after the election Wheelwright appeared before the court to receive his sentence but was again respited. "The

prisoner remained firm, inviting sentence of death, but threatening an appeal to the king in case the court should proceed." This course was a great mistake, for such an appeal was considered almost in the light of an act of treason to Massachusetts. The colonists dreaded above all things the interference of England in their internal affairs. Immediately the majority which had been with the Liberals or Antinomians changed sides, and the legalist or prelatical party was in the ascendant. Even Mr. Cotton, hitherto a warm friend of Mrs. Hutchinson, found in the threatened appeal to the king a convenient pretext of excuse for reconciling himself to the now dominant conservative party. "Having," to quote his grandson, "like the moon in its eclipse with an exemplary patience held on his course of serving the church of God until the strength of the enchantments attending this hour of temptation were a little dissolved, he recovered all his former splendor among the other stars." The following August a synod, the members of which were entertained at the public expense for eight weeks, met at Cambridge where a list of eighty-two erroneous opinions and nine unsavory speeches were condemned. In November, at the next general court, Wheelwright was banished. He removed to New Hampshire and thence to Maine, where he ended his days. A few years after his banishment from Massachusetts, on an acknowledgment of his errors and expression of penitence, he was granted the freedom of the colony. John Coggeshall was made of firmer stuff.

At the court which banished Wheelwright, Coggeshall made himself heard,

boldly and emphatically asserting his liberal principles and defending his friends, as we learn from the following note by Savage to a passage in 'Winthrop's Journal,' alluding to Coggeshall. "This gentleman," Savage says, "was of high consideration, representing Boston in the first, second, third, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth courts, in the records of which his name is sometimes written by the secretary as it was probably pronounced, Coxcall. He was elected to the twelfth, but with Aspenwall, as we find 'Colonial Records,' I. 202, "affirming that Mr. Wheelwright is innocent and that he was persecuted for the truth, was in like sort dismissed from the court and order was given for new deputies to be chosen by the town." It is a satisfaction to know that when the new deputies elected were also rejected for their liberal views, the town refused to choose other representatives.

Ellis, in his 'Life of Mrs. Hutchinson,' gives an interesting account of Coggeshall's course: "Mr. John Coggeshall, another Boston representative and a deacon in the church, had not signed the petition, but upon the ejection of Aspenwall, he stoutly told the court that it had better treat him in the same way, as he approved the remonstrance, and had already put his name to a protest." At the close of Wheelwright's trial: "Deacon Coggeshall was called to account for several reproachful and troublesome deeds and words, and stood strenuously for liberty and justice." The same court from which he was expelled disfranchised him. "Being convicted for disturbing the public peace, he was disfranchised [November,

1637], and enjoined not to speak anything to disturb the public peace"—that is anything, however moderately expressed, in defense of his friends or his principles.

The real originator and leader of the Antinomian party, as already stated*, was Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, and her trial followed that of Mr. Wheelwright. Her theology has been described as "Calvinism run to seed," and it was certainly erroneous and dangerous in its tendencies. Antinomian means against law, yet we

* Mr. Coggeshall's testimony:

In the hope of adjusting the difficulty between the two parties, Mr. Cotton suggested a friendly meeting of all the elders in the Massachusetts Bay colony at his house, and an interview took place. Mrs. Hutchinson was present and explained her peculiar views, supposing the confidence she reposed in the ministers was to be held sacred. Her words were used against her at her trial by the general court. She opened her defense by calling three witnesses, Leverett, Coggeshall and John Cotton, who testified as follows:

Governor Winthrop: Mr. Coggeshall was not present?

Mr. Coggeshall: Yes, but I was, only I desired to be silent till I should be called.

Governor Winthrop: Will you . . . say that she did not say so?

Mr. C.: Yes, I dare say that she did not say all that which they lay against her.

Mr. Peters: How dare you look into the court and say such a word?

Mr. C.: Mr. Peters takes upon him to forbid me. I shall be silent.

Governor W.: Well, Mr. Leverett, what were the words? I pray speak.

Mr. Leverett: To my best remembrance . . . Mr. Peters did, with much vehemency and entreaty, urge her to tell what difference there was between Mr. Cotton and them, and upon his urging her she said: "The fear of man is a snare, but they that trust upon the Lord shall be safe." "And that they did not preach a covenant of grace so clearly as Mr. Cotton did." Mr. Cotton intimated that his brethren, in their anxiety to make out a case, had colored material facts.—Adams's 'Emancipation of Massachusetts.'

know that, as a rule, her friends were moral and law-abiding citizens. She was herself of "such profitable and sober carriage," so much loved by all classes of society for her womanly graces of character and the courtesies that "engentle humanity," but above all for her many good deeds, for her self-denying charities and valuable gratuitous services as a physician* and nurse, that it was sometime after her theological soundness was suspected before anyone could muster the courage to accuse her of heresy. So great was her magnetism in public and private, the tones of her voice were so persuasive, her arguments were so forcible and conclusive, and her manner so delightful, that few could resist her influence, and her opponents, finding their efforts to destroy her power of no avail, were ready to believe her guilty of using the spells and enchantments of a witch to ensnare her disciples and win them from their orthodox teachers. Of course, in common with all dead in earnest people of extravagant notions, she has been pronounced insane

* Even her enemies admit her medical knowledge and skill as a doctor, and that she was well supplied with drugs and surgical instruments. Many country ladies of the seventeenth century had sufficient knowledge of medicine and surgery to attend their families and poorer neighbors when suffering from disease or accidents. The medical skill of Mrs. John Eliot of Roxbury, Massachusetts, increased her husband's influence among his parishioners. In some instances he converted former enemies into warm, life-long friends by sending his wife, without their solicitation, to prescribe for them when they were ill. Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, in her delightful biography of her dear colonel, tells us with charming *naïveté* how successfully she practiced medicine at the same period in her English country home and elsewhere. See Mather's 'Magnalia,' 'Memorial History of Boston,' under "Medicine," and 'Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson,' by his wife Lucy.

by a few writers, but probably the truth about her is that she was simply of an unusually enthusiastic temperament, even living at times, it may be, as has been the case with other mystics and religious leaders of ardent faith, in a state bordering on religious ecstasy. She established weekly meetings for women in her own house, similar in character to modern "Bible readings," having first prepared the way for them by giving the conversation at the "gossippings," as the customary gatherings of her sex at each other's houses were called, a religious tone. She spent much of the time in commenting on the sermons of the ministers, occasionally criticising them severely, and sometimes promulgating "recondite doctrines and enthusiastic subtleties" and fanciful interpretations of Scripture, or was accused of doing so by the pastors whom she had dared to accuse of teaching false doctrine. Often as many as sixty women attended these assemblies, and from them were disseminated many of the opinions afterwards denounced as heretical. She not only obtained unbounded influence over the women of Boston, but became the leader of a large political and religious party formed of some of the most prominent men in the town, for as Cotton Mather says, "these women, like their first mother Eve, soon hooked in their husbands also!" Mrs. Hutchinson's trial lasted two days, and was conducted in the form of questions and answers between the court and the accused, this mode being chosen in the hope, which was not realized, of entrapping her into an admission of error. With dauntless courage and cool self-possession she faced her judges, and en-

dured without flinching the painful ordeal of her examination by these stern, puritan heresy hunters, no doubt occasionally gratifying a slightly unsaintly feeling of impatience and anger natural to outraged human nature by puzzling questions and rejoinders addressed to her persecutors, but never at a loss for a witty or an acute and discriminating answer to their arguments. The court drew inferences from her abstract notions, and insisted that the opinions thus deduced were the legitimate results of her theories and were the views which she really held, and accused her of falsehood when she denied their charges and explained her creed. The strength and clearness of her intellect, her command of language and her mastery of logic and theology excited the surprise and admiration of her enemies. "Even the report," to use the language of Arnold's 'History of Rhode Island,' "given by Welde, one of her prosecutors and judges, leaves her at the end of the second day unscathed by the dialectics of the court."

On the morning of the second day she defended herself in a long speech, explaining her doctrine of inward revelation and seeming almost to yield to the delusion that she was inspired, unwisely aggravating the court by asserting that it was revealed to her before she left England that she was coming to America to suffer persecution, a prophecy of which the trial now in progress was a fulfillment. The indignant members of the court, who already considered her "like Roger Williams and worse," and "guilty of weakening the hands and hearts of the people towards the ministers," "saw now an in-

evitable necessity to rid her away." Sentence of banishment was pronounced upon the intrepid woman, but she was allowed to reside till spring at a private house in Roxbury, where no one but her relatives and the ministers were permitted to visit her.

"She shattered the case of the government in a style worthy of a leader of the bar."—Adams's 'Emancipation of Massachusetts.' Yet she was in feeble health and was "made to stand till she was exhausted, her trial lasting through two weary days of hunger and cold." While at Welde's, in Roxbury, worn out by her trial and tormented by daily visits from the elders, her reason seems to have tottered, for her talk "came to resemble ravings, and her words, when brought before the church court, were extravagant, excited and passionate." After a week's rest at Mr. Cotton's, her mind recovered its tone, and "when she again appeared she not only retracted the wild opinions she had broached while at Joseph Welde's, but admitted that what she had spoken against the magistrates at the court, by way of revelation, was rash and ungrounded."

The accounts of her trial confirm the reports of her "great intellectual endowments and masculine energy," and the high estimates of her character which have come down to us not merely from friends but from orthodox and hostile biographers. Johnson, the author of 'Wonder Working Providence,' styled her "the masterpiece of woman's wit;" Winthrop said that "she was a woman of ready wit and bold spirit;" Cotton Mather characterized her as "a gentlewoman of a haughty carriage, busy spirit, competent wit and a violent.

tongue;" Roger Williams had a good opinion of her; Belknap describes her as "a woman of masculine understanding and consummate art."

Doubtless, like most persons of unusual mental gifts, original character and pronounced views, she had the defects of her good qualities—a warm temper as well as a warm heart, and a command of stern and cutting as well as of sweet and persuasive words, great faults as well as great virtues—among the faults, perhaps, as Hildreth says, "a great love of power." But the noble traits predominated. We know that she was a tender wife and mother, taking good care of her house and large family, and we can easily imagine that her mystical piety spiritualized and sanctified the common domestic duties of her life. The charming gifts which fascinated and revolutionized Boston society no doubt elevated and brightened the tone of the little Rhode Island community to which she was banished, making her home delightful to guests and relations, and exile from the centre of intelligence and refinement in Massachusetts a little less unbearable to educated "gentlefolks" like the Coggeshalls, Coddingtons† and others resembling them, who settled at Portsmouth, Rhode Island.

The husband of Madame Guyon said that the only fault he had to find with her was that she loved God too well. Love for the church left little room in her heart for individuals, though bound to her by the ties of relationship. Mrs. Hutchin-

son's relatives and connections by marriage were devotedly attached to her, and were among her most enthusiastic disciples. Her husband told an inquisitorial church committee sent from Boston to Portsmouth that he "thought her a dear saint and servant of God," and that he was more closely bound to her than to the church.

January 19, 1638, the same court which banished Mrs. Hutchinson, fearing, though there seems to have been no grounds for their apprehensions, armed resistance to their authority, and the inauguration by the leaders of the liberals of a Democratic revolution in the colony, ordered the principal men of her party to deliver up their arms and ammunition before the thirtieth of January, unless they would acknowledge their sin in subscribing the seditious libel (the really respectful and moderate petition in favor of Wheelwright) before two magistrates. Seventy-five names, John Coggeshall's among them, are enumerated as the objects of "this astonishing order," as Arnold calls it. To add to their humiliation they were compelled to themselves carry their arms to the house of Mr. Keayne, who was appointed to receive them. If they failed to do so or bought others, they were liable to a fine of ten pounds. In March, 1638, many of the signers of the "seditious petition" were "proceeded with in a church way by admonition," and proving obdurate, were excommunicated. Mrs. Hutchinson was also summoned before the church. John Coggeshall was one of those who defended her. Though, probably, like Mr. Coddington, he was "not one of her worship-

† The accessions to the colony appear to have been for the most part from a superior class in point of education and social standing.—'Arnold's Hist. of R. I.', Vol. I.

ers," he was her warm friend and stood faithfully by her in Massachusetts and Rhode Island when she needed support and assistance.

A list of twenty-nine theses was presented at her examination, all of which she defended. It was hoped that she would recant, but she refused to acknowledge herself in error, and "the church with one consent cast her out." Her former friend and adherent, Mr. Cotton, gravely admonished her at this trial, and also endeavored privately to convince her that her opinions were heretical. She was exhausted in mind and body by her examination by the general court and the learned and subtle elders of the church, and there followed a time of physical weakness and suffering and of perplexity and doubt. Many of her old friends were now opposed to her; even Mr. Cotton, who had endured much for her sake, had deserted her. She and her followers were a defeated band of excommunicated heretics and banished rebels. No wonder that for a time a despairing loneliness and sadness almost overwhelmed her. But she was a woman of strong purpose and brave heart, and she soon rallied from her depression, regained, if it was ever really shaken, her faith in her peculiar creed and her confidence in her own judgment, and made her way through the woods to Rhode Island, still cherishing a feeling of opposition to the rulers of Massachusetts and to their political and religious theories,* and declaring that her

trial was "the greatest happiness next to Christ that ever befell her." In Rhode Island she and her husband were both prominent and influential in church and state. She remained in Rhode Island till her husband's death, in 1642, when she removed to Hurlgate in the Dutch jurisdiction, now Eastchester, Westchester county, New York. In 1643 the poor woman and all her large household of sixteen persons, except one child, were murdered by Indians. Some of her opponents, whose feelings were perverted and rendered cruel by bigotry, agreed with the savagely fanatical Welde that this tragedy was "a special providence on this American Jezebel," and note with exultation that her family were almost the only victims, on this occasion, of the Indians.† But many tears for her dreadful fate were shed by men and women who loved her tenderly and well as a dear relative and friend, or revered her as a saint and benefactor.

Both "asserted that the conscious judgment of the mind is the highest authority to itself." In France, as in New England, the dominant party in church and state was actuated by the principle expressed in Governor Dudley's couplet:

"Let men of God in Courts and Churches Watch
On Such as do a Toleration Hatch,"

and naturally the American prophetess and the French metaphysician, whose philosophical systems involved the broadest tolerance and unlimited freedom of thought, were forced to go into exile, though the latter went of his own accord and was not sentenced by a court.

† In his account of the Antinomians, Mather says: "While these things were managing there happened some very surprising prodigies which were looked upon as testimonies from heaven against the ways of those greater prodigies the Sectaries." These horrible and disgusting prodigies, one for each heresy, the curious will find minutely described in the 'Magnalia' and 'Winthrop's Journal.'

* Bancroft notes the resemblance between Mrs. Hutchinson's views and the system of "philosophic liberty on the method of free reflection" given to the world by Descartes, a refugee from his country in 1637, the year that she was tried and banished.

About the same time that Mrs. Hutchinson left Boston, March, 1638, John Coggeshall, as Callender tells us, "was exiled and retired with his blameless associates to Rhode Island, which they had just before purchased [through the influence of Roger Williams] from the natives. In that peaceable settlement he became an assistant and [in 1647 under the parliamentary patent] presided over the colony in a spirit of heterodox charity." The Antinomian controversy, as it was called, seems to have been even more a political than a theological movement. Arnold and Ellis tell us that "it recruited its ranks from the most accomplished as well as the most liberal citizens of Boston, and was for a time far larger than the other party." "It was a struggle of freedom of thought against the spirit of formalism;" "a demonstration of the masses against spiritual dominion;" "a protest of the people in opposition to the clergy;" an assertion of Roger Williams' doctrine of soul liberty; a rebellion of democracy against aristocracy; an attempt to sever the union of church and state and overthrow the theocracy founded by the first settlers of Boston, and John Coggeshall and the other founders of Portsmouth, Rhode Island (then called Aquiday or Aquidneck), endeavored to practice in their new colony the principles for which they had suffered persecution* in Massachusetts. Their

* It will not do to judge the Boston ministers and general court wholly by nineteenth century standards. We must remember that noble as they were in character and far in advance as were their theological, educational and political views of those held by the majority of the inhabitants of the world at that period, toleration was not one of the virtues they *professed*. The first settlers of Boston "founded

purpose was, as the first agreement they signed proves, to lay the foundations of a *Christian* state (later they went beyond this) "where all that bore that name might worship God according to the dictates of conscience, untrammelled by written articles of faith and unawed by the civil power."

In the spring of 1639, a year after the banishment of the Antinomian party from Boston, the church at Aquidneck, on Portsmouth, Rhode Island, was formed by the exiles. It was "in faith and ordinances an independent Congregational church of the Puritan Pede-Baptist order." Reports, however, of Mrs. Hutchinson's great influence in this church and of many irregularities of faith and discipline reached the Boston church this summer, and they sent a deputation of "four men of a lovely and winning spirit" to make one more effort to reclaim her and her followers. While at Portsmouth the committee was entertained at the house of

a colony for their own faith without any idea of tolerating others." The Simple Cobbler of Agawam wrote in the almost universal spirit of that age when he said: "He who is willing to tolerate any religion or discrepant way of religion besides his own, unless it be in matters merely indifferent, either doubts of his own or is not sincere in it." It has been suggested ('Memorial History of Boston') that the safety of the state, which they thought imperiled, rather than the desire to put restraints on conscience, was the motive of the course pursued by Boston magistrates against the exiles to Rhode Island. It is amusing to notice how almost invariably writers of the present day, descended from members of *either* party, are biased (often unconsciously) in favor of their own ancestors. Governor Winthrop wrote of the Antinomians: "Those brethren are so divided from the rest of the country and their opinions and practices, that it cannot stand with the public peace for them to continue with us." The cause of their exile seems to have been political rather than religious.

Mr. John Coggeshall. But the people would not call a public meeting to receive the commissioners, though the latter urgently requested them to do so; would not acknowledge the authority of the Boston church nor hear their letter read. And Mr. Coggeshall, as spokesman of the refractory brethren who held a private meeting to discuss the matter, sent the committee word that "they did not know what power one church had over another church." The members of the committee were reduced to the necessity of pursuing their inquiries privately from house to house. But they did not receive the answers they desired. Instead of accusations of heresy and misconduct, they heard only praise or defense of the leading members of the Aquidneck church, and in spite of their reputation for amiability and powers of persuasion, returned to Boston in a baffled and exasperated state of mind.

John Coggeshall was one of the three elders of Portsmouth elected January 2, 1638, by sealed ballots, "to assist the judge in his judicial duties; to frame the laws; to have the entire charge of the public interests, and with the judge to govern the colony."* The judge and elders were to "rule and govern according to the general rule of the Word of God," and were to give account once every quarter of the year to the people of the colony assembled in a mass meeting. Coggeshall served as an elder from 1638 to 1640. He and William Hutchinson (the husband of Mrs. Ann Hutchinson)†

were chosen June 27, 1638, treasurers for one year, of Portsmouth. He was one of the settlers, February 28, 1639, of Newport. At this time he had "assigned to him a large tract of land bordering on the sea, east of what is now known as Almy's Point." He also retained land which had been assigned to him at Portsmouth. The town lots at Portsmouth contained six acres. One of his farms was sold by his great grandson, Daniel, grandson of Joshua Coggeshall, in 1743, ninety-six years after his death, for 6,500 pounds current money of New England, to the founder of the celebrated Redwood library at Newport, to Abraham Redwood, who married Martha Coggeshall. It is still in the possession of his descendants. It became Mr. Redwood's country residence, where he lived "in a style of opulence becoming his fortune, mixed with the elegant simplicity of the quaker." His town house and country house both indicated the riches and taste of the owner. His botanical garden, hot houses, green houses and grounds were stored with valuable and beautiful indigenous and foreign plants.‡ The two colonies of Portsmouth and Newport were united March 12, 1640. The office of elder was abolished; the chief was called governor instead of judge, and four assistants were elected. John Coggeshall served as an assistant from 1640-1644.¶ His sons, John and Joshua, held important offices in the colony after his death, and the former is sometimes mistaken for his father.

No one was "accounted a delinquent

* Ellis' 'Life Ann Hutchinson.'

† She was the daughter of an English clergyman named Marbury, and was born at Alford, near Boston, England, and was collaterally related to Dryden and Swift. She married an estimable man of standing and wealth—L. R. Marsh.—Mag. Amer. Hist.

‡ Newport Historical Magazine, Vol. I., No. 1.

¶ Turner's 'Settlers of Aquidneck.'

for doctrine" in Rhode Island, and the people were accused of agreeing "in but one thing, that they were to give one another no disturbance in the exercise of religion." Though the majority of the people were sensible and moderate in their views, many fanatics, holders of strange, new theories and advocates of wild, political schemes, who would have been unsafe in Massachusetts, sought a refuge in Rhode Island and sometimes proved troublesome to rulers in state and church. The charitable and unprejudiced though somewhat credulous Governor Winthrop heard many reports, some of them false, which distressed him greatly, of the doctrines and conduct of the Antinomian exiles from Boston. He writes in his *Journal*, April 21, 1641: "Troubles arose in the island by reason of one Nicholas Easton, a tanner, a man very bold, though ignorant. He, using to teach at Newport, where Mr. Coddington, the governor, lived, maintained that a man hath no power or will in himself, but as he is acted by God, and that seeing God filled all things, nothing could move or be but by Him, and so He must needs be the author of sin, etc., and that a Christian is united to the essence of God. Being shown that blasphemous consequences would follow hereupon, they professed to abhor the consequences, but still defended the propositions." "There joined with Nicholas Easton, Mr. Coddington, Mr. Coggeshall and some others." This party, he says, seceded from the Puritan church and became either Baptists or Quakers. Savage says in a note to the above: "All three of these willful heretics were gentlemen of high esteem in civil life, and at different times govern-

ors of the colony." Mr. Easton, "the tanner," as we learn elsewhere, was an intelligent, energetic man, who showed his foresight and prudence by selecting a business which would be very profitable in a new country. John Coggeshall "was a man of good abilities." Mr. Coddington was Mrs. Hutchinson's "friend, but not one of her worshipers." He opposed the proceedings of the general court against her and Wheelwright, but his exertions proving unavailing "he relinquished a prosperous business as a merchant in Boston and his large property and improvements in Braintree, and removed to Rhode Island, April 26, 1638." Before he emigrated from England he was appointed one of the assistants in the Massachusetts government, and he served several times in Boston as an assistant, selectman and deputy to the general court. He owned a large estate at Newport. He was appointed in 1651 governor of Rhode Island for life. *

At a meeting of the whole people of Rhode Island, at Portsmouth, May 19 to 21, 1647, to unite the four towns, Providence, Warwick, Newport and Portsmouth, under one government, John Coggeshall was chosen moderator of the assembly. At this meeting, the union having been consummated, he was elected by ballot the first president of the colony of Rhode Island. Among the assistants chosen were Roger Williams of Providence and William Coddington of Newport. In their charter they declared their government a Democracy and promised to maintain religious liberty and toleration without qualification. "All

* Sheffield's 'City of Newport.'

men may walk," their laws declared, "as their consciences persuade them, every one in the name of his God." They believed that "men could be better converted by love than by force," and on the seal of the colony was engraved an anchor with the appropriate motto, "*Amor Vincet Omnia*."

Winthrop records, July 26, 1647, how these commissioners were sent to Warwick, Rhode Island, to require satisfaction for supposed damages to Indian property from some in those parts, who were accused of eating up all the Indians' corn with their cattle. Mr. Coggeshall, and other Rhode Island magistrates, forbade the Massachusetts appraisers to intermeddle, asserting that Warwick was not within the jurisdiction of the latter colony, whereupon "the men returned and did nothing." "Neither did Mr. Coggeshall and the other magistrates pay any attention to a second warrant." John Coggeshall died at Newport, aged fifty-six, November 27, 1647, the year of the above occurrence, so that we find him to the last firmly defending what he regarded as the liberty and rights of the people of his colony. He was buried in the Coggeshall burying-ground on the west side of Coggeshall avenue. Some of his descendants

have distinguished themselves in military and civil life.

NOTE.—The following works are quoted or referred to in this article: Winthrop's 'Journal,' Mather's 'Magnalia,' Ellis' 'Life Ann Hutchinson,' in Spark's Library; Bancroft's 'United States,' 'Memorial History of Boston,' Hildreth's 'United States,' Turner's 'Settlers of Aquidneck,' Arnold's 'Rhode Island,' Sheffield's 'City of Newport,' Savage's 'Genealogical Dictionary,' Newport Historical Magazine, 'New England Genealogical Register,' Belknap's 'American Biography,' 'Life and Letters of John Winthrop,' Welde's 'Rise, Reign and Ruin,' 'Simple Cobbler of Agawam,' Johnson's 'Wonder Working Providence,' Calender's 'Sermon,' Fuller's 'Worthies of England,' 'Lives Duke and Duchess of Newcastle,' 'Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson,' 'D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature,' Adams's 'Emancipation of Massachusetts,' Magazine American History.

For some important dates and facts in regard to John Coggeshall, the writer is indebted to Colonel Thomas Lincoln Casey, U. S. A.

MARY D. STEELE.

HISTORY OF OHIO.

XII.

THE WEST TAKEN POSSESSION OF BY THE CONQUERORS.—PONTIAC'S WAR.

It was on the ninth of September, 1760, that "his excellency, Jeffery Amherst, esq., major-general and commander-in-chief of all his majesty's forces in North America," informed "Major Robert Rogers, commanding his majesty's independent companies of rangers," of his intention of sending him to Detroit to relieve the French garrisons at that post and at "Michilimackinac or any others in that district." On the twelfth he received his instructions, and on the thirteenth he embarked at Montreal, with Captain Brewer, Captain Wait, Lieutenant Brehm, Assistant Engineer Lieutenant Davis of the royal train of artillery, and two hundred rangers, about noon, in fifteen whale-boats. The major was directed to take farther orders from Brigadier-General Robert Monckton, who was upon the waters of the Ohio.

Already, notwithstanding their destruction by fire at the hands of the French the year previous, Presquille and Le Boeuf had been garrisoned by the English, who had erected a new fort at Venango:—Colonel Henry Bouquet commanded at Presquille; General Monckton, at Pittsburgh. Major Rogers reached Presquille on the eighth of October, where he left his force and, with two officers and "three other men," proceeded

to Fort Pitt, waiting on General Monckton on the morning of the seventeenth for orders. He got back to Presquille on the thirtieth; and, having been reinforced from Fort Pitt by Captain Donald Campbell with a company of Royal Americans, and by deputy Indian agent, George Croghan, from Pittsburgh, with a number of Indians, "dispatched Captain Brewer by land to Detroit, with a drove of forty oxen, supplied by Colonel Bouquet." He sent with Brewer, "Captain Montour with twenty Indians, composed of the Six Nations, Delawares and Shawanese, to protect him from the insults of the enemy Indians." The captain also had a bateau to ferry his party over the creeks, and two horses. "Captain Wait was, about the same time, sent back to Niagara for more provisions, and ordered to cruise along the north coast of Lake Erie, and halt about twenty miles to the east of the strait between Lakes Erie and Huron, till further orders." Rogers embarked for his destination on the fourth of November, with his command.

On the seventh the major reached the mouth of a river which he calls "Chogage," but which, from his journal, it is impossible to identify. Here he met with a party of Ottawa Indians, just arrived from Detroit. "We informed them,"

says the major, "of our success in the total reduction of Canada, and that we were going to bring off the French garrison at Detroit, who were included in the capitulation. I held out a belt and told them I would take my brothers by the hand and carry them to Detroit to see the truth of what I had said. They retired and held a council, and promised an answer the next morning. That evening we smoked the calumet, or pipe of peace, all the Indians smoking by turns out of the same pipe. The peace thus concluded, we went to rest, but kept good guards, a little distrusting their sincerity. The Indians gave their answer early in the morning, and said their young warriors should go with me, while the old ones staid to hunt for their wives and children. I gave them ammunition at their request, and a string of wampum in testimony of my approbation, and charged them to send some of their sachems, or chiefs, with the party who drove the oxen along shore; and they promised to spread the news and prevent any annoyance from their hunters."*

Major Rogers and his rangers were then fairly on what is now Ohio soil. No body of soldiers under the British flag had ever before set foot on this territory; none had ever before moved so far to the westward. They passed "Sandusky lake," as the bay was still called, on the nineteenth of November, encamping near a small stream some distance beyond. From this point Lieutenant Brehm was sent with a letter to Captain Belètre, the French command-

ant at Detroit, informing him that Rogers was approaching with English troops to take "possession of Detroit and such other posts" as were "in that district," all of which "now belong to the king of Great Britain." Belètre was also informed that the major had with him the Marquis de Vaudreuil's letters to him directed, for his guidance on the occasion.

At the mouth of Portage river, in what is now Ottawa county, Rogers found several Huron sachems who told him "that a body of four hundred Indian warriors was collected at the entrance into the great strait," in order to obstruct his passage; and that Monsieur Belètre "had excited them to defend their country;" that they were messengers to know the major's business, and to know if the person he had sent forward had reported the truth that Canada was reduced. Rogers, of course, confirmed the account, and that the fort at Detroit was given up by the French governor.

On the twenty-third of November Rogers reached Cedar Point, in what is now Lucas county, Ohio, at the entrance of Maumee bay, where he made a camp, meeting here some of the Indian messengers to whom he had spoken two days previous. They informed him their warriors had gone up to Monsieur Belètre, who, they said, was a strong man and intended to fight him. At a camp made on the twenty-fourth, about twenty-four miles on the way from Cedar Point, sixty Indians came to the English, congratulating Rogers on his arrival in their country, and offered themselves as an escort to Detroit, whence they had just come. They gave information that Lieutenant Brehm was confined by

*One of the Ottawa chiefs was Pontiac, who had several conferences with Rogers. But of these hereafter.

Belètre and that the latter "had set up a high flag-staff with a wooden effigy of a man's head on the top and upon that a crow;" that the crow represented Belètre, the man's head, Rogers, and that the meaning of the whole was that he (Belètre) would scratch out the major's brains. But the Indians told him, as they said, that the reverse would be the true explanation of the sign—Rogers would scratch out *his* brains!

The letter from Vaudreuil and the capitulation, when shown Belètre, were sufficient. Detroit, on the twenty-ninth of November, was given up. The Canadian militia were called together and disarmed. The French garrison, at the time of the surrender, consisted of three officers and thirty-five privates; there were also seventeen English prisoners in the fort. The French soldiers were sent to Philadelphia; thence they returned to France. "The inhabitants seem very happy at the change of government," wrote Campell, on the second of December, "but they are in great want of everything." "The fort," added the captain, "is much better than we expected. It is one of the best stockades I have seen, but the commandant's house and what belongs to the king are in bad repair." A lieutenant and ensign were sent with twenty men to bring the French troops from Fort Miami, at the head of the Maumee, and from Fort Weatanon, upon the Wabash. "I ordered," says Rogers, "that, if possible, a party should subsist at the former [fort] this winter, and give the earliest notice at Detroit of the enemy's motions in the country of the Illinois." At a Shawanese town on the Ohio a few French soldiers

had stopped after the destruction of Fort Duquesne, and had since remained there.* These were sent for, a Mr. McGee and a French officer being dispatched for that purpose. The words of Rogers are: "I sent Mr. McGee, with a French officer, for the French troops at the Shawanese town on the Ohio." What the result of this was is unknown. It is probable the force moved down the Ohio, where was a fort called Massac or Massiac. What was surrendered to the English west of Niagara were the posts of Detroit and Michilimackinac and the posts and places *dependent on these*. While, therefore, it included a Shawanese town on the Ohio, and Fort Weatanon upon the Wabash, it did not take in the Illinois and Vincennes. As provisions were scarce, Rogers directed Captain Brewer to repair with the greatest part of the rangers to Niagara, detaining in Detroit a lieutenant and thirty-seven men, whom he expected to proceed north with. But the forts above Detroit—Michilimackinac, St. Marie at the "Sault," Green Bay, and St. Joseph of Lake Michigan—owing to the lateness of the season, could not be summoned.

Leaving Captain Campbell with his company in command of Detroit, Rogers, on the twenty-third of December, having previously "made a treaty with the several

* Post, in his second journal of 1758, in speaking of the destruction of Fort Duquesne, immediately before the arrival of General Forbes, says: "The French had demolished and burnt the place entirely, and went off; . . . the commander is gone with two hundred men to Venango, and the rest [are] gone down the [Ohio] river in bateaux to the Lower Shawanese town, with an intention of building a fort there." It is therefore highly probable that a detachment stopped at the mouth of the Scioto.

tribes of Indians living in the neighboring country," started for Pittsburgh with the few rangers he had left, marching around the west end of Lake Erie. On the second of January, 1761, he arrived at Sandusky bay—"Lake Sandusky," as the major calls it. He had reached the Wyandot town of Sunyendeand, where he "halted to refresh." On the third, after traveling in a southeasterly direction nearly eight miles, he reached the head of what is now known as Cold creek, in Margaretta township, Erie county, where was a small Wyandot town of only ten houses. "There is," wrote Rogers, "a remarkable fine spring at this place, rising out of the side of a small hill with such force that it boils above the ground in a column three feet high. I imagine it discharges ten hogsheads of water in a minute."*

Taking, from the Wyandot town, a southeasterly course, Rogers, on the seventh, came to an Indian village called at that time "the Mingo Cabins"—afterward "Mohican John's town," in the present township of Mohican, Ashland county, O. "There were," says the major, "but two or three Indians in the place; the rest were hunting. These Indians have plenty of cows, horses, hogs, etc." The eighth was spent there—"to mend," wrote Rogers, "our moccasins and kill deer, the provisions I brought from Detroit being entirely expended. I went a hunting with ten of the rangers, and by ten o'clock got more venison than we had occasion for."

* For a further description of this spring and the changes since made in it in utilizing its waters, see W. W. Williams' *History of the Fire Lands, comprising Huron and Erie Counties, Ohio* (1879), p. 490.

On the thirteenth what is now called the Tuscarawas river was reached, at a point opposite the mouth of Sandy creek, where there was a Delaware Indian village known as "Beaver Town," from one of the Delaware chiefs called Beaver.† It was afterward usually spoken of as "the Tuscarawas town," or simply "Tuscarawas," being situated in what is now Lawrence township, Tuscarawas county, Ohio. "There are," wrote the major, "about three thousand acres of cleared ground around this place. The number of warriors is about one hundred and eighty." Fort Pitt was reached on the twenty-third—or, rather, the Alleghany river opposite. From this point Rogers dispatched his party of rangers, under a lieutenant, to Albany, while he took "the common road to Philadelphia," from Pittsburgh, going thence to New York, "where," says he, "after this long, fatiguing tour, I arrived on the fourteenth of February, 1761."

When, on the eighth of September, 1760, articles of capitulation were signed surrendering Canada to the English, it was stipulated that the savages or Indian allies of his most Christian majesty, the king of France, should be maintained on the lands they then inhabited, and if they chose to remain there they should not be molested on any pretense whatsoever, for having carried arms and served that sovereign. Besides this, it would be, of course, the true policy of the British to conciliate, as soon as possible, the Indians of the west—make treaties with them and bestow presents with a liberal hand. To this end Sir William Johnson, on the fifth of July,

† In cotemporaneous accounts he was usually styled "King Beaver."

1761, left "Fort Johnson" for Detroit. Another object in view was to regulate the trade at the several posts in the Indian country, and to see that they were properly garrisoned. But these forts were all outside of what is now the state of Ohio. The French post upon the Sandusky, as we have already seen, had been evacuated a number of years before, while the few French soldiers at the Lower Shawanese town doubtless left there in January (if they had not before), 1761, at the summons of the party sent by Major Rogers from Detroit demanding their surrender.

At Fort Stanwix Sir William received information of the discovery of a plot at Detroit of the Indians to rise against the English. The plan was this: the Six Nations—at least the Senecas—were to assemble at the head of French creek, within striking distance of Fort Presquisle; part of the Six Nations, the Delawares and Shawanese, were to meet on the Ohio; and all, about the latter end of June, were to surprise Niagara and Fort Pitt and cut off the communication everywhere. The project was exposed to Captain Campbell by the Hurons.

Johnson did not reach Niagara until the twenty-fourth of July. Here he remained for some time. Before this it had been determined to erect a fort at Sandusky; but, in writing a letter to General Amherst from Niagara, Johnson expressed fears that in so doing it would alarm the Indians; however, he hoped to have time enough at Detroit to reconcile them to the English establishing themselves there.* On the seventeenth of August Sir Wil-

liam proceeded to the south end of the carrying-place, at Niagara falls, and two days after, "at four o'clock, embarked with the Royal American party and the Yorkers, under the command of Lieutenant Ogden—the Royal Americans commanded by Ensigns Slosser and Holmes, with four battoes, and the former with eight battoes and one birch canoe, with the Mohawks, etc., making in all thirteen boats."† Detroit was reached on the third of September.

There were soon gathered in Detroit to hold a grand council with Sir William, Indians of the Huron, Pottawattamie, Wyandot and Chippewa nations; also numbers of Shawanese, Delawares and other savages from the Ohio, as spectators. "Indians from regions far beyond the [Lake] Superior also came, that with their own eyes they might behold the man whose house was the fire-place of the dreaded Iroquois." The chief topics adverted to in the council by Johnson were the recent plot to destroy the English and the desire of his people to cultivate, through an honest trade, amicable relations with all the nations. The answer of the Indians "was very satisfactory."

Already had detachments with their officers been assigned to the different posts dependent on Detroit:—Michilimackinac; St. Marie, at the "Sault;" La Bay (Green bay); St. Joseph, at the mouth of the river of the same name, where it empties into Lake Michigan; Miami, at the head of the Maumee river; and Weatanon, on the Wabash. The instructions given to the

* See 'Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.,' by William L. Stone, Vol. II., p. 146.

† From Johnson's "Diary" in the volume just cited.

officers were judicious. Strict justice and impartiality were to be observed toward the Indians. No traders were to be allowed to go to any nation of savages except where there was a garrison; and each trader must be properly provided with a passport from the superintendent of Indian affairs or from his deputy. Major Henry Gladwin of the Eightieth regiment was left in command at Detroit, with Captain Donald Campbell as second.

On his return, Sir William halted a day at Sandusky to examine the proposed site of the block-house or fort, there to be erected. He records that, on Monday, the twenty-first of September, he "set off from Cedar Point [the eastern side of Maumee bay] at six o'clock. Rowed till three [against] a contrary wind, along a narrow, low sand-beach, with drowned land and meadows within—full of ducks and geese. Arrived at the carrying-place of Sandusky, which is on the east side of a fine river [Portage river, in Ottawa county, Ohio, as now known]; which river runs southwest [N. E.] and is pretty large. Encamped here, as none of my boats are in sight. It is a pleasant place and full of game."

But his record of the next day—the twenty-second—is of more value in an historical way. "I sent my boats [which had all arrived] round the point and ordered them encamped at the east side of the entrance of Lake Sandusky [Sandusky bay] into Lake Erie, which is about a mile across—there to await my coming. Then I crossed the carrying-place [the stretch of land between Portage river and the north side of the bay] which is almost opposite one of the Wyandot towns [Sun-

yendeand], about six miles across the lake here [that is, from the south end of the portage path]. I sent Mr. [George] Croghan [Deputy Indian Agent from Pittsburgh] to the Indian town [Sunyendeand, after crossing the bay], and went down the lake [bay] in a little birch canoe to the place [at or near the mouth of Cold creek, in Margaretta township, in what is now Erie county] where the block-house [or "fort," as he had previously called it] is to be built by Mr. Myer. This place is about three [English] leagues from the mouth of Lake Sandusky [Sandusky bay] where it disembogues itself into Lake Erie. They have a view of all boats which may pass or come in from said post [that is, the fort which was to be built]. It is about three miles from another village of Hurons [Wyandots, located at the spring at the head of Cold creek, in the township just mentioned], and fifteen by water from [Sunyendeand] the one opposite to the carrying-place, and nine by land. The Pennsylvania road comes by this post [the site of the fort that was to be]. This is one hundred and seventy miles from Presquise [now Erie, Pennsylvania] and forty miles from Detroit." * Johnson reached home on the thirtieth of October. The fort at Sandusky was immediately erected, and before the close

* This extract from Johnson's "Diary" (see Stone's 'Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.' Vol. II., p. 466) settles the important question as to the site of Fort Sandusky (which was soon after erected). It must have been at or near the mouth of Cold creek, "a short distance out on the trail to Fort Pitt" from the shore of the bay. Compare also, 'Hutchins' map in 'Bouquet's Expedition Against the Ohio Indians,' Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co., 1868. The same map is re-produced in Parkman's 'Pontiac,' Vol. II.

of the year received (probably from Detroit) a garrison of twelve.

The year 1762 for the governor of Pennsylvania was a busy one. War was declared against Spain by Great Britain on the fourth of January, which created great alarm for the safety of his province, as the first mentioned power was then in possession of a powerful navy; but what occupied a larger share of his time was conferring with western tribes to the end that all their captives might, if possible, be ransomed. It was determined to hold a grand council at Lancaster in August, and many of the western nations were invited to send deputies to the meeting.

At this time Frederick Christian Post was residing on the north side of the Tuscarawas river, on what is now known as section twenty-five, Bethlehem township, Stark county, Ohio, in a log cabin of his own building, he having for a companion John Heckewelder, scarce twenty years of age. Immediately across the stream south, was the Delaware village of Beaver town, sometimes called Tuscarora-town, or Tuscarawas, already mentioned. Post came to the Delawares in 1761, having in view their civilization and conversion to Christianity. It was then he built the house just mentioned. It was his idea also to establish a mission school, and to this end he returned to his home in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to engage a suitable instructor. Young Heckewelder tendered his services and was accepted. This accounts for his presence on the Tuscarawas. On the eighth of March, 1762, they started, reaching the Delawares on the eleventh of April. Post went among the Delawares independent of the Moravian church,

though with their consent and under the approval of the governor of Pennsylvania, by whom he was solicited to bring some of the western Delawares, with captives held there, to the council to be holden at Lancaster. He resolved to comply with the request, leave Heckewelder behind, who was to be engaged principally in teaching Indian children to read and write.

"I was very busy," wrote Post on the twenty-sixth of June, "all day in consulting about our journey and in preparing for the same. As they have no corn in town, and a great many Indians are gathered there, Beaver killed a bull, but they had soon done with it." On the next day he records that the Indians had some sharp disputes with some who were not willing to let their prisoners go; "but, as they insisted upon it in very strong terms, they at last submitted," and took them all along. Post and his Indians reached Lancaster on the eighth of August. He did not return to his mission-house upon the Tuscarawas, although journeying nearly there before turning back. He saw trouble ahead; and young Heckewelder, from "fear of war," also went over the mountains in October. Thus failed the first attempt to found a mission (if it really was an attempt) among the Indians on the soil of Ohio; but a Roman Catholic missionary had preached the faith to the band of Wyandots upon Sandusky fifteen years before. At the Lancaster treaty there were representatives of the Delawares, Shawanese, Miamis, Weas, Tuscaroras and Kickapoos, from the west, and a large number of northern savages. Governor Hamilton, while thanking them for the

large number of captives they had brought in, at the same time assured them that *all* must be delivered up before the western nations could expect to enjoy the blessings of peace with their brothers, the English.

During this year another plot was concocted by some of the western chiefs against the English, but this, like the previous one, was "nipped in the bud." But the mere fact that such machinations were possible showed to thinking people, especially to those having a considerable knowledge of western affairs, that the nations of the trans-Alleghany country must be managed with great prudence and justice, else a general uprising might be the result. And was that prudence and justice exercised towards them? We shall soon see. However, before farther pursuing our inquiry on this subject, let us cast a glance over the western country and count these savages, who so recently had been brought back (as it was fondly hoped) to British interest. On the River Scioto and other branches of the Ohio there were three hundred men of the Shawanese; in the several villages of the Delawares, on and about the Susquehanna, Muskingum and Beaver, and thence to Lake Erie, six hundred men; in the two villages near the Sandusky fort, on Sandusky bay, two hundred Wyandot men; opposite Detroit, in a village—the seat of a Jesuit mission—two hundred and fifty men of Wyandots, or Hurons; near Detroit (about a mile below the fort), one hundred and fifty men—Pottawattamies—while there were two hundred in the neighborhood of Fort St. Joseph, at the mouth of the river of the same name; about Detroit, Michilimackinac

and St. Joseph were five hundred men of the Ottawas, while near the two first mentioned places were more than seven hundred men of the Chippewas. There were of the Menomonees on the west side of Green bay, in what is now Wisconsin, over two hundred men; not far distant from these were three hundred and sixty men of the Winnebagoes, three hundred Sacs, and three hundred and twenty Foxes. The number of men of the Miamis, in the vicinity of the head of the Maumee river, was two hundred and thirty; the number of Kickapoos and Mascoutins near the fort at Weatanon, was two hundred and seventy, while upon the Wabash, farther down, or near the fort just named, were one hundred men of the Piankeshaws and two hundred of the Weas. Evidently so large a number of men who could be suddenly transformed into warriors was a force not to be despised, could they be brought to act in (anything like) concert.

The signing of the treaty of peace at Paris on the tenth of February, 1763, carried over to the English "Canada, with all its dependencies" and all the country on the left side of the "Mississippi, from its source to the River Iberville," thus including the whole of the trans-Alleghany region; so that now the Mississippi was the western boundary of the British colonial possessions, which included, of course, Vincennes upon the Wabash and the Illinois country. And this area was the home of the various Indian tribes just mentioned, besides some not enumerated. The proclamation of the king of the seventh of October following, that no governor or com-

mander-in-chief of any of the colonies in America should grant warrants of survey or pass patents for any lands beyond the heads or sources of any of the rivers which fall into the Atlantic ocean, from the west or northwest, or upon any lands whatever, which, not having been ceded to or purchased by the king, were reserved to the Indians, was a move in the right direction, so far as conciliating the savage tribes was concerned, creating, as it did, an Indian domain, upon which there was to be no intrusion by white settlers. Within this domain was included the whole (and much more) of what is now the state of Ohio. But, as we shall now see, this proclamation came too late.

"Englishman," said an Indian chief at Michilimackinac to an English trader, as early as in the spring of 1761, "although you have conquered the French, you have not yet conquered us. We are not your slaves. These lakes, these woods, these mountains, were left us by our ancestors. They are our inheritance, and we will not part with them." He declared to the trader that the red men were still at war with his king, as no treaty had been made with them—no presents sent them. However, the visit of Sir William Johnson to Detroit, already described, took from them any excuse of not having been invited to treat with the English.

But a spirit of parsimony prevailed on part of the British government in dealing with the savages, which kept alive the bitterness engendered in their breasts by the war. Then, too, the English fur-traders plundered the Indians everywhere by their extortions, while the officers and soldiers of the various garrisons were cold and

harsh and brutal toward them. As a consequence, the two plots had been laid, already spoken of, both of which was discovered in time to prevent their fulfillment. Of course, the French were secretly foistering this hostile feeling. Traders, *habitans*, *coureurs de bois*, urged the Indians upon all occasions, when it would not, probably, meet English ears, to take up arms against their oppressors. The one thing more than all others to increase the jealousy of the Delaware and Shawanese Indians, and even the Senecas, was the constant intrusion of settlers upon their lands. The tide was setting in, they clearly saw, with great rapidity across the Susquehanna, and if not checked, the Ohio would soon be reached by them in force. Everywhere, then, in the Ohio country and upon the lakes to the northward and northwestward, extending northeastwardly even to the homes of the Iroquois, there was, at the end of the autumn of 1762, an irritation among the savages foreboding anything but a continuation of peaceful relations with the English.

There had been for some time past a kind of league, offensive and defensive, existing among some of the western nations, the chief of which were the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawattamies and Wyandots (or Hurons) of Detroit. In sympathy with these were the Menomonees, Winnebagoes, Sacs and Foxes, Miamis, Kickapoos, Weas, Piankeshaws and Illinois Indians. The head chief of this confederacy was Pontiac, an Ottawa. He had been told by the Canadians that the armies of the French king were already advancing to recover Canada. He believed what he

had heard, and to the end that French ascendancy in the west might be restored and a check given to British encroachments, resolved to arouse the nations and strike the latter in aid of the former. The tribes which finally banded against the English included not only those belonging to the Ottawa confederacy (for such it was termed), but the Delawares and Shawanese, which were allies of the Six Nations, and to these we must add the Senecas, their head chief being Guyasutha.* The blow was to be struck at a certain time in the month of May, 1763, to be indicated by the changes of the moon. "The tribes were to rise together, each destroying the English garrison in its neighborhood, and then with a general rush the whole were to turn against the settlements of the frontier."

The fort at or near the mouth of Cold creek, on the south side of Sandusky bay, already spoken of as having been erected in the fall of 1761, was garrisoned in May, 1763, by a small number of privates† of the Sixtieth or Royal American Regiment of Foot, commanded by Ensign Christopher Pauli.‡ On the sixteenth of May a band of Wyandots living in the village in the vicinity, reinforced by a detachment of the same nation from Detroit, approached the fort.

Paully was informed that seven Indians were waiting at the gate to speak with him. As several of the

* His name is variously given—Kiashtuta, Kiya-shuta, Kiosola, etc.

† The exact number is unknown, but it was probably twelve. See Stone's 'Johnson,' Vol. II., p. 477.

‡ In the British army list for 1763 (p. 173), his name is spelled "Pauli." See also *MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY*, Vol. II., p. 649. Parkman writes "Paully."

number were well known to him, he ordered them without hesitation, to be admitted. Arriving at his quarters, two of the treacherous visitors seated themselves on each side of the commandant, while the rest were disposed in various parts of the room. The pipes were lighted and the conversation began, when an Indian who stood in the doorway suddenly made a signal by raising his head. Upon this the astonished officer was instantly pounced upon and disarmed, while at the same moment a confused noise of shrieks and yells, the firing of guns, and the hurried tramp of feet, sounded from the area of the fort without. It soon ceased, however, and Pauli, led by his captors from the room, saw the parade ground strewn with the corpses of his murdered garrison. At nightfall he was conducted to the margin of the lake, where several birch canoes lay in readiness, and as, amid darkness the party pushed out from shore, the captive saw the fort, lately under his command, bursting on sides into sheets of flame.§

If any of the garrison of Fort Sandusky escaped immediate death by the tomahawk or rifle besides the commandant, it was only that they were taken to the Wyandot village near by to suffer the awful tortures of the stake.

It may be here premised that a week before this tragedy of the wilderness was enacted, the savages under Pontiac had commenced a siege of the fort at Detroit at the head of a considerable force of Ottawas, Pottawattamies and Wyandots (Hurons). Ensign Pauli was taken there, "bound hand and foot, and solaced on the passage with the expectation of being burnt alive. On landing near the camp of Pontiac, he was surrounded by a crowd of Indians, chiefly squaws and children, who pelted him with stones, sticks and gravel, forcing him to dance and sing, though by no means in a cheerful strain. A worse infliction seemed in store for him, when happily an old woman, whose husband had lately died, chose

§ Parkman's 'Pontiac,' Vol. I., p. 271.

to adopt him in place of the deceased warrior. Seeing no alternative but the stake, Pauli accepted the proposal; and, having been first plunged in the river, that the white blood might be washed from his veins, he was conducted to the lodge of the widow, and treated thenceforth with all the consideration due to an Ottawa warrior.* But Pauli did not remain long as the husband of this Ottawa squaw. One afternoon in June, a man was seen at Detroit running toward the fort by the garrison, closely pursued by Indians. On his arriving within gun shot, the savages relinquished the chase. "The fugitive came panting beneath the stockade, where a wicket was flung open to receive him." It was Ensign Pauli, who had, at the risk of his life, embraced the first opportunity of escape.

As early as the thirteenth of May, Lieutenant Cuyler, with ninety-six men and a plentiful supply of provisions and ammunition, had left Fort Niagara to the relief of Detroit. Coasting along the northern shore of Lake Erie, he proceeded onward without accident until Point Pelée was reached. Here, while encamped, the party were attacked by a band of Wyandots; about sixty of their number were killed or taken; and all their boats, except two, were captured. Lieutenant Cuyler, with between thirty and forty men, some of whom were wounded, made his way with the two boats by the islands in the lake to Sandusky, expecting to find there a British garrison. But a few charred pieces of timber were all that greeted his eyes. The party immediately left the spot and proceeded to Niagara along the south

shore of Lake Erie, carrying with them the news of the destruction of Fort Sandusky.

It must not be supposed that the fury of the savages in the west was directed solely against the English posts; the fur-traders were everywhere murdered—very few escaped. Particularly was this the case in the Ohio region. "In the late Indian war, about the year 1763," says the Moravian Loskiel, "there being a general appearance of peace, a numerous body of traders ventured to go with a great quantity of goods into the country of the Hurons [Wyandots upon Sandusky bay]. The latter heard of it, and sent a party of warriors to meet them; but perceiving that the traders were too powerful for them, they had recourse to the following stratagem: they told the traders that the war having broken out afresh, a large body of warriors had set out to kill and plunder them; but that they, moved with compassion, came with all haste to prevent it, and to point out a mode by which they might escape with their lives, namely, that they should suffer themselves to be bound and kept by them as prisoners. When afterwards the other troop, whom they declared to be very near at hand, should come and see that they were prisoners, they would do them no harm. Then they would escort them with safety into their villages, and not suffer them to lose any of their goods. The traders foolishly believed them; they suffered themselves to be bound, and even assisted in binding each other; but no sooner had they done this than they were all murdered by their pretended friends. The Hurons [Wyandots] enriched themselves with the spoil and

* Parkman's 'Pontiac,' Vol. I., pp. 270, 271.

boasted everywhere of their address in deceiving the white people."*

While these scenes of wholesale murder were being enacted in what is now north-western Ohio, the eastern and north-eastern region saw deeds scarcely less sanguinary. "We lived," says John McCullough, then (May, 1763) a captive to the Delawares, "about a mile out of Mohoning [now written Mahoning]. There were some traders at *Kseek-he-oong*, or Salt Licks [in Weathersfield township, Trumbull county, Ohio], early in the spring. A nephew of my adopted brother had stolen a horse from one Thomas Green, a trader; he pursued the thief to Mohoning; he was gone out trapping when Green came after him. Green waited three days on the Indian's return with the horse. The third night, about midnight, there came an alarm, which was notified by hallooing *Quaah*, still repeating four halloos at a time at certain intervals. When we heard the alarm my oldest brother went off to the town to see what was the matter. In about two hours he returned. Green asked him what was the matter. He told him that it was some foolish young fellows that had done it for diversion. Green did not seem to be satisfied with the answer. However, about sunrise, *Mus-sough-whese* (an Indian, my adopted brother's nephew, known by the name of Ben Dickson among the white people) came to our house; he had a pistol and a large scalping-knife concealed under his blanket, belted around his body. He informed *Ket-tooh-ha-lend*

(for that was my adopted brother's name) that he came to kill Tom Green, but *Ket-tooh-ha-lend* endeavored to persuade him off."

"They walked out together," continues McCullough, "and Green followed them, endeavoring, as I suppose, to discover the cause of the alarm the night before. In a short time they returned to the house and immediately went out again. Green asked me to bring him his horse, as we heard the bell a short distance off; he then went after the Indians again and I went for the horse. As I was returning I observed them coming out of a house about two hundred yards from ours; *Ket-tooh-ha-lend* was foremost, Green in the middle. I took but slight notice of them until I heard the report of a pistol, [when] I cast my eyes toward them and observed the smoke and saw Green standing on the side of the path, with his hands across his breast. I thought it had been him that shot. He stood a few moments then fell on his face across the path. I instantly," concludes McCullough, "got off the horse and held him by the bridle. *Ket-tooh-ha-lend* sunk his pipe-tomahawk into his skull. *Mus-sough-whese* stabbed him under the armpit with his scalping-knife. He had shot him between the shoulders with his pistol. The squaws gathered about him and stripped him naked, trailed him down the bank and plunged him into the creek. There was a fresh in the creek at the time which carried him off. *Mus-sough-whese* then came to me (where I was holding the horse, as I had not moved from the spot where I was when Green was shot) with the bloody knife in his hand. He told me he was coming to kill

* "History of the Mission of the United Brethren among the Indians in North America," P. I., pp. 99, 100.

me next. He reached out his hand and took hold of the bridle, telling me that that was his horse. I was glad to parley with him on the terms and delivered the horse to him. All the Indians in the town immediately collected together and started off to the Salt Licks [in, as we have seen, the present Trumbull county, Ohio], where the rest of the traders were, and murdered the whole of them and divided their goods amongst them and likewise their horses."*

At Tuscarawas, the Delaware Indian village opposite the mouth of Sandy creek, in the present Tuscarawas county, Ohio, of which mention has already been made, there were fourteen white men when the news came of the capture of Sandusky—a trader named Calhoun and thirteen men in his employ. It was the twenty-seventh of May. The Delawares told Calhoun that the Ottawas and Chippewas had taken up the hatchet and advised him immediately to depart for Fort Pitt. The men were induced to leave not only the merchandise but all their arms behind. They were given three guides, who led them into an ambuscade at the mouth of Beaver. Calhoun and two of his men alone made their escape; the others were killed on the spot.† It is probable that by the first day of June there was not a single English trader left alive in what is now Ohio. Everywhere they were slaughtered with remorseless cruelty. Soon all the posts in the west were captured, except Forts

Niagara, Pitt, Ligonier and Detroit. The one at the head of Green bay was evacuated: its garrison being protected by neighboring Indians reached Montreal in safety, while the post of Ste. Maria, at the Sault, had been left without defenders the previous winter. All along the western frontiers of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia the horrors of an Indian war again reigned supreme.

The siege of Detroit begun by Ottawas, Pottawattamies and Wyandots, was still continued by Ottawas and Chippewas (the first two tribes mentioned having withdrawn from Pontiac), when, in July, a force from Niagara under command of Captain Dalzell, consisting of two hundred and ninety men, with several small cannon, proceeded westward to succor the oppressed garrison. Coasting the south shore of Lake Erie, they reached the site of Fort Sandusky on the twenty-sixth. All was a solitude. Dalzell moved up the Sandusky to a point at or near what is now Fremont, Sandusky county, Ohio, for the Wyandots had deserted Sunyendeand and their village at the head of Cold creek for this place and for another site farther up the river, afterward known as Upper Sandusky, the other being called Lower Sandusky. They had built villages at these two locations, the lower one being burned by the captain to the ground and all the corn found growing destroyed. This was the only Indian settlement within the limits of what is now the state of Ohio ever devastated by the British. Dalzell soon after left the Sandusky for Detroit; the Wyandot town farther up the river he did not, from some unexplained cause, attack. The reason was, probably, the lowness of

* *London's Indian Wars*, Vol. I, pp. 328-330.

† Parkman's *Pontiac*, Vol. II., pp. 6, 7. McCullough gives a different version of the affair, but not so trustworthy. See *London's Indian Wars*, Vol. I., pp. 330, 331.

the water in the Sandusky, and the distance (over forty miles) away.

In May, 1763, Fort Pitt, at Pittsburgh, was commanded by Captain Simeon Ecu- yer. There were in the fort three hundred and thirty soldiers, traders and back- woodsmen. Besides these, there were about one hundred women and a greater number of children, most of them belong- ing to the families of settlers who were preparing to build their cabins in the neighborhood. On the twenty-second of June the fort was beset by the savages. From this time until the twenty-eighth of July the post was "pestered" with them, as they had been for some time previous. On that day "they mustered their whole force, in number about four hundred, and began a most furious fire from all quarters on the fort, which they continued for four days and great part of the nights." Sud- denly, on the first day of August, they abandoned the siege and marched to the eastward. They had heard of the near approach of a reinforcement for the garri- son, and they had gone to attack it.

Colonel Henry Bouquet had, at the end of June, reached Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on his way to Fort Pitt. His force in July, when ready to proceed on his march, did not exceed five hundred men. At Bedford he was reinforced by thirty back- woodsmen, whom he had the luck to en- gage. His troops and convoy defiled along General Forbes' road made in 1758. On the second of July Fort Ligonier, in what is now Westmoreland county, Penn- sylvania, was reached. The Indians hav- ing blockaded that post for weeks retired on the approach of the English. On the

fifth, when within a half a mile of Bushy Run, Bouquet was attacked by the sav- ages. Before the day had ended about sixty soldiers, besides several officers, had been killed or disabled. During the night the men slept upon their arms. The next day the troops were assailed even more fur- iously by a force equaling their own, than on the first. Just at the moment when all seemed lost, the gallant colonel "snatched victory from the jaws of defeat" by a masterly stratagem. The enemy were re- pulsed and retired in the greatest con- fusion. Fort Pitt was then quickly relieved.

While these events were transpiring in western Pennsylvania, Sir William John- son was securing the friendship of the Iroquois, the Senecas only excepted. Bouquet's victory did not hinder the trans- Alleghany savages from resuming their marauds into the settlements, nor even the hostile Delawares upon the upper waters of the Susquehanna from like bar- barities. However, the borderers, now greatly encouraged by the decisive battle of Bushy Run, began to act on the de- fensive and, as a consequence, were fre- quently victorious. But the Senecas, at the Devil's Hole, near the falls of Niagara retaliated with a revengeful ferocity on a convoy and about eighty regulars sent from the fort below. Let us now take a view of events transpiring in the Ohio wilderness in which we are more im- mediately interested.

"Mohoning," says the captured McCul- lough, in speaking of a small Delaware Indian town on the Mahoning river a con- siderable distance above its junction with

the Shenango, forming the Beaver river. "Mohoning lay on the frontier;* as they [the Delawares] had evacuated all their towns to the north of it when the war commenced. Shortly after the commencement of the war, they plundered a tanyard near Pittsburgh, and carried away several horse-loads of leather; they also committed several depredations along the Juniata; it happened to be at a time when the small-pox was in the settlement where they were murdering; the consequence was, a number of them got infected, and some died before they got home, others shortly after. Those who took them [it] after their return were immediately moved out of the town and put under the care of one who had had the disease before. In one of their excursions they took some prisoners—amongst them was one of the name of Beaty, whom they beat unmercifully when they took him to Mohoning. They set him to making bridles for them (that is, to fill old bits), of the leather they took from Pittsburgh. He appeared very cross; he would often run at the little fellows with his knife or awls when they came to look at him where he was at work. However, they [the Indians] soon took him off to *Cay-a-haw-ge* [Cuyahoga], a town not far distant from Lake Erie."

* The Delaware Indian town of Mahoning (or "Mohoning," as McCullough calls it) is indicated on Hutchins' map of Bouquet's expedition. It is evident that the village was within what are now the limits of Trumbull or Mahoning county, Ohio—probably the last mentioned.

"We remained," continues McCullough, "in Mohoning till shortly after the memorable battle of Bushy Run. We then moved to *Cay-a-haw-ge*. The day before we got there they [the Indians] began to be alarmed at Beaty's behavior. They held a council and agreed to kill him lest he should take some of their lives. They led him about fifty or sixty perches out of the town, some walking before and some behind him. They then shot him with arrows! I went out the evening after we got there, along with some little fellows to see him. He was a very disagreeable sight to behold. They had shot a great number of arrows into his body, then went off and left him exposed to the vermin!"

Before the middle of November, 1763, the siege of Detroit was practically raised, and Pontiac with some of his chiefs and with his chosen warriors retired to the Maumee river, within what is now the state of Ohio. There, during the winter, he nursed his wrath. He had learned from a letter written by the French commandant at Fort Chartres, in the Illinois, that the Indians must not expect assistance from the latter or any of his countrymen. The proud and haughty chief, however, resolved that he would renew hostilities with the coming in of spring. But the resolution he did not keep; his power as a savage chieftain was rapidly approaching its end.

CONSUL WILLSHIRE BUTTERFIELD.

[To be continued.]

OHIO FIFTY YEARS AGO!

THE legislature of Ohio of 1837-38 held its regular annual session during the first year of the Presidency of Martin Van Buren. Its session commenced December 4, 1837, and ended March 19, 1838. It was held at a time of general pecuniary embarrassment and of great excitement among the people on the currency question. The public mind was in a constantly agitated, unsettled condition by reason of the very general, indeed the almost universal suspension of specie payments by the banks during the preceding month of May.

The "pet banks," as those were derisively called which were known as the fiscal agents of the government, "went under" in the general crash, and closed their doors, as well as those that had not attained the position of government favorites. There was substantially no redemption of their issues by the banks with specie at this time, and as there was virtually next to no metallic currency paid out by the banks in redemption of their notes, there could of course be little or no gold and silver currency in circulation.

Irredeemable paper money, issued by banks in a state of suspension, and an unauthorized "shin-plaster," "red-dog" or "wild cat" currency issued by irresponsible individuals, firms, companies, corporations and towns, constituted nearly the entire currency circulating among the people at this time. No wonder then that in such circumstances and in the midst of

such surroundings the currency question should be the all-absorbing one, not only among the politicians, but also among the masses generally. It was a time of agitation, of restlessness, and all classes and conditions of people shared in the all-pervading excitement of the times, because all felt that they had interests to be affected by the anomalous nature and condition of our currency, the precariousness of the existing condition of things, and the uncertainties overhanging the financial outcome.

The general, the almost universal suspension of specie payments by the banking institutions of the United States, especially by the fiscal agents, those which were collecting and disbursing the revenues of the National government, was a severe blow to the Van Buren administration. It was felt to be all the severer because it came so soon after the close of President Jackson's second Presidential term, and so soon after Van Buren's inauguration. Indeed, it was not only a great blow to the Van Buren party, but to all parties, and to all sections of the country and to all classes of people everywhere, east and west, north and south.

It has always been a well-known matter that President Van Buren was not a man of the stateliness, the stamina, the power, the massiveness and strength of character, the force of will, the overpowering influence with the people, or had any near approach to the popularity with the masses

enjoyed by General Jackson, his immediate predecessor.

Indeed, few men identified with American history or with the Presidential office have ever been as liberally endowed with noble, courageous qualities and manly characteristics, or enjoyed to an equal extent the confidence of the American people, or the power to control them, as he of the Hermitage—the hero of New Orleans.

At the preceding Presidential election (in 1836) President Van Buren had received a bare majority of the popular vote, nearly as many being cast against him as in his favor. Personally he was not a man of remarkable strength with the people—not a man of popular qualities, not the kind of man to attract others to him or to whom they would be apt to cling warmly. Van Buren was *not* like George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, nor had he the attractive qualities of James A. Garfield.

From various causes Mr. Van Buren had encountered a large amount of popular odium during his long and successful career as a public man, especially during the recent Presidential election contest. He had been United States senator, governor of New York, secretary of state, minister to England, vice-president of the United States, and had just reached the highest position known to our Constitution, but the reputation of a somewhat selfish politician clung to him. Men were disposed to ascribe sinister motives to him, and he never succeeded to high positions after his election in 1836. In 1840 he was defeated by a large majority for

President, by General Harrison, and in 1844 he failed of a nomination, being defeated by Colonel James K. Polk of Tennessee, and in 1848 he accepted the Free-Soil nomination for President, but received no electoral votes.

Soon after the general suspension of the banking institutions of our country, in 1837, President Van Buren issued a proclamation calling an extra session of congress, which convened on the fifth of September. He had addressed to that body an elaborate message in which he strongly recommended the enactment of a law commonly known as the "sub-treasury law," which was to serve as the remedy to meet the crisis resulting from general suspension of specie payments by the banks, in the month of May of said year. That measure, as suggested to congress, required payments to be made in specie of all indebtedness to the general government, dispensed with all non-specie-paying banks as fiscal agents of the government, and required that duty to be performed by a principal sub-treasurer and local sub-treasurers.

The recommendations of the President were not approved by congress in special session, or at least were not enacted into a law, though elaborately discussed, but were given the "go by" at the extra session, a motion to lay on the table prevailing, and the whole subject "going over" to the regular session by an adjournment of congress until the first Monday of the ensuing December.

The people of Ohio did not vote in approval of the sub-treasury measure, as recommended by President Van Buren, at their election in October, 1837, hence

both the senate and house of representatives contained a majority of Whigs. I give a list of both state senators and representatives, as showing to some extent who, in both parties, were uppermost in Ohio at that time, and what topics were, half a century ago, the chief subjects of legislation.

The following list gives the names and residences of the law-makers of Ohio just fifty years ago! The number of those of them who are still living it is safe to say is very, very small, and the number of them who are still in public life it is very certain is smaller still.

STATE SENATORS IN 1837-38.

NAME.	COUNTIES.
Charles White.....	Adams, Brown and Scioto
James Rogers, Athens, Meigs, Lawrence and Gallia	
Thomas Shannon.....	Belmont
Elijah Vance.....	Butler and Preble
James Thompson.....	Columbiana and Carroll
John H. James.....	Clark, Champaign and Logan
Douty Utter.....	Clermont
Simeon Fuller.....	Cuyahoga
Samuel Spangler.....	Fairfield and Hocking
John Arbuckle.....	Fayette, Madison and Greene
Benjamin F. Wade.....	Ashtabula and Geauga
William C. Walton.....	Monroe and Guernsey
John H. Gerard and William Oliver.....	Hamilton
Isaiah Morris.....	Highland and Clinton
John K. Campbell.....	Huron
Samuel Stokely.....	Jefferson
Peres Sprague.....	Knox, Coshocton and Holmes
William W. Gault.....	Licking
Curtis Bates, Lucas, Wood, Hancock, Henry, Van Wert, Allen, Shelby and Hardin.	
Hezekiah Gorton.....	Marion, Crawford, Union and Delaware.
James Moore.....	Medina and Lorain
William J. Thomas.....	Miami, Darke and Mercer
James Steele.....	Montgomery
Samuel J. Cox.....	Muskingum
William Hawkins.....	Perry, Morgan and Washington
John L. Green.....	Pickaway and Franklin
Daniel Upson.....	Portage
William McLaughlin.....	Richland

John I. Van Meter.....	Ross, Pike and Jackson
David E. Owen.....	Seneca and Sandusky
David A. Starkweather.....	Stark
Leicester King.....	Trumbull
Thomas C. Vincent.....	Tuscarawas and Harrison
George J. Smith.....	Warren
George Wellhouse.....	Wayne

REPRESENTATIVES IN 1837-38.

William Kendall and Nelson Barrere.....	Adams
Brown and Scioto.	
Marvin Leonard and O. H. Fitch.....	Ashtabula
David Jones.....	Athens and Meigs
Ephraim Gaston and Isaac Green.....	Belmont
William B. Van Hook and Jacob Matthias.....	Butler
William Johnson.....	Carroll
Edwin L. Morgan.....	Champaign
Charles Anthony.....	Clarke
Thomas J. Buchanan.....	Clermont
George Collings.....	Clinton and Highland
Thomas Cannon, George Smith and Jacob Roller,	Columbiana.
James Matthews.....	Coshocton
John A. Foote and Leaverett Johnson.....	Cuyahoga
Elijah Carney.....	Delaware
William Medill and John Grabill.....	Fairfield
French W. Thornhill.....	Holmes and Coshocton
Batteal Harrison.....	Fayette and Madison
Alfred Kelley and Robert Neil.....	Franklin
John Clark.....	Gallia and Lawrence
Seabury Ford and Thomas Richmond.....	Gauga
Isaac S. Perkins.....	Greene
Isaac Parrish.....	Guernsey
A. F. Carpenter, James Given and James J. Faran,	Hamilton.
John Gruber.....	Harrison
James Hoagland.....	Holmes
Philo Clark.....	Huron
Samuel McNary.....	Jefferson
Marvin Tracy.....	Knox
John Stewart and Isaac Smucker.....	Licking
James Crew.....	Logan
Eber W. Hubbard.....	Lorain
Otway Curry and Stephen Fowler.....	Union, Marion and Crawford.
John Coddington.....	Medina
Hiram Bell.....	Miami, Darke and Mercer
Peter Witten.....	Monroe
Ezra McKee.....	Morgan
Robert A. Thruston.....	Montgomery
David Chambers and Joseph McCune.....	Muskingum
William Trevitt.....	Perry

D. Coffin, Daniel Kilgore and Henry Swearingen.

Ohio was represented in the lower house of congress in 1839, and on the thirtieth of June, 1840, when the Independent Treasury bill became a law, by Alexander Duncan, John B. Weller, Patrick G. Goode, Thomas Corwin, Jeremiah Morrow, William Doane, Calvary Morris, William Key Bond, Joseph Ridgway, William Medill, Samson Mason, Isaac Parrish, Jonathan Taylor, Daniel P. Leadbetter, George Sweney, John W. Allen, Joshua R. Giddings, John Hastings, David Starkweather and Henry Swearingen.

A majority of Ohio's members in the Twenty-fifth congress were opposed to the bill to organize the sub-treasury, and a majority in the Twenty-sixth favored it.

Ohio apparently changed position several times on the sub-treasury question while it was pending in congress. General Joseph Vance, a Whig, was governor of Ohio in 1837-38. In October, 1838, he was superseded by Wilson Shannon, a Democrat, who himself was defeated at the state election in October, 1840, by Thomas Corwin, a Whig, which was followed in November of the same year by casting the vote of the state by a large majority for General William H. Harrison for President of the United States.

That Ohio was rather inclined to "change front" frequently on the sub-treasury question is further corroborated by the fact that the Whigs had control of the legislature in 1837-38, the Democrats in 1838-39, and the Whigs again in 1840-41; and the Democrats were again successful in 1842.

A half century ago the writer made the

acquaintance of a very interesting Ohio historical, literary and philosophical society, became one of its members, attended some of its meetings and became personally acquainted with many of its members; gentlemen they were for the most part, of literary and scholarly attainments—heard some of their addresses read, their lectures delivered, and became somewhat familiar, and have remained so since, with whatever productions of a literary, historical and philosophical character the above-named society had then issued, and also as well as with those subsequently published.

The Philosophical and Historical Society of Ohio was incorporated in 1831, and organized in December of said year. Fifty years ago the institution, as it then existed, was in its palmy days. It was an instrumentality that then was and through many subsequent years continued to be, as it had been in previous years, a valuable and convenient agency or medium for keeping up communion and an interchange of views on current topics of interest between the historians, literarians, philosophers and scientists, as well as statesmen of Ohio.

Judge Benjamin Tappan of Steubenville, who was a member of the state senate of Ohio as early as 1803, was the first president of this society, elected in 1832, and delivered the first annual address before the members in December, 1832, to their very general acceptance; and there were but few if any of its members more capable of imparting information or instruction to his fellow-members than the honored president of the society, Judge Tappan.

Honorable Arius Nye of Marietta read a paper to the society, and they adopted it by publication as a portion of its literature, at the annual meeting held at Columbus in 1836. The author of this address, Judge Nye, was an early settler of Ohio, and identified with the legislation of the state many years before this time, both as senator and representative, and with the judiciary of the state in after years.

Judge Jacob Burnet of Cincinnati became president of the society in 1838. He wrote a series of seven letters or papers of a historical nature for the society which were published, and probably made him the largest contributor to its literature, as he was one of its most honored members. His letters bore date in 1837-38. Judge Burnet was a New Jerseyman, settled in Cincinnati in 1796, and soon acquired an excellent reputation as a lawyer, served three years as a member of the territorial council, some years as a member of the state legislature, was supreme judge, and in 1828-31 served as United States senator.

General William H. Harrison wrote one of the most elaborate papers ever read before the society. It was written about half a century ago, under the title of "The Aborigines of the Valley of the Ohio." It occupied fifty pages of a volume of the society's publications. General William H. Harrison first identified himself with the "territory northwest of the River Ohio" as an aid to the commander-in-chief in the Northwestern army, commanded by General Anthony Wayne, in 1793-4. He was afterwards secretary in 1798-99; in 1800 delegate to congress—

from 1800 to 1813—governor of Indiana territory, subsequently member of the senate of Ohio, then member of the United States senate, and some years a member of the popular branch of congress, and again of the senate of Ohio, and at last was elected, in 1840-41, President of the United States, dying in April, 1841, after one month's service in said office, and lies buried at North Bend, on the banks of the Ohio river!

Timothy Walker, an eminent lawyer, member of the Cincinnati bar, delivered the annual discourse before the society in December, 1837; and James H. Perkins, esq., of Cincinnati, also delivered an address to the society near the close of the same year, to which I listened with much pleasure.

General James T. Worthington, a son of one of the early-time governors of Ohio, on the night of the twenty-second of December, 1837, read an essay to the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio on "The Origin and Progress of Political Communities," which I distinctly remember hearing read, although it was an event that transpired in "Ohio fifty years ago."

Honorable Thomas Ewing of Lancaster was probably Ohio's most distinguished lawyer and statesman "fifty years ago." He had served a full term in the United States senate, commencing March 4, 1831, and ending on March 4, 1837. An address, in pamphlet form, delivered by him some time after the close of his senatorial term, as included between the above dates, came under my eye, as did also one in pamphlet form delivered by his immediate successor in the United

States senate, Colonel William Allen, before the Calliopean Society of the Granville college, now Denison university, late in 1836.

As Ohio literary pointers fifty years ago, permit me to mention other addresses in pamphlet form delivered by Ohio men fifty years ago or more. I recall one by John H. James, a state senator, which was read before the Historical and Philosophical society on the twenty-fifth of December, 1835, containing strictures on the prevailing systems of education.

Another was an address delivered before the graduates of the Union Literary Society of Miami university, in 1837, by Samuel Galloway, afterwards secretary of state and a member of congress.

Still another I recall, delivered as an introductory lecture at the Willoughby university in October, 1837, by Ralph Granger, esq.

I name another, that of William Johnston, delivered at Columbus, February, 1838, a few months more than fifty years ago! The author (Mr. Johnston) was then a member of the legislature from Carroll county, and afterwards became a judge.

A pamphlet appeared in Ohio, almost a half century ago, which carried on its title page a no less responsible and influential name than that of John McLean, a judge of the supreme court of the United States, being a "charge" delivered by him to the grand jury of the United States circuit court at a term of said court held in 1838, being an admonition to our northern border patriots to refrain from all officious intermeddling with Canadian affairs, and especially not to emancipate the *oppressed*

patriots of Canada until they manifest an unmistakable desire for outside sympathy and kind offices, in that regard, from the Ohio side of Lake Erie!

Dr. S. P. Hildreth of Marietta wrote a paper for the society in 1835, which was subsequently published as a pamphlet.

Mr. John W. Van Cleve, a historian of Dayton, wrote the next paper for the Historical and Philosophical society, and this was succeeded by one of a historical character by a member of the society from Washington county.

The next paper was written by Mr. James McBride, an early settler in the Great Miami valley, an author and an archæologist, and he soon followed it up with an elaborate paper on the ancient fortifications, embankments and mound-builders' works generally, in Butler county, Ohio, which took the form of a pamphlet, fifty years ago.

To the era of half a century ago belong three very important and valuable Ohio pamphlets, whose authors were Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D., Honorable Thomas S. Grimke, LL. D., and Dr. Daniel Drake. Dr. Beecher was president of Lane seminary in Cincinnati; Mr. Grimke was a South Carolina philanthropist and scholar, but died in Ohio; and Dr. Drake was an eminent physician in Cincinnati for a half century, and was most of that time connected with medical colleges in Cincinnati and elsewhere, and engaged many years as editor of medical journals and also in authorship generally. In 1834 an address that he delivered at the forty-fifth anniversary of the first settlement of Cincinnati appeared in pamphlet form and is now before me. He was also the author

of an address delivered at the Miami university near the date of the one above named. It also appeared in pamphlet form and had an extensive circulation in Ohio about the period or era above mentioned. He was very entertaining and scholarly—instructive as a platform lecturer and effective as a writer. I heard an address delivered in the hall of the house of representatives, at Columbus, by Dr. Daniel Drake, late in December, 1837, but do not remember now whether it was by invitation of the Ohio Historical and Philosophical society, or in answer to a call from the legislature, which was then in session, or in response to the citizens generally. Members from those classes were present, but I do not know that this address appeared in pamphlet form.

But there is now before me an address in pamphlet form, delivered in the Medical College of Ohio, on chemistry and geology, in 1838, by Professor John Locke, M. D., who was a scholarly gentleman and of acknowledged scientific attainments. He was a professor in the Medical College of Ohio, and afterwards a state geologist.

A eulogy on Harvey D. Little, delivered at Columbus by Warren Jenkins in 1833, and a college address delivered in 1836 by Rev. L. L. Hamline (afterwards Bishop Hamline), are now under my eye, both pamphlets bearing date more than half a century ago!

Reference might be appropriately made in this connection to the board of geologists of Ohio of 1837, and to their reports as contributions to the literature of our state half a century ago. The board was composed for that year of Principal W. W. Mather, Dr. S. P. Hildreth, Dr. Jared P.

Kirtland, Professor C. Briggs, jr., and Colonel Charles Whittlesey, topographical surveyor.

The writer hereof had some acquaintance with members of three generations of descendants of Governor St. Clair, more than half a century ago, and being also somewhat acquainted that long ago with Judge Burnet, and having had opportunities of conversation with him, hour after hour, while he was engaged in writing his letters to the Historical and Philosophical society, he being then its president, I found him communicative and entertaining in conversing about Governor St. Clair's administration of affairs in the Northwest territory, which was also the subject of his letters to the society. Judge Burnet, as a member of the territorial council and personally, had been a very warm friend of the governor, made himself a very affable and attractive conversationalist to me.

My acquaintance, though limited and brief in some cases, extends into the past full fifty years, with Judge Tappan, Thomas Ewing, William Allen, Judge McLean, General Harrison, Thomas Corwin, William Stanbery, Governors Lucas, Vance, Medill, Bartley, Shannon, and other old-time statesmen, judges, legislators, politicians and fellow-members during the first decade of the Ohio Historical and Philosophical society; and other pioneer acquaintances of the long ago, seem to afford the writer some justification for drawing upon his memory while preparing a magazine article like the present.

The writer witnessed some oratorical displays fifty years ago, more or less, on the part of nearly all the above named

gentlemen, having heard Thomas Ewing and William Stanbery at the bar as early as 1830; General William H. Harrison on the stump in 1836; Colonel William Allen on the stump also in 1837; William Medill and Alfred Kelley in the legislative halls in the same year, and Wilson Shannon and John Brough in 1838.

I close by asking, by way of remembrance of a friend of half a century ago, the re-publication of a little specimen of Ohio early-time poetical literature—a gem of Ohio poetry—written in Ohio by an Ohio poet, by one that was “a native and to the manor born”—and was written just fifty years ago! It has a history, very brief, and I will give it as briefly, and ask you to make the poem the closing pages of this, a semi-centennial paper, on Ohio semi-centennial history!

Otway Curry, one of the earliest of Ohio-born poets, was elected in 1837 a member of the Ohio legislature by the counties of Marion, Crawford and Union. Dr. Stephen Fowler was his colleague.

While quietly occupying his seat one day, in temper most genial, as Christmas was approaching, an inspiration came upon him, while his thoughts might have been on “affairs of state intent;” he was in truth wooing the Muses and destined soon to come under the influence of the sacred nine, a condition into which he was quite liable to fall, and when thus poetically overcome would soon be soaring among the stars.

Before adjournment for the day my poetical friend brought to me for friendly criticism the “Armies of the Eve,” as the product of his day’s wooing of the Muses, just before Christmas, fifty years ago!

THE ARMIES OF THE EVE.

Not in the golden morning,
Shall faded forms return,
For languidly and dimly then
The lights of memory burn:

Nor when the noon unfoldeth
Its sunny light and smile,
For these unto their bright repose
The wondering spirit wile:

But when the stars are wending
Their radiant way on high,
And gentle winds are whispering back
The music of the sky—

Oh, then those starry millions
Their streaming banners weave,
To marshal on their wildering way
The Armies of the Eve:

The dim and shadowy armies
Of our unquiet dreams,
Whose footsteps brush the feathery fern,
And print the sleeping streams.

We meet them in the calmness
Of high and holier climes;
We greet them with the blessed names
Of old and happier times.

And marching in the starlight
Above the sleeping dust,
They freshen all the fountain springs,
Of our undying trust.

Around our every pathway,
In beauteous ranks they roam,
To guide us to the dreamy rest
Of our eternal home.

Anterior to the earlier years of the semi-centennial epoch (1837-87), which is the subject of this paper, it was the writer’s pleasure to send his youthful magazine contributions to the Western Monthly Magazine, published and edited by Judge James Hall in Cincinnati, Ohio, and now while near the end of the closing year of said semi-centennial epoch, it is his pleasure to select, by your leave, the *MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY* as the medium through which to communicate with the reading public.

ISAAC SMUCKER.

INTO THE WILDERNESS—THE STORY OF REBECCA BOONE.

AFTER the discovery and first settlement of America, as after Babel, the Creator seemed to whisper anew to the spirit of man, "go scatter abroad and possess the earth," and every breast stirred with the desire to push forward into some undiscovered country. Many a man moved by this spirit, together with the love of the chase, gave up a comfortable home and well-improved farm to carry his family into uncleared territory, with everything to begin over again. "What folly!" we exclaim; and yet, suppose it had not been so.

Into the valley of the Yadkin, in North Carolina, while still quite frontier-like in its primitive simplicity of life, came the family of Mr. Bryan. And soon a thrifty farm bespoke his energy and good management. He had a daughter, a blithesome lassie with rosy cheeks and laughing lips, and withal as fleet of foot and bright of eye as the deer which lurked at their doors. Their simple home was on the crest of a pretty knoll, surrounded by poplar trees and laurels. At the foot of the hill flowed a mountain stream, beyond which stretched dense forests, the home of wild game and the delight of the huntsman. One evening Rebecca Bryan strayed down to the banks of this stream with her little brother to while away some leisure moments. They had not been long there when a bright glare of light flashed across the stream, far into the forest, and presently the sound of horses'

hoofs was heard. The young nimrods of that region had a rather cruel method of hunting after dark and finding the deer by "shining the eyes," as it was called. That is, one of them would ride in front carrying a pan of blazing pine knots, while the other followed with his gun. The gentle animal resting in some quiet shelter would be startled into stupidity by the blinding light, and instead of fleeing would remain motionless gazing upon it as if charmed to its own doom; thus that it was readily discovered and shot by the gleam of its soft, bright eyes.

Rebecca Bryan did not know of this singular custom, so hearing sounds and seeing the light, with a warning of silence to her companion she drew close into the thicket and peered through it to see what it all might mean. She saw the foremost horseman with the blazing pine knots, and then she saw a second one quickly alight and point his rifle directly at her. Little dreaming he had mistaken her for a deer, she yet fully realized her danger. Motioning her brother to follow she leaped the fence and sped across the field in the direction of the house, followed in hot pursuit by the young hunter, who, having a presentiment that it was a different kind of deer from what he had been seeking, was yet none the less anxious to see the end of the chase. He reached the house almost as soon as she did, for she was still panting from fright and her rapid race, and her little brother, who had only seen

the dark figure following them across the field, was giving his own version of the affair—that they had been chased by a panther—when she stood face to face with her terrible pursuer. For a moment they looked into each other's eyes, his bold heart quailing at thought of the deed he might have done, and then received the father's brief introduction, "Rebecca, this is young Boone, our neighbor's son."

But this was not the end of that hunting exploit. By and by young Boone managed to convince the fair Rebecca that her shining eyes had pierced his heart. So there was a mutual surrender—a wedding, and a new home made a little farther out towards the frontier, and Rebecca Boone entered upon her womanly destiny of housekeeping, home-making, ministering to the comfort, and helping in every possible way him for whose love she had left father, mother and all that was dear to her. As Daniel Boone was as active and diligent and careful as she, they had soon gathered around them every comfort attainable or desirable in that region of country, and he could, besides, indulge as time permitted in his favorite pastime of hunting.

Some years had passed in happy content; baby voices babbled about the house and welcomed the father's incoming steps, and little helpful lads followed the mother eager to do her bidding. To the eldest the father had already deputed many of his own lighter duties, and as a reward for good behavior would sometimes take him hunting. In 1768 they had a visitor—a wandering adventurer named Finlay. He proved immensely entertaining, especially to his host, and

was invited to spend the winter, which he did. What wonderful stories he had to tell of the vast country beyond the mountains. He himself had trod the enchanted land, and most pleasantly he beguiled the long winter nights with tales of the Indians, the buffalo, the abundance of game which he had seen with his own eyes, and Boone was filled with longing. The springing up of human habitations close about him fettered and fretted his soul. He had no taste for luxury nor for the absorbing interests of commerce, society and the like. All he wanted was free vent for his hardy vigor. This restless beating against the cage of approaching civilization was no accident. Boone felt that he must go and see this marvelous land for himself, and go he did.

We of this silken-hose generation who scare at the sight of a tramp or faint at the sound of a gun, wonder what the women of those days were made of. Perhaps of the same material as ourselves, but then!—ah, well, they did not have to meet the severe exactions of that tyrant, society, which so often tries the temper and dilutes the affections. They were strangers to the depressing computations of the visiting list—to the problem of how to have the longest and keep them all in friendly humor with the least expenditure of entertainment and linguistic powers. Their nervous systems suffered no drain from late hours and over-pandered appetites. Their brains were not taxed until memory reeled with keeping six hired helpers, half as many seamstresses and a couple of dressmakers constantly employed. But quietly serving themselves and those dear to them, with

untroubled thoughts they filled the measure of their daily tasks and were ready to enjoy whatever social pleasures came. As there were no super-refined pleasures, there were no exaggerated trials or terrors; so after all, life has its compensations. Yes, Rebecca Boone let her husband go. It is doubtful whether she could have prevented it if she had tried; but for all her strength she was a woman, and her heart ached to see him depart. Her two sons were old enough to help her a good deal in those sturdy times, and her wee girlie would be company; but there were no mails to tell her daily or weekly of her husband's safety, and it would be easy, if there were time, for a woman, a wife, to brood over the horrible fates he was rashly daring. How glad she was when she found his brother was going to join him! She little knew how utterly alone her husband would else soon have been. Stuart, his last companion, was killed soon after his brother's arrival.

Long months again roll round and in May the brother returns for ammunition. He had left her determined pioneer alone in the vast wilderness of Kentucky, surrounded by unnumbered savage foes, whom he might meet at any moment, and having no ammunition could only escape by flight, and with only the memory of his dead friends for company. After a few weeks Squire Boone returned to his brother. One would think the loving messages, clothed though they may have been in unpolished language, with the more substantial tokens of her unceasing care for his comfort, would have drawn him irresistibly back to his wife, old home and friends. But who can measure the

spell of this wild, untrammelled liberty of life, the unfettered, untamed beauty of nature, and her unfailing, ever new resources. Eight or nine months longer they remained. Then there was one glad woman in North Carolina that all the changes, the roughnesses, the uncouth dress could not move.

And now the hero who had the wonderful tales to tell was the husband—the father. Imagine how those boys would drink in the story of his encounter with the ferocious bear, his race for life with the four Indian pursuers, of his captivity and escape, and how his wife's heart would ache again as he told of the lonely weeks of his brother's absence, when, as far as he knew, he was the only white man within hundreds of miles. In fact, for three years he had not beheld a white face save that of his brother and the friends who had been killed.

About two years he lingered in the old neighborhood, and then—he had sold his farm and was ready to start back to Kentucky with his family. The boys were more eager than he, and his wife nothing loth, for anything were better than the dreadful absence with its unbroken silence and suspense.

The little party set out September 25, 1773. Their route lay across the corners of North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia. Mountains and valleys lay in their path, with only the landmarks left by the Boone brothers to guide them. But this expedition was not for glory or fame, and no record was kept for the world to read. In Powell's valley, in the extreme southwestern corner of Virginia, they stopped to rest awhile, and here in some hospitable

home, perhaps that of Mr. Martin, they aired their enthusiasm and gathered up new recruits for the expedition. Five families, we are told, and forty well-armed men joined them here. This was encouraging, especially to the women, who could not but feel that in numbers was greater strength and safety. A week or ten days more brought them almost to the land of their hopes.

"Once through the gap and beyond this range of mountains and you will see Cain-tuck-ee for yourself," said the leader of the party as with untiring feet he walked beside his wife, his face all aglow with the gladness of return to his beloved wilds. But even as he spoke a warning of danger was wafted to his acute and ever alert ear. Was it a broken twig dropped from some distant tree by the restless breeze, or was it the crafty, noiseless foot of the savage that he knew so well?

Ere he could signal silence to the rest of the party, a wild, unearthly yell broke upon the still solitude of the mountain forests, and several of their number fell as if pierced by mocking, invisible demons of the air. Then dusky forms, made hideous with gleams of war paint, darted from tree to tree discharging showers of deadly arrows from every direction. However, the Boone brothers, whom no surprise could deprive of self-possession, quickly arranged the party for the defence of the women and children, and the unerring rifles gave back their quick response, watching for the dark faces to peer from behind the trees and giving them deadly welcome, until the savages fled in terror from the fatal fire.

And *this* was Cain-tuck-ee, the boasted paradise!

Who will blame, if a mother's heart cowered on the threshold, for there lay her first born son in the agony of death, a victim to savage hate. And as they knelt beside the body, Daniel Boone, the fearless, and his brave, true wife, he had not a word to say, for this was the first break in his home circle, and "the beginning of his strength" lay lifeless before him. When they had paid the last duties to the dead, unable to resist the mother's pleading glance that rested upon their little tribe, he who had been the moving spirit of the whole party turned aside in full consent with the others from their purpose of colonizing the wilds of Cain-tuck-ee, and went back to the nearest settlement on the Clinch river. For with all their enthusiasm this sad adventure warned them it was not best to introduce women and children into a new country until some provision had been made for their safety. Here on the Clinch, Rebecca Boone remained with her children for some two years. But her husband could no longer be content under the restraints of settlement life. Besides, his fame had reached the governor of Virginia, and when a guide was needed to conduct a party of surveyors home from the falls of the Ohio, where could one be found better qualified than the cool, intrepid pioneer hunter? One expedition of this kind followed another. Nobody knew so well how to fortify a station to fight the subtle foe, or to treat with them for the purchase of their lands. The negotiation of a treaty with the Indians was at length entrusted to him by a new com-

pany just leaving North Carolina under Colonel Richard Henderson, with the intention of making another attempt to settle the beautiful country of which they had heard so much. The company succeeded in purchasing from the Indian claimants all lands south of the Kentucky river, and Daniel Boone, with a small party, was then dispatched to mark a road and select a location for the adventurers. Sojourning thus for nearly two years on the border land of the Indian country, Rebecca Boone became somewhat immured to thoughts of danger and to the scenes and hardships of a borderer's life. So when her husband once more came back and told of the trace they had marked and cut, and the fort they had built in the fairest portion of the beautiful land, she was willing, like the true wife she was, to follow him again whithersoever he might lead.

And truly, as their small cavalcade filed along the narrow roadway so carefully marked by her husband, she could not but acknowledge that he had in no wise overrated the delights of this new region. Noble forest trees of every kind, still in the glory of their summer prime, overshadowed them, breaking away at times into scenes of wild and picturesque beauty as they crossed some rock-begirt stream. Gentle-eyed deer came fearlessly to drink from the babbling brook near the path, then sped away into their native depths startled by the unwonted sights and sounds. Flock after flock of wild turkeys, all looking as if they had been fattened for a Christmas dinner, went scurrying off into the thickets at their approach. If less pleasant sounds occasionally greeted them as the dusk drew on, and fiery eyes glared

ominously in the distance, she had but to look at the trusty rifle, alert eye and sinewy form of her husband and fear was gone.

Perhaps the home which Daniel Boone had prepared for his family would not appear very inviting to us in these days of super-comfort in house-building and house-furnishing, for it was only a cabin of rough logs with the daylight peeping in through all the cracks. And as for furniture, it had, as yet, little or none; but a woman's willing hands can soon bring a measure of comfort out of very small beginnings, and evolve an atmosphere of home out of almost any surroundings—if her heart be there; and Rebecca Boone was second to none in housewifely skill, else the inveterate hunter, the independent pioneer would not have so longed for her presence and her deft womanly handicraft about his wilderness home. They had not forgotten to bring bedticks with them and these were soon filled with the fresh fragrant leaves from the forests and covered with the bear and buffalo skins already provided by the husband—most luxurious beds to people as tired as they must have been when ready to try them. They even managed, by a simple contrivance, to raise them from the floor by the help of a pronged support at one corner and making the logs of the cabin do duty on two sides. A few three-legged stools and a rough table was all that was considered necessary to begin on in those days. This was one of a number of cabins and what were called block houses, built around a large open square with tall, close palisades where the cabins did not meet, and large, strong gates.

Such was the fort. Outside a considerable area had been cleared even of the cane and papaw, that nothing might be left within gun shot which could conceal an enemy.

One large elm, however, was spared for beauty and convenience, of which Colonel Henderson, in his journal, writes with the most enthusiastic admiration, calling it the "divine elm." Under its green canopy, with its graceful leaf branches ever whispering of divine care and protection, they erected a rude pulpit and held divine service. It also served them for a council chamber, within whose shadow at noon a hundred persons could "commodiously seat themselves." There were also, a little farther off, three notable sycamores, two of which are said to have measured twenty feet around the trunk. How magnificent the forests must have been, presided over by such giants as these.

The inner square was a clean turf of the native wild clover. Here the whole community gathered in the evenings to enjoy together such simple pleasures and athletic amusements as suited their various fancies.

For awhile Rebecca Boone and her daughter seem to have been the only females in the fort. At Harrodsburg there were three mothers of families, with whom they had traveled part of the way from the Clinch. No doubt it would have been very delightful if they could have met occasionally and gossiped a little over their mutual housekeeping experience and the exploits of their respective husbands. But alas! they were fifty miles apart, and a trip of that length in those days was something to be thought of a long time

and would hardly be undertaken for the indulgence of a few hours' chat. Perhaps, however, Mrs. Boone and her daughter found a compensating pleasure in being *belles* among the chivalrous knights of early Kentucky; or, better still, when the cooking, mending, etc., was all done for their own household, they could find many helpful ways of making themselves agreeable to the other fathers, brothers and husbands whose families had not yet arrived. When in a short time Colonel Callaway's wife and daughters were added to their number, what a joy it was. The fathers had been old friends and the girls soon grew as intimate as three girls could be, with a three-fold enjoyment of all the healthy, hearty pleasures their wilderness home afforded, while Mrs. Boone also found a congenial companion in the mother. Everybody found plenty to do, and while enjoying the deliciously bracing weather of the early autumn and feasting their eyes on the richly changing colors of the forests, they did not forget that the winter was coming. The cabins were thoroughly daubed, fuel stored away in abundance, and every possible preparation made for planting the crops in the spring. Nor was there lack of novelty and excitement for every day of their lives. Instead of balls and parties or the planning and construction of their winter wardrobe, they looked forward to the coming home of the hunters. The game had already been scared off to such an extent that they sometimes had to go fifteen or twenty miles and be absent for several days to get a good supply, but an eager little audience always awaited them on their return ready to listen to the recital of each one's adven-

tures. Sometimes it was a contest with a fierce wildcat, sometimes a narrow escape from a cunning panther or the encounter with a herd of buffaloes. Each skin and carcass had its own story to tell, and women's hearts all the world over applauded deeds of daring, encouraging them with sparkling eyes and cheeks that glow. Such incidents as these and even a race with Indians were quite ordinary occurrences, yet such as one never grows accustomed to or tires of hearing when the hero is one dear to us.

Thus the winter passed, the spring opened, and all began to think of gardening. Each spot was chosen and marked off, the trees cut down or girdled and the brush burned. Then the ground was broken up and softened, after which it was turned over to the wives and daughters. So every bright day found them busy planting the seed brought with them from the older settlements, inhaling fresh vigor from the virgin soil and appreciating these days without the fort with somewhat of the keen relish that city children do a picnic; howbeit, it was necessary to keep a constant eye on the forests and the nearest gate of the fort.

The Indians were evidently very much enraged at these invasions of their hunting grounds, and yet all this winter and spring passed without any serious disturbance at Boonsborough. The men, of course, never went anywhere without their inseparable companions, the rifle and the knife, but the girls could hardly realize the dangers that might lurk in every bush or canebrake along the river's bank, and sometimes ventured thoughtlessly to rash distances away from the fort. The two

daughters of Colonel Callaway with Jemima Boone learned a severe lesson on this point in the early summer of 1776, which caused the greatest alarm and distress in the fort as well as to themselves. An account of it is given below in the words of a grandson of the elder Miss Callaway, the venerable Dr. Rivers of Louisville, and written by special request:

Much of romance is connected with the early history of Kentucky. Daniel Boone was a marvel of tact, energy, boldness in the face of danger, and noted for his love of the wild forest and of adventures where no civilized foot had ever trodden. He was a pioneer such as may never be seen again. He was an Indian fighter of the boldest type. He had associated with him in the first settlement of Kentucky many brave and daring spirits. This was before the Revolutionary war and when a wilderness had to be crossed in passing from North Carolina or Virginia in order to reach the dark and bloody ground. The grandparents of the writer were among those who joined Daniel Boone in his wild venture to separate himself from civilization and build up a colony in the heart of the vast wilderness of Kentucky. They were not then married. Their names were Samuel Henderson and Elizabeth (called Betsy) Callaway. On a bright morning in May three girls determined to seek recreation and left the monotony of Boone's fort for the purpose of a boat ride on the Kentucky river. They were Jemima Boone, Elizabeth (or Betsy) Callaway and Fanny Callaway, her sister. They were strong and brave and felt that they could "paddle their own canoe." So they loosed the rude boat from the bank and were soon enjoying the romance of a ride on the sparkling waters of the Kentucky river. Seeing some beautiful wild flowers on the west bank of the river they incautiously paddled their canoe to the shore that they might obtain each for herself a nice bunch of flowers. While they were landing, some red men of the forest, who were secreted near, among the bushes, rushed down to the beach and made all three of the girls prisoners. No sooner had they captured them than they started off with their fair victims into the pathless forest toward the setting sun. The girls kept their presence of mind and moved off, obedient to silent orders and without arousing the wrath of their captors. My grandmother perceived at once their great danger and determined to do all in her

power to lessen it. She took her pocket handkerchief and, without being observed, tore it into shreds and threw the pieces on the ground that they might be a guide to the braves in the fort, who she knew would be sure to follow for their rescue. When the handkerchief gave out she, with seeming carelessness, would now and then break a twig and drop it in their track. This she continued during the rest of their short captivity. Some few hours after the capture the fort was thrown into great alarm, and the cry was, "Our girls are captured, and we must to the rescue!" A band of eighteen brave men, led by my grandfather, Samuel Henderson, soon started in pursuit. He was then engaged to be married to one of the fair prisoners. His heart was with her whom he loved better than life. He was young, enthusiastic, talented and brave. A fine specimen of a man, nearly six feet in height and weighing one hundred and seventy pounds, he was fit to be a hero, and courageous enough to confront any danger that he might save the girls, and especially his betrothed, from worse than death. On they rushed, these young men, regardless of fatigue or danger. Guided by the shreds of linen torn with so much presence of mind by Betsy Callaway, they found little difficulty in following right on the track of the savages. Then the sprigs broken and scattered by the same deft hands gave additional zest and activity to the pursuit. The young men were all well armed for that day, but the fear was that the Indians might see them in their near approach, and scalping the girls, might make their escape. They had now been in pursuit some twenty-four hours, and the Indians had been in possession of their prey more than thirty hours. They knew by the freshness of the broken twigs that they were nearing the precious objects of their pursuit, whom they were soon to rescue or to see scalped and left dead. As though it were providential, the Indians had become careless, feeling they were sufficiently distant from the fort to regard their prizes secured; and no longer fearing pursuit, they encamped, tied the girls each to a tree, and all except five (who were left as guards) had gone hunting. The girls were all near each other. Those who were with them were busy preparing what food they had for themselves and their prisoners. The nearest one was more than fifty yards from the girls. The young men saw their opportunity. Two or three of them fired but missed the savages. In another moment the girls were rescued and their savage captors running at full speed from those who would have sacrificed life itself to save these jewels of the wilderness from those who were

too savage to admire either their beauty or their worth. The air was rent with a shout of joy and the wilderness exhibited a scene of gladness such as never before had lighted up its primeval gloom. The girls were unharmed. (Among the traits of the American Indian, especially in the olden time, was a sacred regard for woman's virtue.) Unharmed, except with swollen feet and hands sore from breaking the twigs which served so useful a purpose in securing their rescue, the girls rejoicingly started with their proud captors back to their parents and friends at the fort, I guess, wisely determining not again to attempt to paddle their own canoe. In two weeks after this there was a marriage in the fort. Squire Boone, the brother of Daniel Boone, was a Baptist preacher, and he was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony for the first time in the history of the colony. The parties to this contract were Samuel Henderson and Betsy Callaway. These were the first white people ever married in the state of Kentucky. The first child born of this pair was a girl and was named Fannie, who afterwards married Mr. Gillespie, who was president of Chappel Hill, North Carolina. My mother always told me that her sister Fannie was the first white child ever born in this commonwealth. After her birth, about 1777, my grandfather returned to North Carolina to take part in the Revolutionary war. He rose to the rank of colonel and was said to be a brave officer. He died in Franklin county, Tennessee, whither he and his brother-in-law, Colonel Richard Callaway, had removed in the early part of this century. My grandparents reared a large family, some six daughters and four sons. Of these all are dead except Colonel Alfred Henderson and his sister, Mrs. Endosia Estill, who are both living in Texas at a very advanced age. My parents were married in 1807 and lived together more than fifty years without a death in their family. My mother always took the deepest interest in Kentucky. Her oldest brother, Richard Henderson, died in the town of Henderson about the year 1814. His children and grandchildren still live in that city. It was from the lips of my mother, who lived until her ninetieth year, that I learned all the facts stated in the above narrative. She used to gather her children around her and give to us the stirring incidents in the history of the pioneers of Kentucky.

Yes, two weeks after the capture and rescue of the girls the fort was again in a grand state of excitement. No alarm of savages this time but the imperative whis-

perings of a tiny god who does not confine his influence to "society" and "high culture." Samuel Henderson, the stalwart hero of the rescue, would wait no longer for his promised bride. Perhaps he coveted the right to say his beloved should never go boating again without him.

What, marry out in the wilderness! Yes; why not? There was the preacher, good Squire Boone, and plenty of people to make a jolly wedding. But—a wedding with no tailor, dressmaker nor milliner within hundreds of miles! Nay even spinning and weaving had scarce begun in Kentucky. Yet even so, each girl friend, and even the bride herself, had but to take down from the peg behind the door (her wardrobe), and shake out her best linsey petticoat, and see that the linen or linsey short gown, all homespun, to be worn with it, was clean and neat for the occasion. So they were independent, you see, of dressmakers. And though this outfit was neither dainty nor fine, it at least left untrammelled the free, graceful motions of nature.

Early on the eventful day each cabin was busy and bustling. The ceremony must needs be performed before dinner. That was the fashionable hour in those days, and of course *all* must participate, for in a community like this, shut up within fort walls and cut off, in a measure, from other associations, joys and dangers were shared by all as if they had been one family. The sun was nearing its noon-day strength when the excitement began to culminate in one of the larger corner cabins, that occupied by Colonel Henderson, elder brother to the expectant

groom. Here the young gallants of the fort and perhaps some from other forts were collected. Flanders Callaway and Captain John Holder you may be sure were there. They were lovers also, respectively, of the other two maidens of the quondam captivity, and the romance of that little episode was to be fittingly completed some of these days by two more weddings, each of a rescued maiden to one of her brave rescuers. And Colonel John Floyd, the handsome young widower, he certainly would not miss seeing the last of the thoughtful little lassie he had helped to recapture from the savages.

Picture them to yourself, those men of early days, grand specimens of nature's athletes, every one of them "with nerves of iron and sinews of steel," and a cool, self-possessed strength and good nature, equally ready to face a bear, elude a savage or dance at a wedding. Their costume was in keeping. The short breeches, leggings and moccasins were made of dressed deer skin, and the hunting-shirt, so universally worn, was of homespun linsey, like the girls' dresses. This hunting-shirt was a loose frock coat reaching half way down the thighs, with large open sleeves and a cape, and worn with a leather belt fastened behind. All the edges were decorated with fringes made of a raveled piece of cloth of some (once) bright color, which gave quite a handsome appearance. Add the tomahawk at one side, the scalping-knife in its sheath at the other and the inevitable rifle in hand or within easy reach, and the pioneer stands complete before you, prepared for whatever may happen. Some of the ceremonies

afterwards in vogue, as running for the bottle, were probably omitted on this occasion, for even if whiskey had been introduced at this early date, there was lack of space in the fort for the race, and the recent raid of the savages and the occasional indications of their lurking presence rendered it more prudent to confine their fun within fortification limits.

At another cabin might have been found the pretty sun-browned lassie, with cheeks like the blush on twin peaches and a soft light in her bright eyes. Her two companions in pleasure and danger were with her, her sister Fannie and Jemima Boone, and they were discussing, with nimble fingers, some flowers hastily gathered while out milking in the morning under shelter of the guns and watchful eyes of their "braves." Just enough to decorate, in their own simple fashion, themselves and the cabin where the wedding feast is laid. In a very short time the delicious fragrance of the wild roses wafted to the eager senses of young Henderson reminded him of his own sweet rose that had so nearly been snatched from his grasp.

The brief ceremony was performed by Squire Boone, who was a Baptist preacher, immediately on the arrival of the groom and his party, after which came the wedding dinner. Not delicate dishes and confectionery, but good substantial food such as vigorous appetites crave and over which Mother Callaway and Mother Boone and whatever other mothers were in the fort at the time had been busy all the morning. Beef, bear's meat, fowls and venison, with such vegetables as they had been able to raise, set out on a four-legged wooden slab, as smooth as an ax

could make it, for a table, and served in wooden bowls and trays, with wooden spoons. The carving was done with the ever ready knife at each belt, and they ate as they pleased, or as best they could. Perhaps there were enough left of the pewter spoons and tin cups brought from their old homes to supply an honored few, and the crystal nectar dipped from the bubbling spring under the "divine elm" was a beverage as refreshing as it was harmless.

The guests sat on long, wooden benches, with a three-legged stool at each end of the table, and however served or however eaten you may be sure they made a merry meal of it.

When dinner was over, as the cabins were rather small, they adjourned to the green, where on the smooth sward they danced the hours away until the sun went down and the moon and stars came out to light the jolly scene. If a stray fiddler had found his way to the wilds of Kentucky, no doubt he was there making the forests echo to the sound of jigs and reels and merry-go-rounds. It was the usual custom to keep up the dancing until the next day, but on this occasion they were doubtless more inodorate, for when Betsy Callaway became a matron there were probably but two young ladies left in the fort, as the Boones and the Callaways seem to have been the only families there at that time, and the rest of the children must have been small. So much for the first wedding of Kentucky.

We cannot doubt they were all more careful from this time, and we do not hear of any more similar accidents at this fort. Daniel Boone himself was notably cau-

tious, though so fearless, and would naturally seek to impress his own spirit and principles upon his family. But whether it was that this incident excited among the Indians a new thirst for blood, or that its failure aroused their spirit of revenge, for months afterward they kept the garrison in a continual state of alarm. None could venture outside the palisades for any purpose whatever, except at the risk of life. In April a regular attack was made upon the fort by a large body of the Indians, and though driven off, they reappeared in July with still greater numbers. There were no fainting nor screaming women in that fort, you may be sure. If terror they felt, it rather inspired them with true courage to help those who were defending them, to load their guns, to bring them water, to help them watch, and even, if need be, to fire the guns themselves. Although the Indians were beginning to be pretty well supplied with guns, and in this, as in almost every instance, greatly outnumbered the garrison, their attack was again repulsed, and for a little while after there was comparative tranquillity.

Whatever was left in the gardens was brought into the fort and stored away, the winter supply of wood secured and the hunters went out as of old, only taking care always to leave a sufficient guard at home. There was one need common to so many forms of animal life which they began to feel sorely—that was salt. Its importance was always considered in the choice of a location for a settlement, and it had not been forgotten here; but the salt lick near which Boonsborough had been built did not prove a sufficient supply, so the garrison found themselves

obliged, in January, 1778, to send a party to Blue licks for more. They fully appreciated the danger of the undertaking and carefully deliberated over the number and choice of the men who should be sent. Of course Boone must be one, and with twenty-seven others of their best and bravest they set out, leaving some anxious hearts behind.

Rebecca Boone had seen her husband start off with a little handful of men into the unknown wilds of Kentucky, and though the parting grieved her sorely, she had very little idea of the perils that awaited him there. Even after that first fearful encounter with the Indians which she herself had witnessed, she only half guessed the meaning of death or captivity at their hands. But now visions of torture and cruelty haunted her. She knew it all only too well. She had the most implicit faith in her husband's sagacity as well as courage, but *could* they get there and back without being discovered? and if discovered, could not the Indians at any moment outnumber and overpower them? Her fears were by no means unreasonable, as the result proved. As the salt had to be evaporated from the water it was a matter of time, and while Boone was hunting to get provisions for them the Indians came upon him and captured first him and then the whole party. Taken thus at a disadvantage, none escaped except a few who had gone back to the fort with the salt already made. All the rest were carried off—who could tell whither, or to what fate?

Truly, those were times to try the soul of a woman. The months of agony and suspense were almost insupportable. Be-

sides, Rebecca Boone must needs be dependent in great measure upon the bounty of the other hunters, for now, woman-like, she felt that she could never be willing to see her son go out with the rest. As day by day the certainty of her husband's death grew stronger, her thoughts began to turn back to the home and friends of North Carolina, and finding at last a safe opportunity she gathered up her little family and returned.

It had been only five years since she left, yet what a lifetime it appeared to look back upon, and how long it would take her to tell all she had seen and known. As she talked her heart would go back in happy memories to the bountiful land which her noble husband had so bravely struggled to win for the white man. Yet it had proved cruel to her, for it had drunk the blood of her first-born son and now of her husband. The comforts of civilized life are more to a woman than to a man, and she comes back to them with more of a relish after being deprived of them for awhile, and yet, in the mind of Rebecca Boone, all the hardships and privations of her life in Kentucky were so indissolubly connected with her husband that she could not think of them without regret. People who have known so much that is real in life are apt to be less demonstrative, especially in sorrow. And so we can picture the wife of the pioneer back in the haunts of her girlhood, going quietly through with her duties with no outward bewailings but with a true wife's unforgetting love for her lost hero. But behold! hath the dead come to life again! or is it the spirit of the departed that

stalks so boldly into her presence on an autumn day!

Ah! she knows it is real flesh and blood when she sees that quiet smile and feels his strong arms about her once more. And—yes—after lingering a year or two in the old settlement she is ready to follow him back again to their home on the banks of the Kentucky; for she knows now that the loneliest wilds of the west, with his protecting love and care, can never be so desolate as any other home without him. We might well leave her there on her glad return in the midst of the pleasant reunion with old friends and enjoying to the full the honors paid to her husband because, in her absence, by a daring escape and timely warning, he had saved the fort from utter destruction. Or we might go on to tell of the many after-deeds of daring and self-sacrifice by which he proved himself worthy of their gratitude and admiration. Truly, stirring events did by no means cease, but the gradual encroachments of civilization and white settlements drove the Indians farther and farther back into their native forests, rendering life in that region much safer. They also, alas! brought with them the lessening of the game, the limiting of the free life, political discord and increasing litigation over the land titles, which luxuries the independent old forester did not at all enjoy, especially as he became himself the victim to the extent of losing, by some trivial legal flaw, nearly all of the land which he had so long considered his own. Thus in course of time his wife is again called upon to leave her home and follow him, first to the borders of West Virginia,

then farther west, where he can have once more no enemies to contend with save nature, nature's creatures and the red-skins—foes much more to his fancy than lawyers and lawless speculators. Here, in the new wilds of Missouri, they lived the remainder of a long life and died in the midst of their children and grandchildren.

More than twenty years after, the slumbering patriotism of Kentucky awakened to the fact that the brave pioneer couple, to whom perhaps the state owed more than to any other one man and woman, were sleeping their last sleep in the soil of another state. The subject was broached in the legislature and measures adopted for having the remains brought to Frankfort. Kentucky enthusiasm at once took fire. An immense crowd gathered from every part of the state to receive and conduct the honored dust to the spot prepared for it, forming a procession more than a mile in length, the most distinguished living pioneers being selected as pall-bearers.

Thus the aged couple were at length laid to rest with fitting, though tardy honors, in a spot beautified both by nature and art, and in the heart of the country they had loved so dearly. And shortly after a handsome monument was erected to mark the graves of "the brave old pioneer" and "his good old spouse." Yet a still nobler, more lasting monument to their memory has been left us by one of Kentucky's poetic sons, Theodore O'Hara, when he sang :

A dirge for the brave old pioneer;
Knight-errant of the wood;
Calmly beneath the green sod here,
He rests from field and flood;

The war-whoop and the panther's screams
No more his soul shall rouse,
For well the aged hunter dreams
Beside his good old spouse.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Hushed now his rifle's peal—
The dews of many a vanished year
Are on his rusted steel;
His horn and pouch lie mouldering
Upon the cabin door;
The elk rests by the salted spring,
Nor flees the fierce wild boar.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Old Druid of the West;
His offering was the fleet wild deer,
His shrine the mountain crest.
Within his wildwood temple's space
An empire's towers nod,
Where erst alone of all his race
He knelt to nature's God.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Columbus of the land!
Who guided freedom's proud career
Beyond the conquered strand:
And gave her pilgrim sons a home
No monarch's step profanes,
Free as the chainless winds that roam
Upon its boundless plains.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The muffled drum resound!
A warrior is slumb'ring here
Beneath his battle ground.
For not alone with beast of prey
The bloody strife he waged,
Foremost where'er the deadly fray
Of savage combat raged.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
A dirge for his old spouse!
For her who blest his forest cheer,
And kept his birchen house.
Now soundly by her chieftain may
The brave old dame sleep on,
The red man's step is far away,
The wolf's dread howl is gone.

ANNIE E. WILSON.

LORENZO DOW, THE ECCENTRIC ITINERANT PREACHER.

AN Ohio farmer many years ago saw at his kitchen doorway a strange looking man with long hair hanging over his shoulders, a book under his arm, his shoes and clothes dusty and stained with travel, and his whole appearance indicative of hard living, hard work and scanty fare. The stranger begged for a piece of dry bread. He was asked to remain for dinner but declined, and when the bread was given him took it to a stream of water near by, sang a hymn, prayed, moistened his bread and ate it, and then went on his way. Some days afterward another farmer, further south, saw the same man leaning against his gatepost, and apparently very weak and hungry. On being noticed and accosted he responded that all he wished was a chance to preach. It was granted, and when the neighbors had gathered in the evening they listened to a powerful revival sermon from the text: "I was a stranger and ye took me in: hungry, and ye fed me."

This man was Lorenzo Dow, on one of his remarkable journeys through the south and west. Such a mass of exaggerated and insignificant anecdotes have been told of this great and eccentric missionary revivalist that it is hard to imagine or discover him just as he was. Yet there are safe sources through which a picture of him may be obtained. That he was no humbug, every point in his life and character goes to show. He was earnest to the very verge of fanaticism. The atmosphere in

which he was raised was one of extreme religious fervor, and he showed signs of its effect from his earliest years. While at play one day when but four years of age, he "suddenly fell into a muse about God and heaven and hell," about which he had even then heard much. When his companion observed his abstraction and asked him concerning it, Lorenzo responded: "Do you say your prayers?" "No." "Then I will not play with you; you are wicked," and into the house he went. When but twelve years old he began to have those dreams, or half trances, which followed him all his life and in which he placed such implicit belief. He thought on this occasion that the prophet Nathan came to him and told him he would die at twenty-two. It made a deep impression on his mind and remained to harass him until after that period was passed.

When less than fourteen years of age a conviction of his lost condition came upon him and carried such a weight of woe that he determined to put an end to his life and know the worst. He loaded a gun and went into the forest, but before putting his idea into execution the thought came to him that if he would wait some means of relief might be granted him. About that time the Methodists made their appearance in the neighborhood. One of them, Hope Hull, preached with such power that when Lorenzo heard him he was terribly affected. "I had liked to

have fallen backward," to use his own language, "but saved myself by catching hold of my cousin, who sat by my side; and I durst not stir for some time for fear lest I should tumble into hell. After the assembly was dismissed I went out of doors; all nature seemed to wear a gloomy aspect, and everything I cast my eyes upon seemed to bend itself against me and wish me off the face of the earth. I went to the funeral of one of my acquaintances the same day, but durst not look on the corpse for fear of becoming one myself; I durst not go near the grave lest I should fall in and the earth come in upon me." This condition of mind remained for some time. He half expected to see the devil pick him up and carry him off bodily. One night he dreamed that Satan and an assistant came into his room, bound him with chains and carried him to a place of torment. Out of all this agony came peace at last, and when the conviction came to him that he could be saved, "the burden of sin and guilt and the fear of hell vanished from my mind as perceptibly as an hundred-pound weight falling from a man's shoulder."

When he heard the call to preach he was amazed and terrified, and tried to believe that it was but a false call from Satan. He tried as many devices of escape as Jonah, but they were of no use. Many difficulties lay in the way, but he finally mastered them all and commenced his wonderful itinerant career. Even then he had hours of the deepest doubt and most severe buffetings of spirit. On one occasion he dreamed that he had an interview with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and was much concerned to

know what it might imply. Again, he sets these words down in his diary: "Satan pursues me from place to place. Oh! how can people dispute there being a devil! If they underwent as much as I do with his buffeting, they would dispute it no more." He notes a case of faith cure even in those early days, in that of one Mary Spaulding, who had been "suddenly and miraculously restored from an illness which had confined her to her bed about the space of nine years."

During the first eight months of absence from home he traveled over four thousand miles, through heat in the valleys and cold on the mountains; frequently sleeping with a blanket on the floor, where he could see the stars through the roof, while the frost was sharp and nipping; going through rain and snow, often with no path at all, traveling all night sometimes to reach his appointments, preaching from ten to fifteen times a week, and often cold, hungry and in want. This describes the main features of all the working years of his life. Once, in the space of twenty-two days, he traveled three hundred and fifty miles, preached seventy-six times, visited many at their houses, and spoke to a number of class meetings.

Because he was not recognized by many of the ministers of his church at that time, he gave up the name of Methodist. He was afraid he would become insane, and many called him "the crazy preacher" from the start. He was at times eccentric to the borders of lunacy, and one cannot marvel that many odd and unfounded stories got afloat concerning him. One day as he was riding along he became so depressed in soul that he leaped from his

horse, knelt in the wet grass and prayed aloud. He began, at one time, to question a young woman about the condition of her soul. He met with cool answers. "Well," said he at last, "I'll pray to God to send a fit of sickness upon you, if nothing else will do, to bring you to good; and if you won't repent, to take you out of the way, so that you shall not hinder others."

"If you'll pray for such things as this," was her answer, "you can't be the friend to my soul you pretend to be, and I'll venture all your prayers."

She was angry at first, then grew restless and uneasy, became troubled in mind, and finally was one of Dow's most zealous converts and friends. He asked another woman to pray. She responded that she did not have time. "Then I'll buy your time," said Lorenzo, whereupon she agreed to give one day for a dollar. She supposed he was in jest, but he threw the dollar in her lap and went away. She called after him to take the money, but he refused, and added, "If you go to hell it may follow and enhance your damnation." She put off the task for ten days, when, "her conscience roaring loud," as Dow says, "she took the day and read two chapters in the Bible and retired thrice to pray to God to show her what she was and what he would have her to be. Before night she felt distressed on account of her soul, and before long found the comforts of religion."

One evening when he had a houseful of young men he placed his back against the door so none of them could escape, and preached to them with such fervor that some cried aloud for mercy. A young

woman with whom he was talking suddenly broke away from him and ran. He followed her to the house of a neighbor, and sitting down in a door, would not let her out until she had chosen to serve either God or Satan for a fortnight. She chose the latter, saying: "I can't keep the other." Lorenzo solemnly called on God to witness, and added: "I'll pray God that you may be taken sick before the fortnight's up." Before night she grew uneasy, soon broke her promise, and became a convert and a member of the church.

A man whom he had offended by plain preaching came into church and tried to pull his nose. Dow dodged, whereupon the women arose *en masse* and put the intruder out of doors. In his diary Lorenzo sets down many incidents which show the peculiar bent of his mind and the tenor of his belief. In illustration:

A reprobation preacher sought to do us harm, when I publicly besought God, if he was a true minister, to bless his labors and make it manifest; but if he had jumped presumptuously into the work that God would remove him, so that he should not hurt the people. Shortly after he fell into a scandalous sin, and so his influence was lost. . . . As I entered the meeting-house, having an old borrowed great-coat on and two hats, the people were alarmed, and thought it singular that I did not bow to every pew as I went toward the pulpit, which was the custom there. My hat being taken from me without my consent, and two others forced upon me, I was carrying one to give to a young man. I besought God in public that something awful might happen in the neighborhood, if nothing else would do to alarm the people. A company of young people going to a tavern one of them said, "I will ride there as Christ rode into Jerusalem." Instantly his horse started, ran a distance, and threw him against a log. He spoke no more until he died, which was next morning. . . . In Alford I preached Methodism, inside and outside. Many came to hear; one woman thought I aimed at her dress. The next meeting

she ornamented far more, in order that I might speak to her. But I, in my discourse, took no notice of dress, and she went away disgraced and ashamed.

Lorenzo had determined to marry no woman who would object to his traveling, and when he came to his courtship it was pursued after his own peculiar plan. One, S. M., of Western, kept a house for preachers, or "Methodist tavern," as it was called by the people. When Dow preached in that neighborhood M. asked him to come to his house, and added, "My daughter will be glad to see you." Lorenzo remained there all night, but not a word passed between him and Peggy, who was an adopted child. He went to his appointment, and while he was preaching he felt "an uncommon exercise" to run through his mind. He pondered on it, and before evening he asked M. if he would object to Lorenzo's talking with the girl about matrimony. The reply was, "I have nothing to say, only I have requested her, if she has any regard for me, not to marry so as to leave my house."

On reaching the house Dow abruptly asked the wife what they had been doing in his absence. She told him, and added that Peggy was resolved that she would never marry, except to a preacher, and that he must keep on traveling. Just then Peggy came into the room. Lorenzo repeated this remark, and asked her if she had made it. She answered in the affirmative, whereupon Lorenzo said: "Do you think you could accept of such an object as me?" She made no answer, but retired from the room. He went away, but returned in a few days, when he told her he would be back again "in a year and a half or so" and receive her

answer! After he had been south some time the family removed to that section, and he was quietly married to Peggy in the fall of 1804.

During the closing months of that year and the early ones of 1805 he crossed Ohio and went into the Mississippi valley, preaching at Pittsburgh, Steubenville and Wheeling on the way. He makes this entry: "I have been in each of the seventeen states of the Union." Of Chillicothe, then the capital of Ohio, he writes: "Stayed with the governor two days. No slavery can be introduced here. There are lands laid off for schools in great magnitude." Once he traveled all night, until ten o'clock on the following morning, stopped at a place called Bethel, finished his sermon, stepped from his pulpit to an open window, jumped out, mounted his horse, rode seventeen miles, making nearly eighty miles of travel and five meetings without sleep. He had been threatened on one occasion, and thus describes the outcome: "A chump of wood being thrown in through the window, I leaped out after the man. He ran and I after him, crying 'Run! Run! Old Sam [Satan] is after you!' He did run as for his life, and, leaping over a fence, hid among the bushes. Next morning I cut Old Sam's name on the wood, nailed it to a tree, and called it Old Sam's monument." One young man who had led in the attack had, according to Lorenzo, the end of his nose bitten off; another was flung from his horse and killed, while several others were "remarked to be followed with chastisement from the Lord."

In recording his experiences in England, he gives a view of the religious divis-

ions of the day. There were seven varieties of Methodists alone, saying nothing of other denominations ; one, Old Society; two, Kilhamites ; three, Quaker Methodists ; four, Whitefield's Methodists ; five, Revivalists or Free Gospelers ; six, Welsh Methodists, commonly called " Jumpers ;" seven, Church Methodists. He tells of one Margaret Keen, who had "accurately dreamed of Bonaparte's disaster " before it occurred. Of Pittsburgh even in that early day he says : " Pittsburgh has become famous in the New World, and by nature combining with art promises to be one of the great manufacturing towns in America. Seven or eight glass works in the neighborhood, and as many places of worship." "One thing is observable, that for hundreds of miles on the Kentucky side the

people were dilatory at night and morning in coming to meeting, but on the opposite side [Ohio] the thing was quite different. The only thing as a reason that I can assign for this is slavery."

The concluding entries in his diary are as follows : " In a few weeks I expect to start for the west again, but where I may be this time twelvemonth is very uncertain to me ; whether in England, Sierra Leone, in Africa, West Indies or New England, or eternity ; but the controversy with the nations is not over, nor will it be until the divine government be reverentially acknowledged by the human family." His troubled and remarkable career came to an end at Washington, D. C., on February 2, 1834.

J. H. KENNEDY.

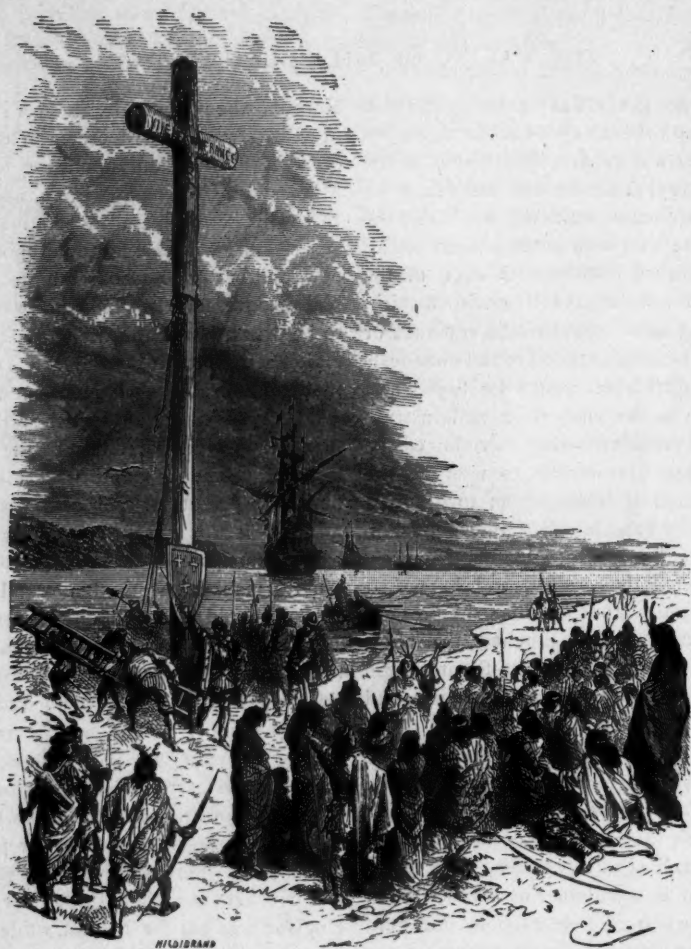
THE MAKING OF THE GREAT WEST.*

THERE never was in the history of man, and there never can be again, so important a geographical event as the discovery, conquest and settlement of the American continent; and could the story be told with such fullness as all the detailed incidents in each of the avenues of approach could furnish, nothing more marvelous in romance or more thrilling in the wars and conquests of the dark ages, could be found and written to the edification and instruction of mankind. One indeed needs an elevation from which to view all the roads leading across ocean to America before he can gain the faintest idea of the grand events that commenced in the sixteenth century, and have had their continuance on into the present. Columbus merely touched the outer shore, and sailed back to Spain to find that Diaz, the Portuguese mariner, had found the Cape of Good Hope. Great events these—and greater still in their effect upon Spain and Portugal, whose monarchs coolly proceeded to divide between themselves "all the unknown lands and seas to the east and to the west of a meridian line which should be drawn from pole to pole, one hundred and seventy leagues west of the Azores;" a partition which received the sanction of the greatest power in

Europe, when Pope Alexander VI confirmed it by special decree. With De Soto in Florida and upon the broad Mississippi, Cortez in Mexico, and Pizarro in Peru, Spain indeed made a secure and profitable foothold upon the new land her adventurous adopted son had discovered. But the prize was not to be drawn home and divided without claimants. Quoting from Mr. Drake in the admirable work mentioned below: "The newly awakened spirit of discovery would not down at the bidding of prince or pontiff, let him be never so great or powerful. Once aroused it was sure to find ways by which some part of the benefits to accrue to mankind from this grand discovery should not be monopolized by a single nation. We might even say that all the nations of Europe instinctively felt this to be their opportunity—the opportunity of the human race." France was not last in the field, and when Jacques Cartier raised the cross and the banner of France over the new land, and took possession of it in the name of his king, there was another strong and courageous claimant upon the soil. England was not far behind, while the lesser nations of the old world made such ventures and laid such claims as their courage would permit or their means of defense allow them to make good.

* *The Making of the Great West: 1512-1883.* By Samuel Adams Drake. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The struggle of the three great nations for supremacy, and the evolution quoted, as we have never seen it told before. It is not so much a history as



CARTIER TAKING POSSESSION FOR FRANCE.

—or perhaps fore-ordination—by which a bird's-eye view ; and it is to commend America became a people, is told and encourage historical narration of that character that this brief sketch is

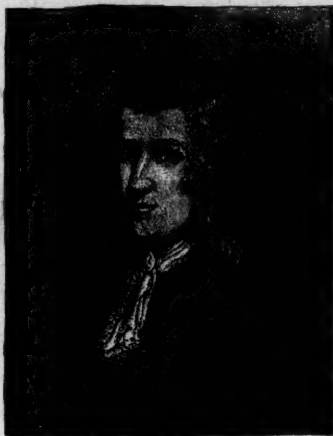
written. He follows new lines of travel, and casts the trivial and unimportant far into the background. It is a fascinating and marvelous journey—across the history of this great west—did we but read aright the signs blazed all along the way. The exploration of New Mexico; the conquests and collisions of sword and gown in California; the westward movements by the great inland waterways; the labors and experiences of Joliet, Marquette and La Salle as they carried the name of France and the cross of Rome across the great lakes and into the wilderness beyond; the triumph of France when the grand prize of Louisiana was securely within her grasp; the daring of Henry Hudson; and the final birth of a great nation upon the soil consecrated by such valor, and darkened by the commission of so many needless errors and grievous wrongs.

One commendable feature in Mr. Drake's work and the method of his history, lies in the space given to questions now so far in the past as to be considered impartially, and yet near enough to lie within the memories of men now alive. These things have had a wonderful force upon the rapid development of the west, and no consideration of the question can be reasonably had

without them. Who can measure the effects of the explorations of Zebulon Pike in the valley of the Arkansas; the discovery of gold in Colorado by James Porsley of Kentucky, who had gone to St. Louis in 1799—"lured by the thirst for adventure for which men of his class willingly give up all the comforts of civilized life; he was one of those men who, like Daniel Boone, thought it time to move on when he could no longer fell a tree so that its top would lie

within a few yards of the door of his cabin;" or the events that happened in the humble saw-mill of Captain Sutter, on the south fork of the American river, in far-off California? Mr. Drake's description of that wonderful event is worthy of quotation in full:

One evening when all within the fort wore its usual quiet, a horseman rode up in hot haste and asked to see Sutter alone. This was



CAVELIER DE LA SALLE.

James W. Marshall, one of Sutter's men, who had charge of the mill above. Seeing by his manner that something unusual was the matter, Sutter led the way into his private room, and turned the key in the lock. With much show of mystery Marshall then handed his employer a packet, which being opened, was found to contain a handful of yellow metal, in flakes or kernels, which he said he had taken from the mill-race and asserted to be gold. By the light of a candle the two men bent over the little heap of shining particles in eager scrutiny. Sutter would not believe it was gold. Marshall was sure it could be nothing else. Aquaforis was then tried without effect. The metal was next weighed with silver, in water. All doubt was removed

It was indeed gold, yellow gold, that Marshall had found. His story, briefly told, was to this effect. They had started the mill, when the tail-race was found too small to carry off the water. In order to deepen it the whole head of water was then let into the race, thus washing it out to the required depth. It was while looking at the work the water had done that Marshall saw many shining particles lodged in crevices of the rocks, or among the dirt

tlers and Indians of the neighborhood next caught the infection. Gold was quickly found at a point midway between Sutter's fort and mill, called the Mormon diggings, on Feather river, and in the gulches above the mill site. From these districts the first miners began to straggle down to San Francisco with pouches of gold-dust in their possession. Men who had hardly known what it was to have a dollar of their own, suddenly lived



SUTTER'S MILL.

the water had carried down before it. All at once it flashed upon him that this might be gold. Gathering up what he could without risk of detection, he had started off for the fort without making his discovery known to any one. Sutter saw his happy pastoral life of the past on the point of vanishing. He made an idle effort to keep the discovery a secret, at least till he could set his house in order. It was soon known in the household and at the mill. From this little mountain nook it was borne on the wings of the wind to the sea-coast, and from the sea-coast to the four quarters of the globe. Captain Sutter's men deserted him in a body. The American set-

“Like an emperor in their expense.”

The effect was magical. Within a short three months most of the houses in San Francisco and Monterey were shut up. Blacksmiths left their anvils, carpenters their benches, sailors their ships, soldiers were every day deserting from the garrisons of San Francisco, Sonoma and Monterey. The two newspapers then printed in the country suspended their issue indefinitely. Everybody was off for the mines, and nothing else was talked of but gold.

It is needless to describe to Americans the effect this discovery had upon



SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.



THE ALAMO.

the material and political fortunes of the great west.*

* Within the past five years—the exact date not being at hand—the man who made this great discovery passed away from life, poor, and almost forgotten by the generation for which he had done so much. From a newspaper account of his life, the following is taken: Last Monday there died at his home, in Coloma, California, a poverty-stricken, disappointed old man, four years past the allotted three-score and ten, who laid the foundation of California's wealth by his intelligence and sagacity. This man, whom California has so shamefully treated, was James W. Marshall, who in January, 1848, made the discovery of gold at Sutter's fort, and worked such a revolution in a wilderness country that in less than three years thereafter it was received into the sisterhood of states. The history of Marshall's life reads almost like a romance. He was born in Hope township, New Jersey, in 1812. After receiving a plain education he learned the trade of a coach and wagon builder. He was smitten with the "western fever" when about twenty-one years old, and, having traveled in Indiana and Illinois, bought a farm on the Platt purchase, near Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. His health was poor, and his doctor said he must either die or seek a change of air. May 1, 1844, he joined a train of one hundred wagons bound for that, at that time, almost unknown land, California. The party reached its destination in June, 1845, and camped at Cache creek, about forty miles from where Sacramento now stands. From that point its members took their several ways. Marshall and a few others went to Sutter's fort, Sacramento county, where he entered the service of General Sutter. About a year after this, and after Marshall had begun life in the stock business on a farm of two leagues in area, the Mexicans made an attempt to prevent a body of American emigrants from entering California. This led to the Bear Flag war, in which General Sutter, Marshall and others assisted, as volunteers, General Fremont of the United States military post at Sutter Buttes in the defense of their countrymen. Fighting was frequent and severe. Marshall took part in all the engagements of the campaign, which resulted in a treaty signed March, 1847, recognizing the independence of California. Marshall procured his discharge and returned to Sutter's fort. Upon his arrival he found that most of the cattle he had left on his farm had been stolen or strayed during his absence. He

The story of Texas and of the war with Mexico, forms a thrilling and ro-

therefore gave up his farm and began arrangements to start in the lumber business at Coloma, Amador county, as active partner with General Sutter, who undertook to furnish the necessary capital. Work was begun on the mill in August, 1847.

The eighteenth of January following, Marshall was superintending the building of the mill-race. After shutting off the water at the head of the race he walked down the ditch to see what sand and gravel had been removed during the previous night. He strolled to the lower end of the race and stood looking down at the mass of debris. At this juncture his eye caught the glitter of something that lay lodged in a crevice on a rille of soft granite. He stooped and picked up the substance. It was heavy, of a peculiar color, and different from anything he had ever seen in the stream before. He was satisfied that he had indeed made an important discovery. In several days he collected a few ounces of the precious metal, and as he had occasion to visit Sutter's fort in a short time, he took the specimens with him. He informed Sutter of his discovery, but the general was incredulous, and it was not until chemical experiments had settled the question beyond all doubt, that he would admit the mineral was gold. At last all doubts faded, and the excitement began to spread. The news flew over the country like wildfire, and those whites who were then in California went into the quest for gold with great ardor and energy. Additional revelations were made daily, and the news of the discovery was spread. Then came the mad rush from the east and the old world. It was a furious race for wealth. In 1849 every sailing vessel and steamer landing at San Francisco was crowded with adventurers. They knew that gold had first been found in Coloma, and many went thither. Without inquiry or negotiation they squatted upon Marshall's land about the mill, seized his work oxen for food, confiscated his horses, and marked the land off into town lots and distributed them among themselves. Thus robbed of his property he perforce became a prospector, but never succeeded in finding much gold. The neighbors who had spoiled his possessions added insult to injury by presuming that he knew the whereabouts of rich deposits of gold and refused to give information to them, and persecuted him on these false suppositions. To add to his trouble his title to the land he had purchased prior his great discovery was questioned and he lost it all. The state has helped him a little, but only a little, in his hard fight against poverty, all the more severe by reason of advanced age.

mantic chapter in the history of our land. Mexico threw off her allegiance to Spain in 1821, while Texas followed her example and proclaimed her independence of Mexico fourteen years later. The revolution was successful and the conflict bloody. The desperate work of the Mexicans at the Alamo, where seven-score brave men were put to death in cold blood, and the

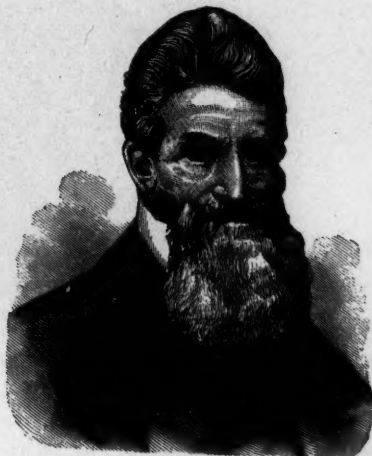
cited in connection with the above. The long struggles that were a consequence of slavery and that led up to the final outburst of 1861; the Kansas-Nebraska trouble; the deeds of John Brown, and that little band who became so wrought up in the bloody days of border warfare that they dreamed the wild dream and formed the desperate resolve of Harper's Ferry; the found-



SAMUEL HOUSTON.

act that the new state possessed many Americans among its members, won sympathy in an unmeasured degree in the great republic to the north, and it was a foregone conclusion that the two states should become as one. General Samuel Houston was the first president of the new republic, and when annexation was completed, he was elected to a seat in the senate of the United States. War with Mexico was the result of these events.

Many other stirring events might be



JOHN BROWN.

ing of a Mormon empire in Utah; the taking of California; the conquest of New Mexico; the building of the iron highways across the continent;—these are a few of the things that, according to Mr. Drake, are parts of no small moment in the making of the great west. His well told story closes "with the National domain completed within limits grander than even the sagacious Jefferson had hoped for. Though 'peace hath her victories,' peaceful development, such as has fol-

lowed the settlement of grave political questions, affords fewer materials for history than the stirring records of war, or the annals of political strife. The

a thing of territorial expansion, as with the statesmen of Jefferson and Benton's time, but now means a perfect union of the whole people in the cause of prog-

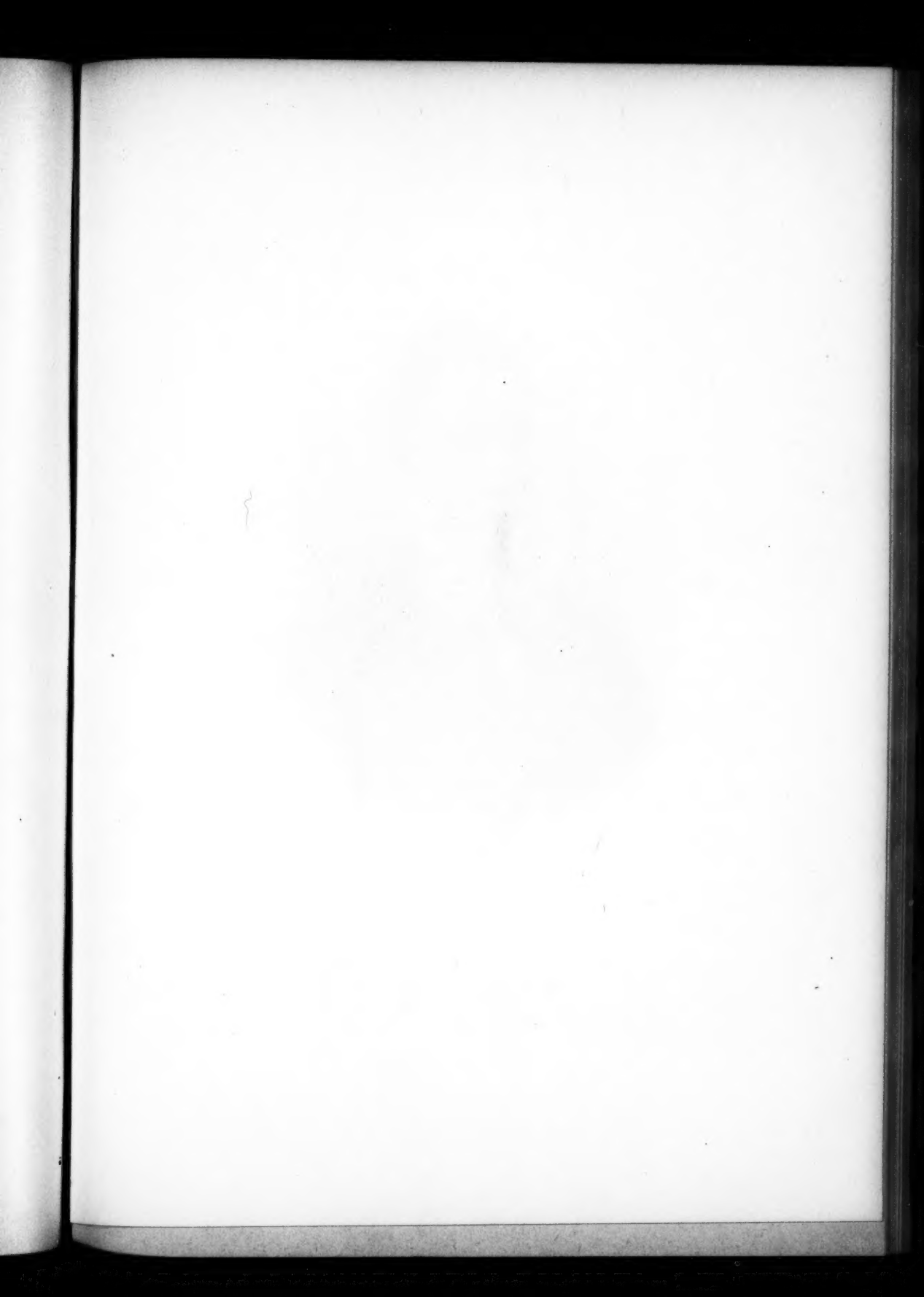


BROWN'S LOG HOUSE.

west shared with the east in the drain made upon its resources by the secession war. Its recovery from the effects of that war has, however, been so marked that to-day all traces of it are nearly effaced from its outward and inward life. National unity is no longer

ress, and for the welfare of mankind. In that peaceful conflict the once hostile sections are now engaged with a praiseworthy emulation." If the politicians would but say amen to that!

SEELYE A. WILLSON.





Magazine of Western History

J. W. Winton

THE BENCH AND BAR OF MILWAUKEE.

IX.

JOHN J. ORTON.

THE death of John J. Orton in the early days of 1885 removed from the Milwaukee bar one of the ablest and, in some respects, one of the most remarkable men included in its membership. Many knew him as the lawyer, the keen man of business, and the antagonist who, never yielding an inch, staked all his powers and his fortune upon any point which he believed to be the right; and yet few there were who knew him as he really was, and understood the kindness, loyalty and true-heartedness that lay in the depth of his nature, or the brightness with which he commenced the career upon which so many shadows were afterwards fated to fall. It is more than profitable—it is justice—to show somewhat to the world the truth concerning his character and career.

Mr. Orton was a man who relied upon himself for his advancement, and he learned the need of that in the very beginning. He was born in the town of Brookfield, Madison county, New York, on April 25, 1812. His father, Harlow N. Orton, was a member of the medical profession, and in the year 1817 removed with his family to the town of Cambria, Niagara county, New York, as one of the earliest settlers of that part of the "Holland Purchase." Here, in the dense woods and among the Indians, the pioneers built their log cabins and made their

"clearings," and as they were mostly from New England and valued education, they soon had good common or district schools. In one of these the subject of this sketch received the rudiments of his education. When he was eleven years of age he became a clerk in a dry goods and drug store, at Albion, Orleans county, and remained with the same employer until he went into partnership with him, at the age of eighteen. He was a remarkably steady and industrious youth, of kind disposition, even temper, and very genial and pleasant manners. He was the most popular young man in the county, and known by all by the familiar name of "John." He was fond of humor, and much given to wit and repartee, and was a general favorite in society. At an early age he became a member of the old school Presbyterian church of Albion, and proved himself a serious and thoughtful Christian, well grounded in the doctrines of his church. He had a genius for music, both vocal and instrumental, and was the organist of the church, and played on other instruments. He was for many years the superintendent of the Sabbath school of the church. He was very fond of reading, studious in the intervals of his work, and became a most excellent and thrifty merchant. His greatest intellectual force was mathematical, and he was a "ready reckoner," if not a "lightning calculator."

The old Orleans County bank failed and he was appointed the agent or commissioner to close up its affairs, which he did with general satisfaction, and he held with credit to himself other positions of responsibility and trust. He nearly prepared himself for college in his counting-room, and having disposed of his business, finished his course of preparation at Middlebury, Vermont, and entered upon a classical course at Yale college, and at the end of four years graduated with honor. Immediately afterwards he read law and was admitted to the bar in the city of New York. He then formed a business connection with Honorable Isaac Sherman, now of Wall street, New York, to manage the entire lumber business of Deroyt & Co. of Albany, at Buffalo, and to buy and forward all the lumber of that market. They made considerable money in that enterprise, and at the end of a few years Mr. Sherman became a banker and broker in New York City, and wished his old friend and partner to join him in that business. But John J. had only two brothers, Myron H. and Harlow S. Orton, and as he had never been near them since his childhood, and as they were residents of Milwaukee, he decided to pay them a visit; and upon arrival there he saw openings for business that seemed profitable, and led him to a number of investments which afterwards became so urgent in demanding his personal attention that he concluded to settle there and make it his home. That visit was paid in 1850, and after deciding to remain he became a member of the firm of Orton, Cross & Orton, in the practice of the law. By the investments spoken of

above he laid the foundations of a very large fortune; but out of them arose the long litigation that formed one of the main labors of his life, a contest that has become a part of the legal history of Wisconsin, and that ran on through various courts and many years, and ended in his final triumph and complete vindication. Of that contest Mr. Orton himself once wrote:

In my operations I was compelled to take what is called here the "Humboldt property," on some advances I had made upon it, in default of payment. This property lies about three miles north of the city court-house, on the Milwaukee river, and consisted of a water-power, dam, mills, etc., and a large tract of land. The incident referred to grew out of a lease of part of the water by my grantors to one J. A. Noonan and his partner, P. McNab. I bought this property in 1852, and soon after Noonan commenced a litigation with me on account of this lease, which lasted about twenty-five years. This was the first lawsuit I had ever had with anyone. I soon found I was engaged with a mammoth litigant—one who meant my ruin in a series of vexatious lawsuits. . . . In the meantime suits had multiplied between us to over a score. . . . I have conquered—after a contest of a quarter of a century and over one hundred lawsuits, in which between forty and fifty lawyers have been pitted against me, and thirty-six opinions written in the supreme court of the state, in these Noonan and Orton cases.

This extended litigation was ended only a short time before his death, and his final success in the courts was evidence that he was right. Mr. Orton conducted his own cases, and in every turn and movement showed himself in the possession of exhaustless resources of legal knowledge and skill, and of a will that was like adamant. "In his very first argument before the supreme court of Wisconsin," has been said by one competent to speak, "he measured lances more than successfully with his adversaries, gaining a legal point in the de-

cision that ultimately saved him his property and laid his most formidable foes in the dust. From that time forth his suits were all brought and defended *in propria persona*, no matter what the array of counsel against him. His style of legal oratory was peculiar. It had all the clearness and precision of statement that marked the best efforts at the Wisconsin bar, combined with a certain piquancy and cayenne-seasoning that were altogether refreshing, as well as *sui generis*. Regarding the suits brought against him as wholly vexatious and annoying, he not only chafed under them, but he chafed back, his words piercing, lacerating and laying the flesh open to the very bone. None could hear him without feeling that he was a man gigantically wronged—one fighting for dear life because he was obliged to fight. He invariably carried the sympathies of the audience with him, and, when worsted at a given point, had this encouragement to fight on." Mr. Orton was also engaged in the practice of his profession, in other prominent cases, description of which is hardly necessary here.

There was so much in the bearing and character of John J. Orton that was never understood, and so much more that was misunderstood, by the people among whom he for so many years lived, that any mention of his life would be incomplete that did not touch upon the change that was wrought in him by sad circumstances, that would have changed the gentlest soul that ever lived. When he settled in Milwaukee he, for the first time, considered himself permanently located, and began to look upon that city as his chosen home. He had been pros-

perous in business, and had a competence, and hoped that he would spend the rest of his life in happiness and peace. He had long loved one whom he believed would make him a suitable wife, and the attachment had been reciprocal, and they were only waiting for the proper and convenient time for the nuptials. The one upon whom his heart had been so long and loyally set was the daughter of one of the first families of New Haven, who was beautiful in her girlhood, and upon whom no shadow had been cast when he met and won her love. On the peace, purity, congeniality and manifold blessings of the marriage relation as the foundation, he had built up all the hopes of his future life. He was a faithful member of the church and a well-established member of society. One thing more and his happiness would be complete. Within a few months he was living in Milwaukee a married man; and thought he had reached the full fruition of his hopes. But alas! All these fruits turned to ashes in an hour. There fell upon him suddenly the revelation of an unfortunate infirmity in his newly-made wife; and that—with the knowledge of the deception that had been practiced upon him in repayment for his love and trust—came like the breaking of the anchor chains that had held him fast in the harbor of peace and hope and joyous anticipation, letting him drift into a strange and stormy career so unlike his former self. He was divorced, but the harm had been done. The effect upon the life of John J. Orton was instantaneous and terrible. He abandoned the practice of the law and went into all sorts of wild speculation; worked early

and late, and immersed himself in business, to drown all other thoughts. He abandoned his religion and his music together, and never played or sang again. He thought it had wronged him, and he became morose towards the world and suspicious of all friendships. He became gloomy and hard and harsh, where he had been cheerful, liberal, genial and generous. He was no longer himself. He was now something else and somebody else, just as these trials had made him. He lived thereafter a dual life. When he forgot his troubles, turmoils and cares, he was the finished scholar, the polished gentleman, the genial friend, and read the classics and modern authors and loved to discuss questions of science, literature and art. These unfortunate events occurred so soon after he came to Milwaukee that they were then known to but few and since scarcely remembered by those familiar with his subsequent history. The habits, moods and manners of his subsequent life had become so fixed that his marriage to a most estimable lady afterwards, although happy and favorable as it could be to him, after such a trying experience, scarcely changed them.

Some idea of Mr. Orton's mental and moral characteristics can be gleaned from what has gone before, and yet it would be a grave injustice to his memory to leave that as it stands without the additional light that an intimate knowledge of his life would furnish. The inherent independence of his nature of itself caused him to be misunderstood and misjudged in many cases where a man of more pliable stuff would have made friends by

the proffer of confidence and the asking for aid. In his intercourse with men he carried himself as one sufficient unto himself, courting neither the good nor the ill will of those about him. He was capable of the closest friendships, but not dependent upon them. For his personal or professional enemy he had a side of adamant, and to such no other side was ever revealed. In illustration of his ability to fight his own battles when words were the sharp-edged weapons employed, and as affording an insight into his mental characteristics and showing him as he was—his sharp, direct style of speech and composition and his mental grasp and vigor of rugged expression—I take the liberty of quoting a letter written by Mr. Orton in 1884 to a former class-mate at Yale, as follows:

I was born in the town of Brookfield, Madison county, New York, April 25, 1812—to-day, 71 years, 364 days—early in the morning; a farmer's boy. Common school until 11; went into store; became merchant at 21. Earned some money; went to Burr seminary, Vermont, in '36; prepared for college; at Yale '38-42. Crash of '37 cleaned me out. Came out of college poor; studied law, last resource of a poor student. To support myself the while kept books in Bank of Orleans, New York. Went to Albany; entered name as law student in office of S. D. Law. Admitted to practice in old supreme court of New York City, in May, 1847. Too poor to practice law. Went into merchandising again; wholesale lumber at Buffalo, '47-'49. Went west in '49; landed at Milwaukee on a visit to see my two brothers. Became engaged in merchandising in real estate there. Made money in '52-3. Got into the Noonan and Orton litigation which lasted until Noonan broke down, went into bankruptcy, and died in the mad-house in 1881-2; say about thirty years. So that, from '53 to the present, I have had to be a lawyer, *ex necessitate*—in self-defense. Sixty-five lawyers were employed in a long guerrilla fight commenced against me to overthrow me. I won—was not overthrown—never have been. Opposing lawyers were directed to show no quarter, and I de-

fended on that plan; fought the battle as it was laid; succeeded to my satisfaction in the overthrow of Noonan, and, am happy to say, the most of his merciless crew of lawyers.

Truly I have fought a fight, and, I hope a good one. We are told of those, who of old, fought wild beasts at Ephesus. But I have fought devils incarnate; and have felt sometimes in the past that hell was empty and all the devils were here. My will and good courage have carried me through, almost alone, for when one is assaulted all false friends flee away.

The outspoken openness of Mr. Orton's character in youth, referred to in the beginning of this sketch, is dwelt upon with the tenderness of recollection of olden days in the "Class Letter" of his Yale college associates for 1885, wherein it is said, in connection with the announcement of his death:

We all knew and loved John Orton in college. He was of ardent temperament, frank and outspoken in his address, of genial, kindly nature, social in his disposition, and capable of strong attachment to his friends. He was, even in college, a marked character for his independence of spirit. He was the oldest man of the class, and often, in a pleasant, jocose way, would assume the role of paternal guardianship over those of the class with whom he was the most intimate. He was accustomed to address them as "*Soboles*," to indicate their youthful verdancy, as compared with his larger experience of life. When our college days were ended, and a group of us had come together for the last time, in one of our rooms, to have a good talk before the final parting, John Orton was with us, and with no one of the group was the last hand-shaking and the last farewell more hearty and prolonged than with him. We saw little of him from that sad day.

The severe honesty of his early life was preserved through the after years, and no charge of dishonest dealing or of any departure from strict justice or integrity could be advanced against him in any of his business relations. Of his legal qualities it has been well said: "As a lawyer he must have subscribed, mentally at least,

to the ancient oath of English barristers: 'Present nothing to the court in falsehood, but make war for your clients.'" He did make war for them, and in that aggressive, earnest and stormy way that generally brought victory. As a lawyer, his mind was intuitive and far-seeing. He founded all arguments upon the immovable rock of natural law, and many of his pleadings in cases of wrong or oppression wreaked upon the poor and weak by the rich and strong, were considered of the highest order. His industry was great. He possessed a deep knowledge of books, while his memory was comprehensive and accurate. While the style of composition employed in his legal papers was generally bold, uneven and sharp-cornered, it was always scholarly, always clear and able, and often beautiful and eloquent. He would always take cases where the poor had been wronged, without fee or hope of reward, and fight them through with unexampled vigor and almost universal success. His secret charities were numerous, as those who stood close to him can well testify; and in behalf of those who were struggling with some injustice that threatened to overwhelm them, he put forth the most vigorous efforts of his life, never retreating until the wrong had been righted, or the last method and means of procedure had been exhausted.

The end of Mr. Orton's busy life came quietly on the evening of Saturday, January 24, 1885. He had been in good health until about a month before his death, when he was taken with erysipelas, which neither the skill of his physicians nor the loving and devoted attentions of his wife and daughters could deter from

its fatal work. His death was received with sincere mourning by his large circle of friends, and especially by the many poor and lowly, whom he had quietly helped by his means, or whom he had defended against those who had marked them as easy prey. The funeral services were held at the family home on Mason street, and the remains were borne to their

last resting place in Forest Home cemetery by leading members of the Milwaukee bar, while among the many mourners present from other parts of the state were all the members of the Wisconsin supreme court—of which Mr. Orton's brother, Honorable Harlow S. Orton, is an honored and distinguished member.

J. H. KENNEDY.

FORMATION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN 1856.

It is but thirty-one years since the National convention of February 22, 1856, was held at Pittsburgh; yet short as the period seems in telling of it, the event itself has grown so dim and shadowy, that the history of it, to most people, seems more like a tradition than a recorded fact. Even I, who was a part of it, had got other events so inextricably mixed up with it, in memory, that the original record, when consulted, scattered to the winds many things I would otherwise have put forward as trusty "recollections." The idea of writing this article was first suggested by a statement from a public man that John C. Fremont should be invited to attend the celebration of the formation of the party, projected by the Americus club for February 22, 1888, inasmuch as he was nominated here for President on February 22, 1856. This seemed to indicate so profound an ignorance of the history of that convention that I felt that some one familiar with it should revive a correct history of it; but when I came to consult the files of the Pitts-

burgh papers of 1856, I found my own memory as much at fault as any one else's. What follows, therefore, is gleaned, not from memory, but from the actual record.

Before entering upon that history, however, it is necessary to get a correct idea of the state of party politics at that period. The Whig party had made its last Presidential nomination (General Winfield F. Scott) in 1852. It had found itself face to face, on that occasion, with the slavery problem, and planted its feet, as the fates willed, on the pro-slavery side of it. The result was that the party carried but two states for Scott, and was so hopelessly beaten that it never after lifted its head as a National party. The Liberty or Free-soil party, too, made its last nomination in 1852. It rallied upon John P. Hale as its candidate, but made so poor a showing as to discourage its adherents. The anti-slavery sentiment had not grown weaker, but was seeking other forms of expression. The party, as a political organization, died with the

election of 1852. In the meantime, between 1852 and 1856, two grave questions had arisen: the "American" question, involving hostility to Catholics and foreigners, and the "Kansas-Nebraska" question, involving the extension or non-extension of slavery into the National territories. The "Americans" or "Know-Nothings" organized secretly and rapidly, and carried nearly everything before them in the north in 1854; but dissensions among them weakened them in 1855, when they were generally unsuccessful, and in 1856 they were hopelessly rent in twain by the slavery question. In this state of things, with no general organization before the people but the Democratic, those opposed to the Democracy who were not in the Know-Nothing lodges, had no general concert of action, but organized locally as they best could; some on an "anti-Nebraska" platform, others on a Free-soil basis, and others still, here and there, under the name of "Republicans." This name was first suggested as fitting in 1854, by a Pennsylvania paper, but was first adopted as a party name in that year in Illinois, and subsequently in Michigan and other states. But these were spasmodic movements. In 1855 the elements of opposition to Democracy in Ohio united as "anti-Nebraska" men and carried the state, whilst in Pennsylvania, Vermont, Massachusetts, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin the "Republican" organization was continued and expanded. The "Republican" organization in Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, in 1855, attracted considerable attention, not

because of its success, but because of its solidity and practical character.

Governor Chase of Ohio, who had just been elected governor of that state on an "anti-Nebraska" platform, was specially attracted by the movement in Allegheny county. He had sense enough to see that the people opposed to slavery extension into Kansas and Nebraska could not make National opposition to the Democratic party on that issue without National organization, and that such organization was hopeless in the then distracted condition of the opposition. He was pleased with the local movement here, because it called out the right sort of men and was upon a basis that could easily be made general. Upon a visit here in November, 1855, he held a consultation with David N. White, then editor of the *Gazette*. He urged the calling of a National convention for consultation and the formation of a National party upon the "Republican" basis, and his advice was followed. He did not show his own hand in this movement, and did not identify himself with it until sometime afterwards. He was too cautious for that; and having first been elected governor by a casual union of men of all parties, he probably did not feel in a condition to lead in the formation of a new one. But it was upon his advice and at his suggestion that the movement for a National convention was made. Mr. White took upon himself the burden of opening and conducting a general correspondence on the subject; and the result was that the chairmen of the Republican State

committees in the states already having a Republican organization were requested to issue a call for a National convention at Pittsburgh on February 22, 1856. This call was issued early in 1856, and as it will explain itself, I append it:

To the Republicans of the United States:

In accordance with what appears to be the general desire of the Republican party, and at the suggestion of a large portion of the Republican press, the undersigned, chairmen of the State Republican committees of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin, hereby invite the Republicans of the Union to meet in informal convention at Pittsburgh, on the twenty-second of February, 1856, for the purpose of perfecting the National organization, and providing for a National Delegate convention of the Republican party, at some subsequent day, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and vice-presidency, to be supported at the election in November, 1856.

A. P. STONE of Ohio.

J. U. GOODRICH of Massachusetts.

DAVID WILMOT of Pennsylvania.

LAWRENCE BRAINERD of Vermont.

WILLIAM A. WHITE of Wisconsin.

It will be noticed that while the call purports to issue from the chairmen of Republican State committees in Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin, it is yet signed only by those from Ohio, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Vermont and Wisconsin. Why the others did not sign it, I have not been able to discover; but whatever the reason was, it was undoubtedly a good one. Probably the time was too short to get answers from all of them. At any rate the movement took firm hold in all of the states not signing, showing that the omission did not grow out of any disapproval of the terms of

the call. It will also be noticed that the call is addressed to the "Republicans" of the United States, showing that the name was already a fixed and recognized one, and that National organization was what was mainly needed. The convention was to be held for the purpose of "perfecting" a work already partly done.

The Republicans of Pittsburgh instantly took hold of the work of arranging for the meeting of the convention. Committees of arrangement and reception were appointed, and Lafayette hall was hired for holding the convention. Of the members of the committee of arrangements but one survives—the writer of this article; and of the committee of reception, but one—David N. White, who is still living, and he is now a very old man. This indicates that the members of both committees were chosen from the older class of men. The young men had not yet been enlisted in the movement. They soon after became deeply interested in it, and it was to the energy and life which the young men brought into it that it owes the remarkable activity of its first presidential campaign. The elderly, staid, thinking and experienced men were those who did the first preliminary work.

The convention was not a large one, numerically. It was not a delegated, but a mass meeting, called for consultation, and every one who attended came upon his own volition. The largest attendance, excluding those from Pittsburgh, was from Ohio, and the next largest was from New York. There were

railroads then, but they were few, and did not reach much territory beyond the main lines. The winter, too, was a hard one. Snow began to fall on Christmas, 1855, and lasted into March, 1856. Hence, no one came but such as had the cause deeply at heart. Still the attendance was considerable, and members were present from twenty-four states and two territories. Nor was the representation confined to the north. Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and South Carolina each had representatives present, together with Kansas and Nebraska, both then being outside the pale of states.

No full list of members was made out and the following list comprises only those whose names can be gathered from the published proceedings. Many others were present, particularly from Ohio and Pennsylvania, but the appended list contains the names of all who were prominent or well known to the public of that day:

Ohio—Joshua R. Giddings, Rufus P. Spaulding, W. H. Gibson, Jacob Brinkerhoff, D. R. Tilden, Charles Reemelin, F. D. Kimball, J. A. Foote, H. E. Peck, C. Spink, James Elliott, J. M. Brown, Dr. O. White, James M. Ashley, William Dennison, jr., Jacob Heaton, R. Brinkerhoff, E. Pardee, H. Howard, Henry Everts, I. McFarland, O. Harmon, Thomas Bolton, L. H. Hall, R. Steadman, Dudley Baldwin, Seth Day, H. Carter, Frederick Wadsworth, S. E. Edgerton, G. H. Frey, Dudley Seward, Joseph Medill, D. C. Doon, R. D. Harrison, I. M. Benson, A. J. Page, I. H. Wilkinson, R. Rogers, W. B. Fish, I. L. Wharton, L. G. Vandyke.

New York—Preston King, Simeon Draper, C. S. Crosby, Abijah Mann, jr., P. Dorsheimer (father of Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer), A. M. Clapp, Wm. A. Sackett, C. Hitchcock, Silas M. Burroughs, E. D. Morgan, Horace Greeley, John A. King, Isaac Dayton, A. Oakley Hall.

Pennsylvania—David Wilmot, John Allison, Pass-

more Williamson, D. N. White, Joseph Markle, J. H. Moorhead, W. W. Wise, J. Weyand, E. O. Goodrich, C. P. Markle, R. B. McCabe, C. Randall, Russell Errett, William B. Thomas, O. K. A. Hutchinson, Dr. J. Carothers, George Darsie, George Raymond, William F. Clark, L. L. Lord.

Maine—George M. Weston, A. A. Hallowell.

Vermont—Lawrence Brainerd.

Wisconsin—Charles Durkee, David Jones, I. S. Lovett.

Maryland—Francis P. Blair, sen.

Kentucky—William S. Bailey.

Kansas—S. N. Wood.

Iowa—A. J. Stevens, W. Penn Clarke, C. G. Hawthorn.

Illinois—J. C. Vaughan, Owen Lovejoy, J. H. Bryant, W. F. M. Arny, I. H. McMillan, — Carlin. [The name of Abraham Lincoln is published in the list of expected delegates, on the twenty-second, but was not present.]

Michigan—K. S. Bingham, Rufus Hosmer, J. M. Howard, F. C. Beman, Zachariah Chandler. — Sinclair.

New Jersey—D. Ripley, F. Deveraux, W. P. Sherman, E. M. K. Pollison.

New Hampshire—F. C. Johnson, I. C. Beman, Horatio G. Russ.

Massachusetts—E. R. Hoar, J. W. Stone, C. C. Davis, George Bliss.

Connecticut—Josiah Brown, Mark Howell, James M. Bunce, George Cleveland, John M. Niles.

Rhode Island—Edward Harris, R. G. Hazard, — Chase.

Delaware—O. A. Johnson, W. H. Dennison.

Virginia—James Farley.

South Carolina—F. O. Willington.

Missouri—James Redpath, N. Kampa.

Tennessee—H. Jarvis.

California—D. N. Spratt.

Indiana—George W. Julian, Oliver P. Morton.

Nebraska—S. P. Rankin.

Minnesota—T. M. Newsom.

In looking over this list the eye of the reader will be struck with the fact that it is more remarkable for the names not on it than for those that are. But prominent men were more anxious to see what would follow than to take part. The times were perilous and full of uncertainty and danger. The opposition

party in congress were trembling lest the convention should go too far, and the country contained many fearful souls. The first step is the most difficult, in politics as in everything else. After the movement was well started there was not so much chariness.

The convention was called to order by the venerable Lawrence Brainerd of Vermont, upon whose suggestion John A. King of New York was made temporary chairman. This was a fortunate selection and called forth a hearty compliment from Joshua R. Giddings. A committee of one from each state was appointed on permanent organization and one of the same number on address, and while waiting for something further to do the usual clamor set in for speeches. Rufus P. Spaulding and others were called on, but declined. They all wanted to *do* something, but the trouble, which they all admitted, was *what* to do. No one seemed willing to suggest any practical step. In fact, the convention consisted of two classes—the progressive and go-ahead fellows and the conservative or fearful sort, who were afraid either to lead or to follow. After the convention got well settled down this fearful feeling disappeared altogether.

The first man to speak was Horace Greeley. Everyone wanted to hear him, of course, and he was listened to attentively. Contrary to every expectation, his speech was one of extreme caution. He was not a cautious man himself, he said, but he was just from Washington city, and the friends there were in a fever of terror lest the conven-

tion should go too far, and by taking advanced anti-slavery grounds might drive off all sympathizers in the south and alienate many weak friends in the north. They were also opposed, he said, to fixing any time or place for nominating a candidate for President. They thought it best to let things drift along and let the Republican members of congress act in conjunction with others in calling a National nominating convention.

Greeley did not seem himself in making this speech, and his advice to be cautious and go slow appeared to come from unwilling lips; but he discharged the duty imposed on him by the timid time-servers in congress; and he did more, for his speech had the effect of infusing life and zeal into the convention and developing the feeling which nearly everyone felt, that the time for action had come. This was evinced fully by the energy which was shown by Giddings, who took the floor immediately after Greeley, and by the hearty applause that followed when he closed. He said that of all places in the world Washington city was the worst place to look to for advice. It was the centre of sleepy conservatism and the place where nearly every man from the north was afraid of his own shadow. The people, the source of all power, were the ones to consult, and he had come from the corrupting atmosphere of Washington to this convention to breathe the air of freedom and find out what the people wanted. He advocated immediate organization upon the ground of hostility to slavery extension, and

the issue of a call at once for a National nominating convention. The people of the territories were being murdered for their hostility to slavery extension, and we must come to their relief by speedy and decisive action.

This thawed the heart of the convention, and from that moment its future action was certain. It came to do a certain work, and was going to do it boldly and quickly. Giddings was followed by Owen Lovejoy of Illinois. Lovejoy had opened the convention with prayer, and had prayed very fervently *that the Lord would remove the then National administration out of the way* and thwart all its designs. There was, of course, no uncertainty about *his* speech. He was even more radical than Giddings, and his frank utterances brought out the most rapturous applause.

The committee on organization reported in favor of Francis P. Blair, sen., of Maryland, for permanent president, with the usual list of vice-presidents and secretaries. Mr. Blair was received with much kindness, but his speech was after the Greeley pattern and urged caution. He also submitted a long paper, which was received but not acted on, and was a vindication of his position. He was opposed to the extension of slavery, but was fearful of some action that would meddle with slavery in the states. As no such action was contemplated or proposed by anyone, the concern of Mr. Blair lest the convention should go too far or too fast was without any warrant. Mr. Blair was a venerable looking old gentleman, but was

not successful as a presiding officer. He early surrendered the place to one of the vice-presidents.

The committee on address not being ready to report, the evening session was given up to speeches, and the convention adjourned to the next day. The speeches of the evening were all good and all of the practical kind. Nothing further was said about following the advice from Washington, and every speech evinced the keenest sympathy with the struggling settlers in Kansas.

On the twenty-third there was an address from Charles Reemelin of Cincinnati. He was earnest in his opposition to slavery in the territories, but wanted the convention to go further and take open ground against Knownothingism. It was a very strong, able speech, and was very generally approved; but the convention had but one purpose in view and that was to keep slavery out of the territories, and it was unwilling to take a step in any other direction.

The appearance of Mr. Reemelin on the stage was an indication of the accession of a new element to the Republican side. On the night before the convention met a meeting of naturalized Germans was held in this city, composed of men heretofore Democrats, and which appointed two delegates to represent them in the convention. In the subsequent campaign thousands of other Germans followed, both here and at Cleveland and Cincinnati, and although Mr. Reemelin was grievously disappointed at the refusal of the convention to go beyond the immediate purpose for which it was called, he went actively

into the campaign for Fremont. He afterwards became a Democrat, but I fancy it was the liquor question rather than the American question that carried him over.

The committee on address reported a call for a National convention to nominate candidates for the Presidency and vice-presidency, to be held in Philadelphia June 17, 1856. It also reported a National committee of one from each state, together with two or three terse resolutions and an address, all of which were adopted, and the convention adjourned in the midst of a genuine enthusiasm. The resolutions simply assert the power of congress over slavery in the territories, and demand its immediate exercise to prevent the slaveholders of Missouri from overpowering the free state settlers in Kansas. The address, it was stated by a member of the committee, was not written by any member of that body, but was adopted unanimously by it. It was written, in fact, by Henry J. Raymond of the *New York Times*. Mr. Raymond was in the city but did not attend the convention or take any other part in its proceedings. The address was a very able one, covering completely the ground occupied by the party on the slavery question, but it was very long and did not, probably for that reason, make a strong impression on the public. This concludes the history of the convention, with the exception that a strong letter was received and read from Cassius M. Clay concurring in the objects of the convention.

And now, looking back after the lapse

of a generation upon what was done at this gathering, which put a new party into existence that has had an eventful history since, what was there about it that left the most lasting impression on the mind? I answer for myself that it was the deep earnestness and strong determination which actuated every member of it. There were a few timid brethren at first, and but few, and these few soon overcame their timidity. The feeling of hostility to the domination of the slave power in the politics of the Nation had taken a deep hold on the popular mind, and although this domination was powerful enough to coerce some people in the north to silence, this convention had come together for the purpose of forming a grand National party to prevent the further spread of slavery, and it did its work faithfully and well. The young men of the present day cannot realize how deep and earnest this feeling was, nor how thoroughly the effort to spread slavery into the National territories had stirred up the conscientious freedom-loving people of the north. None but those who passed through it can fully comprehend it. It was the advent of a new political gospel, and never, as I think, had any political party such a soul-stirring mission as had the men who began and organized and helped to carry out the policy marked out by this convention.

An anecdote about some members of the New York legislature, at the time of the anti-Masonic excitement, will serve as an illustration. There were at that time but two hotels in Albany at which the members stopped, one on

the hill near the capitol, and the Delavan house at the foot of the hill. A member from the country, a Democrat, went to board at the house on the hill, but afterwards moved to the Delavan house. "How does it come," said one of his friends, "that I find you here?" "Oh," said he, "I could not stand it up there. Too many anti-Masons there, and they are continually drawing their hands across their throats, giving the grand hailing sign of distress, and making themselves obnoxious generally." "But how do you better it down here? Here are Seward and Granger and Spencer, and men of that class, full as many as on the hill." "Ah!" said the country gentleman, "but those fellows up there, they believe in it!" That was the difference, and it makes all the odds in the world when one class believes in it and another class, working with the first, coöperates simply for personal purposes, without the faith that inspires their co-workers. The one thing that distinguished these men of 1856 was that they all believed in it. They all had full faith in the righteousness of their cause and they were all inspired by their faith. They were not Republicans because their fathers were, but because there was a great wrong to be righted and they had found out the way to right it. They were full of zeal in what seemed to them a good cause, and they went to work, like the men of 1776, in deep earnest and inspired by a living faith in a broad principle.

And what was true of them was true of all the men who went into that fight. On the stump, the people came gladly

to hear them, drinking in great truths as men listening to good news. Never were people so keen or so delighted to hear and never were men more alive to the call of duty than were the Republicans of that day. They all, from the highest to the lowest, "believed in it" heartily, and it was the strength and directness of their faith that carried them forward to ultimate victory.

And what of the *men* who set this ball in motion? There were not many of them, but they were gathered from all parts of the land. Many were *not* there who should have been; but the times were perilous, everything in politics was at sixes and sevens, and the new movement did not look promising. It is not given to all men to know, all at once, that the most direct and simple way is ever the best. They soon *did* learn it, however, and as soon as the new movement was fairly in motion, it drew to itself all those who fairly represented the active conscience of the Nation. Those who led the way at this convention simply felt the impulse sooner than those who so shortly after followed them. Many of the names I have here enrolled were never afterwards heard of; but their heart was in their work, and like those who "die in the Lord," "their works do follow them."

There were many notable men present who took but little part, apparently, but afterwards became prominent. Such were Oliver P. Morton of Indiana, William Dennison, jr., of Ohio, E. D. Morgan of New York, E. R. Hoar of Massachusetts, and Zachariah Chandler of Michigan. These men were just rising

into prominence, but were not as well known then as afterwards. I cannot recall any recollection of the appearance of Governor Morton at that time, but Dennison, Chandler and Morgan were all fine looking, stalwart and presentable men. The doorways to the side rooms of Lafayette hall were made for a smaller race of men, and I remember that two of these gentlemen, in passing through the doorway to a committee room, bumped their heads severely against the top of the doorway, although bareheaded. They were tall, splendidly formed men, and as big mentally as they looked to be physically.

Lovejoy of Illinois was a preacher, and believed, undoubtedly, in the law of love which he preached; yet he had great faith in the law of force, when properly applied. He was in deep earnest when he uttered the prayer that God would remove the then existing National administration out of the way. He felt, as many others then did, a deep distrust and want of faith in that administration, and he had the boldness to speak what he felt. While addressing the convention he seemed to be on fire with the wrongs of the people of Kansas and to be, in reality, a new saint drumming up recruits for a new crusade. The congress elected in 1858 was anti-Nebraska, but neither the Democrats nor Republicans had an absolute majority. When it assembled in December, 1859, after two ineffectual ballots for speaker the first day, the southern members broke out into impassioned speeches of denunciation of the Republicans. Keitt of South Carolina led off, and his

effort seemed to be to show that the Republican movement was directed against slavery itself, and not merely against its spread into the territories. Thaddeus Stevens arose to reply. He was cool and guarded in his utterances, but said something in his usual way that seemed to me perfectly inoffensive, yet it so stirred up one Crawford of Georgia, an insignificant looking man, that he jumped to his feet, danced around through the aisles on the Democratic side in a frenzied way, and finally advanced down the central area of the house as if with intention of making a personal assault upon Stevens. No sooner was this movement noticed than Lovejoy and three or four others on the Republican side, each of whom weighed over two hundred pounds, stepped down to the side of Stevens and formed a semi-circle around him. Whether Crawford intended personal violence or not, I never knew, but the southern men immediately surrounded him and bore him back to his place. The attitude of Lovejoy and his colleagues indicated fight, and the southern men knew it. If Crawford had but laid a hand on Stevens, the men who stood by the latter meant all that their attitude foreshadowed. This shows what was in Lovejoy. He did not seek a collision; but he was always ready for one if it was precipitated. He was a man of action rather than of words.

Of Giddings I need not speak. He was a bold, outspoken man, who hated all that looked like indecision. It was the sturdy hostility of such men as Giddings to the double-facedness that char-

acterized many of the public men of that day that challenged public admiration. He was a member, also, of the nominating convention at Philadelphia, in that same year, and he was very decidedly opposed to the nomination of Fremont. He was in favor of some one more thoroughly identified with the Republican movement than Fremont had been.

Two other men drew my attention particularly. They were Philip Dorsheimer of Buffalo and Charles Reemelin of Cincinnati. Dorsheimer was not a talker, but he was one of those magnetic men who draw all men unto them, and it was his lead that brought so many of the Germans in New York into the Republican movement. He was to them like a father to his children, and they followed him with an earnestness that words cannot express. Reemelin, on the other hand, *was* a talker, and a most effective one. After a lapse of thirty-two years his speech at that convention comes back to me almost as fresh as in its first delivery. The progressive Germans were drawn to the Republican movement as to one they had been longing for. They had previously acted with the Democratic party, but were not satisfied with its conservatism and were looking for a party in which they would feel more at home. The party then in process of formation struck them favorably, but they were scared just then by the Know-nothing movement. It had been successful in 1854 and had been formidable in 1855; would this new Republican organization take an open and decided stand against

it? That was the burden of Reemelin's speech. He could not see that Know-nothingism was even then virtually dead. Perhaps it was not natural that he should be expected to see it, and it had such terrors to him that he paused before joining in forming a party that did not make hostility to such a proscriptive thing as the Americanism of that day a radical part of its creed. He plead with much earnestness and with true eloquence for the right of every man, black and white, foreign and native, to political freedom, and thought an outspoken denunciation of the proscription of foreigners would come with great force from a party planting itself upon the platform of free soil, free speech and free men. The men who made the new party, however, had no fear of the American party. They knew it was then in the throes of death, and having been called to the performance of a great duty, thought it best to confine themselves to the one great danger that confronted them. Reemelin was greatly disappointed, and he made his disappointment visible; but he submitted and found afterwards that his fears were without any real foundation.

Of the other men that took part, as well as those I have mentioned, nearly all have passed away. But few now remain on the scene of present action, and those who are dead carried with them into the eternal world a consciousness that they had but done their duty in the part taken by them in forming the Republican party in 1856.

RUSSELL ERRETT.

BANKS AND BANKERS OF CINCINNATI—JOHN R. DE CAMP.

ORIGIN OF BANKS.

WHEN, in the old Arcadian days, the people of the Peloponnesus, leading the lives of shepherds, thought it fair dealing to exchange a ram for a lamb, human traffic had its simplest, if not its fairest methods of transaction. Then traffic did not flow as it does now, "from lands of suns to lands of snow," for the reason that there was no "engine to drive commerce around the world." Beginning thus, in the simple exchange of one thing for another, the varied and increasing necessities of men rendered a value, or standard of value, necessary in addition to an exchangeable commodity; hence the origin of money, from the Latin *monere*, to advise or mark—that is, to show by some device thereon, the weight or fineness of the metal of which ancient coins were made; *Moneta ita appellatur quia fraus in pondere vel metalla fiat* (Money was thus named because fraud either in the weight or metal was prohibited).

Hence, when the Romans were in want of money, Juno admonished them to practice justice, and there would be no such need; and when they found the good effect of the counsel, she was surnamed *Juno Moneta*, and money was coined in her temple. In process of time, money was made a goddess, and enshrined by the name of *Dea Pecunia*, under the figure of a woman holding a balance in one hand and a cornucopia in the other.

Banking as a profession, by way of deposits and discounts, bills of exchange, drafts, checks, etc., began in the seventeenth century in England, as an outgrowth of the Exchequer which was founded by William the Conqueror—an institution now more than eight hundred years old. But the lending of money on collaterals and on real estate mortgages is purely a modern affair, suggested perhaps by the misfortunes of the Merchant of Venice who, instead of hypothecating his bills of lading for his cargoes, pledged to Shylock, as a penalty and forfeit of his bond—

"A pound of flesh to be by him cut off
Nearest the Merchant's heart."

Among the first banks organized in the history of the world are the following: the Bank of Venice, A. D. 1157; the Bank of England, 1694; the Bank of Ireland, 1783; the Bank of France, 1716; and the Bank of North America, the first in the United States, January 7, 1782.

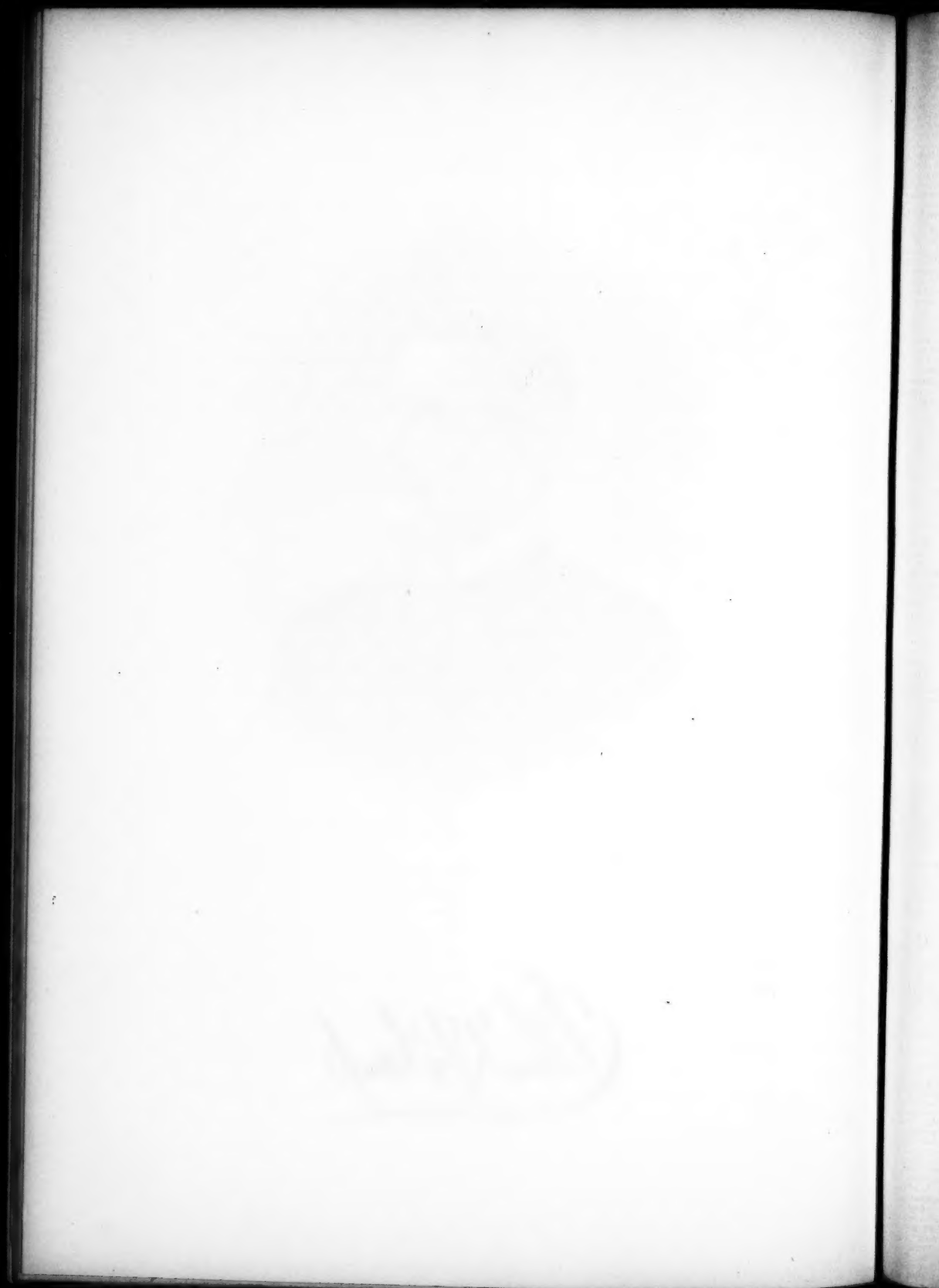
ORIGIN OF THE DE CAMP FAMILY.

Camp, derived from *Campe* or *Campes*, Normandy. Walter, Ingulph, Rodolph and Gaufrid de Campe occur in the Duchy, twelfth century. John and Matthew de Campes were in England, A. D., 1199. (*Memoires de la Societe des Antiquaries de la Normandie*) *Kemp*. Walter de *Campis* or *Des Camps*, Ingulph, Radulphus, Gaufridus, Gervasius, Helta, Richard, Wymare of Normandy. John de



Magazine of Western History

Thos. L. Camp



Campes was of Essex; and in 1324 Roger Kempe was of Suffolk. Hence the Baronets Kempe, (*Rotuli Curiae Regis* and Palgrave's Parliamentary Writs).

John de Camp went from Normandy into England, A. D. 1324, and became the progenitor of the De Camps of Essex, and of Spains Hall, where the De Camp or Kemp family was seated for three hundred years.

Sir John de Camp was a distinguished French knight, who was killed at the battle of Poitiers, September 19, 1356.

Johannis de Champe, knight, one of the gentry of Berkshire, A. D. 1433, mentioned by Thomas Fuller as one of the worthies of England during the reign of King Henry VI.

Lord Chancellor John Campe, or Kempe, "younger son of Thomas, grandchild of Sir Roger, descended from Normanus De Campe, both knights," of Olantigh, Kent, was born A. D. 1380, and educated at Merton college, Oxford; obtained distinction in the time of Henry V., by whom he was appointed Chief Justiciary of Normandy. He was sent as an ambassador to treat with Ferdinand of Aragon for a league of perpetual amity and to negotiate for the marriage of his daughter with Henry V.; was afterwards made Bishop of Rochester, Chichester and London; was Archbishop of Canterbury, and in 1439 was created Cardinal by the title of Saint Balbina. All his preferments are comprehended in the following verse:

Bis primas, ter præsul erat, bis cardinefunctus,
Et dixit legem, bis cancellarius Anglis.

That is, "twice bishop, once archbishop,

twice cardinal and twice lord chancellor of England."

He died in 1453, a very old man, leaving many by his name and blood.

Burke's 'History of the Gentry of Great Britain' says, "the family became dispersed throughout the south of England, in several branches, all bearing the same coat-armor, but differenced in the crest, and who have maintained the highest respectability."

John Des Champs belonged to an ancient family established in Perigord, France. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1685, he took refuge first in Geneva and then in Prussia.

His son, John Ezekiel de Camp, entered the civil service of the West India company and became a member of the council of the presidency of Madras.

George De Campe, son of William De Campe, descendant of "John de Camp of Essex in 1324," owned and occupied Pentlow hall, where he died in 1606.

Pentlow church belonged to the manor of Pentlow hall, and contains a very fine tomb of the De Camps, having on it the recumbent figure of John Camp who died in 1609, and his wife, Eleanor Drew of Devonshire, together with fourteen children kneeling around, with coat-of-arms and this inscription:

"Here lyeth John Campe, that worthy esquier,
That never detracted the poor man's hire;
Of veritie and knowledge a studious seeker,
Of word and promise a faithful keeper.
Heaven hath his soule through Christ his grace,
Earth his body entombed in this place."

THE DECAMPS OF NEW JERSEY AS WESTERN PIONEERS.

Moses De Camp, who won the title of

captain in the Revolutionary war, and a descendant of Nicholas De Camp of Connecticut, emigrated from Essex county, New Jersey, in 1812, bringing with him his venerable wife, Sarah; with him also came his son Ezekiel and his wife, Mary Baker De Camp, and several children.

Upon arriving in Cincinnati, Nicholas Longworth, esq., whom Captain De Camp had known in New Jersey, advised his friend to purchase a thirty-acre tract of ground, then on the western boundary of the young city. But the proposition met with the emphatic protest of the continental soldier and his son Ezekiel, who said that they had come to buy a farm in the west, not a patch of ground near a country town.

That patch of ground is now in the heart of Cincinnati and is worth millions of dollars. The pioneers therefore moved on and located upon a section of land in Reily township, Butler county. There they settled down to the hard and almost comfortless life of pioneers.

Amid the austerities and privations of uncultivated nature they struggled for self-subsistence and for the support of the seventeen children that finally constituted the family of Ezekiel and Mary De Camp:—Phebe, Hannah, David, Walter, Hiram, John, Harvey, Joseph, Margaret, Henry, Daniel, James, Moses, Sarah, Mary, Lambert and Job—as noble and true-hearted, as honest and industrious and useful a band of brothers as ever emanated from one household. Moses died at eleven years of age. The others grew up to man's estate and married. Most of them settled in Cincinnati.

One month before the assassination of

President Lincoln eight of these brothers, David, Walter, Hiram, Harvey, Joseph, Daniel, Lambert and Job, visited Washington city, and were introduced to the President by Judge William Johnson as "eight brothers from Ohio, who all voted for him, and who daily prayed to the Almighty that he might be guided by wisdom, and the Union preserved."

The surname, "De Camp," is a Norman-French word and used to denote "a combatant, champion, man-at-arms or knight." The territorial "de" signified "of" or "from," and originally implied the possession of manorial estates, and therefore, that a family bearing it belonged to the landed aristocracy.

During the colonial period the name experienced changes in its orthography—such as De Camp, Camp, Kamp and Kemp.

John de Camp, in the reign of Edward I., by his wife, Alice, had a son, Nicholas de Camp, who married Margaret de Hispania, or Spain; hence "Spain's hall, Essex."

The first emigrant to this country from England was Nicholas de Camp, who appears in Milford, Connecticut, in 1639. From Nicholas descended William de Camp, who removed to New Jersey in 1661. The following are some of the Christian names of his descendants who became numerous and influential in New Jersey, and where they always maintained their ancient respectability: John, Samuel, Moses, William, Nathaniel, Joseph, Mary, Hannah, David, Walter, Aaron, Phebe, Job, James, Daniel, Sarah, Caleb, Rachel, Harvey, Joanna, Ephraim, etc.

Harvey de Camp, capitalist, father of

John R. de Camp, by Elizabeth Wright, his wife, was a native of Westfield, Essex county, New Jersey, and was five years old when, in 1812, he first saw Cincinnati. In the twenty-second year of his age, he began business in Cincinnati as a carpenter and builder. During the next thirty years, he built more houses than any other single person in that city. Among the principal structures which he built and superintended are the Wesleyan Female college and St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church. He also built and owned—one of which was his residence—four stone front residences upon West Fourth street. He engaged in the manufacture of paper, as De Camp, Haldeman & Parker, now the Haldeman Paper Company of Lockland; was five years a member of the city council; was one of the founders of the First National Bank of Cincinnati; was one of the founders and a director of the Union Central Life Insurance company; was the founder of the Farmer's Insurance company and president of the same at his death, and a director of the Strobridge Lithographing company. He was a partner in the bank of Larkin, Wright & Co., and had the largest investment of any other individual in the business. For nearly fifty years he was a member of the Methodist church, holding all the offices in the church and Sabbath school, besides being a director and constant benefactor of various charitable institutions.

Thus Harvey de Camp, the son of Ezekiel, the son of Moses, the descendant of Normanus de Camp, was one of the most useful and honorable citizens Cincinnati ever had. He died in 1878.

Of such family genealogy and such

parentage is John R. De Camp, vice-president of the Metropolitan National bank, who was born in Cincinnati, December 20, 1848. After acquiring a liberal education in the public schools of Cincinnati, Mr. De Camp entered the bank of Larkin, Wright & Co., as a clerk, in 1863, and served thus two years. In 1870 he returned to the same bank and remained until 1877, when he was made acting cashier with a power of attorney to sign the firm's name. The death of his father left this son as his representative in the bank, the estate having a large investment, as stated therein. His interest in the welfare of the bank was therefore redoubled when, as successor of his father and as cashier of the bank, he applied himself all the more assiduously to becoming proficient in the profession thus chosen for him by his lamented father.

In 1881, three years after his father's death, Mr. De Camp conceived the idea of converting this private institution into a National bank. Obtaining the concurrence of all interested, he addressed himself to the task with his accustomed energy. The stock of the old bank was sold at 112½; the capital, \$500,000 of the new bank, rapidly taken, and the name "Metropolitan," adopted; and thus the "Metropolitan National Bank" had its origin.

All this was chiefly the work of Mr. De Camp—the conception, the execution, and the particular designation—Metropolitan;—being the first instance under the National banking law where a private institution whose stock sold at a premium, was converted into a National bank. From 1881 to 1883 Mr. De Camp served

as cashier; but in 1883 was elected vice-president, upon the accession of the Honorable William Means as president, whose name brought to the bank the strength of his unlimited credit and whose reputation as a born and professional banker is not surpassed even by his popularity as a distinguished citizen of Ohio and the west.

The splendid proportions into which the business of this bank has grown are the immediate results of the management of President Means and Vice-President De Camp.

When, therefore, a trained and trustworthy banker was needed as receiver of the Fidelity National, when it suspended, Mr. De Camp was selected and, for the time being, had charge of the affairs of that unfortunate bank. It was a high compliment to Mr. De Camp. The fact that he did not continue in that position was owing to his expressed intention to resign when he ascertained that to remain as receiver would necessitate his resignation as vice-president of the Metropolitan; a step he never for a moment seriously contemplated.

It was during the past summer that the Metropolitan removed from No. 230 West Third street to the present magnificent building. The United Bank building is one of the noblest structures of the kind in the west. The engravings will afford a conception of the exquisite finish, and of the superb adaptations of the bank to the speedy and safe transaction of its growing business. The present officers are: President, Honorable William Means; vice-president, John R. De Camp; cashier, Charles W. Edwards;

assistant cashier, F. M. Riegel. Its capital stock is \$1,000,000, with a surplus and undivided profits exceeding \$200,000.

Mr. De Camp, though yet in middle life, has the reputation of being one of the ablest financiers and one of the safest bankers in southern Ohio. Nothing but success has attended his career. His judgment upon the every-day affairs of the bank is regarded as almost unerring.

It is a common saying—"De Camp is all business." This is emphatically true when he is seen within the precincts of his elegant banking house and office. There he meets all alike on business principles—those principles which are hereditary with him as a descendant of a family whose well-known characteristics—honesty, integrity, industry—have rendered them nearly all wealthy, while they have not failed to maintain their ancient respectability.

In tracing this family to its origin, the writer found their old armorial bearings and their heraldic motto—*Honestas et veritas*—a motto also adopted by Vice-President De Camp, because of its association with the remembrance of his father, who, acting upon that sentiment, achieved the most gratifying success in the business world, and dying, left to his children, to the church and to the state the grateful memory of a useful life and a stainless reputation as a man.

Mr. De Camp is president of the Thomas Sherlock Transportation company; president of the New Orleans Wharfboat company; is a director in the Farmers' Insurance company; of the Evans-Newhall Music company; of the

Strobridge Lithographing company; of the Covington Railway and Transportation company, etc.

In 1868 Mr. De Camp married Miss Adele Sowles of Urbana, Ohio. They live in a beautiful home in Avondale, where their domestic circle is enlarged and enlivened by their children, Sarah-Alice, Edna and David Ralph De Camp. Between business occupations and the pleasurable care of his family, Mr. De Camp has little time to give to the outside world. But calls are seldom made in

vain upon him when the church of his fathers and all charitable institutions need a helping hand.

Esteemed by his neighbors, admired for his business qualities, and commended by every unenvious tongue for his success in the battle of life, John R. De Camp has proven himself to be a worthy descendant of a family distinguished for its "worthies" in the history of the church and state both of England and America.

HENRY DUDLEY TEETOR.

HISTORY AND FACT VS. HENRY GEORGE.

Few persons suspected six years ago when Henry George first prominently advanced his theory against private property in land, that it would end in anything beyond the transient airing of some abstract notions. Upon his remedies for existing evils most men looked as they would upon any visionary scheme. Nor were the doctrines wholly new, for before the French Revolution substantially the same principles were not quietly avowed merely but were loudly and zealously proclaimed by some of the most gifted men of the age, such as Voltaire and others. Surely no modern enemy of private property has gone beyond Rousseau, who said: "The first man who, having inclosed some ground, dared say, 'this is mine,' and found persons simple enough to believe him, was the true founder of civil society." He would regard as a benefactor of the human race the man

who, pulling up the stakes or filling the ditch, had cried out to his equals: "Beware of this impostor. You are ruined if you forget that the earth does not belong to any individual." *Gardez-vous d'écouter cet imposteur; vous êtes perdus si vous oubliez que la terre n'est à personne!* Is it not very nearly the same statement, the same sentiment even, that our modern innovators make use of and on which they do not seem to have much enlarged or improved?

For a few years but little heed was taken of Henry George's ideas. They were relegated by the public mind to the list of utterly impracticable, harmless speculations. But recent well-known events have entirely changed the aspect of the question. If there is anything that arrests American attention and quickens American thought, it is political bearings and tendencies, and thither the George ideas have suddenly and

rapidly drifted. A political party has been hastily organized which in the short space of one year has just succeeded in commanding a following of seventy thousand voters in a single state. Some had predicted more, some less, while others, as soon as the result became known, asserted that the new party having suffered a great defeat was virtually at an end. It is a poor cause and worse grit that cannot stand its first reverse, and when at a late hour on the night of the last election, with the news of defeat before him, Henry George exclaimed: "Now we will go forward without the weak ones. You have seen votes bought to-day, but there remain thirty-five thousand men who can't be bought. Now from this moment let the new campaign begin,"—he announced himself as undismayed by defeat and as one resolved to try the issues of yet another contest. The outcome can be told in November, 1888.

The new movement has been likened by some of its adherents to the great anti-corn law agitation in England, which ended just forty years ago in complete triumph. Similar results, they flatter themselves, await this that were achieved by that if they will but bring to the task the same energy, perseverance and resistless skill. In this hope, we think, they shall be disappointed.

Let us consider briefly the anti-corn law movement. Although that agitation was waged against great odds and vested interests, effected a marvelous change of both opinion and law and was attended with splendid success, yet it was quite unlike the movement we are

considering. Here are odds that are greater, and a change to be brought about which delves far deeper, is more radical, more revolutionary. The merchants of England, a large, powerful and growing class, had to be heard and had to have justice. The agitation was for the redress of a grievance. The corn laws, first passed in 1670, were for the benefit of farmers and imposed so high a duty on grain as practically to prohibit importation. They raised the prices of wheat and bread to enormous figures. Petitions and remonstrances from the manufacturing and commercial classes were sent to parliament against them. Almost from their first passage they were looked upon as an iniquitous measure, and on their renewal in 1815 they were attended with riots in various parts of the kingdom. When, therefore, two among the ablest men in Great Britain—Richard Cobden and John Bright—entered into an alliance and began their famous agitation, many causes had already conspired, and others followed, to sustain them. There was an already existing and widespread sentiment. In parliament were to be found members whose voices had been already heard on the side of repeal, men even of the aristocracy and landed class, foremost among whom was Charles Villiers. The corn laws were justly described by Lord John Russell, who was not one of the agitators but the leader of the Whig party—as "the blight of commerce, the bane of agriculture, the source of bitter division among classes and the cause of penury, fever, mortality, and crime among the people."

And finally toward the close of the agitation came famine in Ireland, during which to have maintained such duties would have seemed but cruelty and barbarity in the government. Here were potent influences that hastened the agitation that had been waged for but eight years and that enabled its leaders to bring it on to success, even during a conservative administration, as was done under the premiership of Sir Robert Peel in 1846. There is no such cause of action for the land movement, and no similar forces to operate a cause, were there one. Two powerful classes are found in any state, the merchants and traders in the cities and towns, the landlords and farmers throughout the country. On Cobden's side lay the interests and was arrayed the united influence of the whole trading and manufacturing class as well as the voice naturally of every laborer who ate bread and was not engaged in the tillage of land. [Neither of these classes is with Henry George; nor is it too much to say that the sentiment on which his agitation relies is not yet, but must be created. And history will show that great reformers have not, as a rule, created sentiments, but have had the genius to discern and seize the right moment to use and control a great sentiment and thus carry their measures on to triumph.

Of Mr. George's ability to create a sentiment in the difficult field he has chosen, or to control a great movement, most men will think unkindly. His numerous critics are severe and in many instances the strictures too plainly

disclose that their authors have not read his books. Nobody can even casually read Mr. George's book 'Progress and Poverty' without being convinced that its author is a clever man, that he has reasoning faculties of a high order, that he is deeply and touchingly in earnest and that he possesses a vast fund of information relating to his theme, greater, perhaps, than any other man that has ever handled it, who is, however, so stirred by existing evils and so much engrossed with his own favorite theory as to fail to see its error or its fatal tendency.

The prominent connection last autumn of Rev. Dr. McGlynn of New York with the movement gave it a fresh impulse for awhile but as great a check soon after. The doctor's open advocacy of the theory led to his being at once censured by his church and it would seem to a speedy summons to repair to Rome. The direct citation to appear at Rome is significant as not being the usual mode in accordance with the canons of the Roman church and its common practice. A priest in that church is tried before his ordinary, or bishop, from whose decision he may appeal to Rome; or, what is as frequent in practice, his bishop may "*ex informata conscientia*," "if his conscience so instruct," suspend and condemn him without a trial, from which extra-judicial act there lies no technical appeal but merely what is known as "a recourse to the holy see." Whether the summons came from Rome because Dr. McGlynn's immediate superior, Archbishop Corrigan, shrank from the re-

sponsibility of ordinary process, or because in so grave a matter Rome would ask to speak for itself, or because of the high standing of the respondent who is a doctor of divinity in his church, having obtained the degree many years ago in Rome itself, does not much concern. Of greater importance is the information thus gained of the attitude with respect to private property of the Catholic church whose influence, great as it is, lies largely in quarters from which some persons might look for instant allies of just such theorists as Henry George. Nor is this conservative position of the church of recent date. As far back as 1846 Pius IX animadverted on communism, reprobating its aims, principles and its various forms. Like utterances on kindred evils have been solemnly and repeatedly made by Pope Leo XIII. The church, therefore, no doubt looks upon the identification of Mr. George's theories with what it has already condemned in terms as inexorable in logic. The case of Dr. McGlynn appears to have been simply the attempt of an authorized representative of a church to teach doctrines which he was advised the church did not sanction but distinctly repudiated. He did not resign. Justly, therefore, his authority was revoked.

The doctrines of Henry George may be briefly stated thus: (1) Private property in land is wrong; (2) it is responsible for great evils in civilized life and chiefly for the enslavement of labor; (3) the rightful owner is the state, from which all land should be rented with some security from the state as to

tenure; (4) the state should at once assume its right and there should be no tax for the expenses of government but the rent on land alone. Here assuredly are propositions which mean, at least in principle, the most sweeping reform the world has seen in centuries, and compared with which Mr. George himself confesses the abolition of slavery in this country was as nothing. Whether this change would come upon society as a shock—convulsive jar—or happily could be introduced with easy motion, with smooth and noiseless cadence, we will not stop to discuss, but will proceed to consider some of those bulwarks in reason and in justice upon which the rights of property are established and on which, be it said, in civilized countries they have wisely reposed, save for brief intervals, from time immemorial.

In the beginning, when the earth was unoccupied, a man selected a spot and dwelt upon it. What he thus occupied—there being no previous occupant—became his own. Each individual chose for himself. What quantity a man could take in this way is not the precise point now in question. But certainly while it was not intended that one man should have so much as to work damage to the rest of men, it was as clearly intended that what should be fairly necessary to him—what he could work and use without such injury to his fellows—that so much at least should be his own. And this is in agreement with the principles of the natural law, being one of those convictions that reason alone imparts and that reside in

mankind generally. That men may and should own particular dwellings or homes is a dictate of reason. The right to do so is witnessed and proved by the universal practice of enlightened and civilized peoples. In fact, one of the first steps on the part of barbarous nations toward civilization is the acquisition and appreciation of permanent homes. It would be difficult to find anything that accords more with the lessons of human experience and right reason than the right of individual property in land, and if it is true that in some conditions of barbarism, where land is held in common or subject to the control of a chief, such individual right does not seem to be recognized, it is because a sound principle of human nature has been obscured or ignored. Fixed abodes may have been against the policy of rude nations in migratory periods and likewise against the wishes of warlike chiefs whose aim it was to have the art of war alone considered honorable and the arts of husbandry and commerce despised and neglected. To such peoples and to such periods common tenure and state ownership may have been adapted. But when wars cease and migrations end, mankind demand something better.

Once it is established that a man may own land, his power to transfer it to another follows as a manifest corollary. He merely parts with a right by his voluntary act, and the act and the power are essentially the same whether the parting take place by transfer during life or by transmission to take effect after death. But, says Mr. George,

"a man has no more right to sell land than one has to say that he owns a seat in a railway car because he bought it of a man that alighted at the last station." "What right have the dead in the land on this continent?" (Speech at New Haven.) These car illustrations which Mr. George uses a great deal may be nice as figures of speech, but they are of little weight as argument. Does he intend by these comparisons to deny that there is such a thing as succession to a right? If he does not, his language is meaningless. If he does, it is absurd. The civilized world in speaking of conveyance means the conveyance of right or interest only, and supposes the existence of a right or an interest to be conveyed. Suppose Mr. George bought a ticket from New York to Chicago and at Buffalo stepped from the train and gave his ticket to a friend. Would his friend have a right to ride in the car to Chicago? Would it make any particular difference whether Mr. George expected to die within the next five minutes after he gave the ticket or hoped to live for fifty years? He conveyed all the right he had himself. He could not give more. He might give less. By giving his ticket he gave his own privileges in the car, such as they were.

The question then becomes, can man acquire an interest or right in land? Is he forbidden to do so? Is such acquisition repugnant or impossible? We have seen that it is not repugnant and how it came about historically. Let us see if it is forbidden or impossible. All claim on the part of man to the

earth—or to any terrestrial thing—must be traced to the gift of the Creator. This is at once the first basis, and according to Blackstone, “the only true and solid foundation of man’s dominion over external things.” That the earth was provided and then handed over to man’s dominion must be equally recognized, whether we accept or reject religion. In either case it will have to be admitted that as man did not create the world himself, it came to him by some extraneous act or presentation. Whatever be the hypothesis of creation that individuals may prefer, all will agree that the earth was before man—that he found it here a bounteous gift. Now this gift, it seems to me, was to mankind individually and not to mankind collectively—a gift to men, not to states. For men were first, and states afterward. It is in individual men that rights reside originally. The state has no right except what is derived from individuals. If the state has a right to land, individuals have. Nobody can give what he has not. Pushing this principle to its ultimate conclusion, neither the individual nor the state owns the land, which is simple communism. To illustrate that man has rights prior to society and not derived from it, let it be supposed that a man were to go to a strange island, unknown and unoccupied, and were to pick out a home for himself. Twenty years afterward, six other men come, select homes, and form society. Could the latter, without violation of justice, compel the first man to pay tribute to them? Could they force him to become a member of

their community? Suppose he said to them: “If I break any moral law with respect to you, if I injure you or damage your property, punish me for my wrong or make me restore, and you will do me no injustice. But you cannot ask me to give tribute to you for what is my own, or tell me that if I refuse you will take my home from me. You have come twenty years too late.”

For the state to assume the ownership of land is to say: “There are abuses here. I shall interpose not to regulate them but to take away your property, and into my own hands.” Would such a course be less than usurpation? The state has a right to regulate, but may not usurp.

If the earth is the gift of God to man, why, it may be asked, should not all equally enjoy it? The earth is the common heritage of all men—is a true proposition. Some men may lack the fruition of a share—is also a true proposition. This may seem contradictory, yet nothing can be plainer. The individual must put forth some appropriate act of his own or waive his claim. God gave to the first men the privilege of putting forth their exertions and taking to themselves out of the common stores of nature, such parts as their immediate necessities required or their industry prompted. If we suppose that Adam, as the first occupant, owned the whole world and not a mere spot, we need only consider all posterity his heirs, who in their respective generations enjoy or not, according to their exertions and fair dealing with their brethren and co-heirs.

Title to land is therefore founded on two things, (1st) the gift of the Creator, (2nd) occupancy by man. Nor is this occupancy controlled by man's cupidity or will, but by the principles of natural and rational law—justice being done to none, the occupancy of so much and in such manner as the voice of mankind would declare to be reasonable. Some philosophers in explaining why title is gained by occupancy, have attributed it to the addition of bodily labor, by which the face of the earth is changed. Locke says: "The labor of a man's body and the work of his hands are properly his. Whatever, then, he removes out of the state that nature hath provided and left it in, he hath mixed his labor with and joined to it something that is his own, and thereby makes it his property." Some have objected to this argumentation on the ground that it shows no absolute right. No change or alteration by me of what belongs to some one else can make it mine. No man can take the material of another and by merely changing its shape or color call it his own. But Locke, it should be borne in mind, is not speaking of material belonging to another, but of the common stores of nature in the beginning. The absolute right is from the bounty of the Creator; relative right—that which a man has as against his fellow-men—comes from his own occupancy, which is itself a degree of bodily labor. Mr. George declares that private ownership of land is impossible and that all the titles are invalid, and yet to illustrate how property in other things may be lawfully ac-

quired, he takes the example of his pen, which, he says, he bought from the stationer, who bought it from the manufacturer, who got his right from the man who dug it from the ground; therefore the pen is his. But where did the man who dug the ore from the ground get his right? If a man may own an acre of ore out of which to make pens, why may he not own an acre of clay? If man cannot own land, the digger did not own the ore and the pen does not belong to Mr. George. According to Mr. George himself it belongs to the state, which should be paid for the use of it, or at least for the value of the raw material.

Finally, let the ownership of land be transferred to the state as it is proposed, and it would not settle the question or bring tranquillity. The multitudes without land would say: The state owns the land but will give it to those only that can pay a nice stipend in rent for it. The poor are barred from this privilege of the use and occupation of land. The indigent and landless masses would loudly upbraid the government, and encouraged by the step that had been taken towards communism would become in many places uncontrollable and tumultuous. They would ill understand and ill brook the thought that land-owners had been divested of property while they had got no spoils. If they would not, under such pressure, rise in tumult and riot, it would simply prove that history does not always repeat itself. A large part of the poorer population being still unprovided for and unsatisfied by the new situation,

would clamor worse than ever, there would still be a place for a new Henry George, and the goal would be communism.

The right of property as now recognized in this country, Mr. George thinks, is "something that we have servilely borrowed from England, where it is the result of centuries of usurpation and fraud and where it did not reach full recognition until two centuries ago when the feudal dues were shaken off." "By the same course of usurpation and tyranny," he says, "this idea reached development among the Romans whom it corrupted and destroyed." These are not accurate statements. Private ownership of land prevailed all over civilized Europe until the seventh century. When, however, civilization was destroyed by the Huns and the northern barbarians, then took place merely for protection and as a military measure, a sudden and general surrender of landed property to the state, and independent ownership was supplanted by feudalism. The abolition of feudalism was but a return to former and better principles of tenure. For if ever there was a system calculated to aid and support tyranny, under which it was possible to throw burdens the most intolerable upon the people, to crush mercilessly the spirits of free men until they were slaves, vassals, to chill all noble enterprise and keep the world at a dismal stand-still, a system born of war and ever pregnant with it, destructive of peace, liberty and manhood, it was feudalism in the middle ages. Mr. George is an apologist of this system,

and yet its overthrow in Europe was the great victory which the common people, after long and bitter struggles, achieved against their despotic monarchs. When at the beginning of the French revolution, when the deputies of the people got control of the assembly, one of their first acts was to abolish the feudal system. In no sense can independent property be called the result of usurpation and fraud, unless in this—that usurpation and fraud drove the people to revolt and to wrest it from the hands of usurping and despotic kings. In both France and England, feudalism and monarchy went down together, were buried in one grave and at the hands of the people.

Twice in its history Rome was confronted with difficulties concerning its lands, from which arose grave disorders and civil conflicts. But never while Rome was great or growing great was an attempt made to destroy the right of individual property or to transfer it to the state. Neither was the stormy passage of the Licinian law nor the turbulent conflict of the Gracchi two hundred and forty years after, such an attempt. Niebuhr has clearly shown that these struggles were intended to accomplish the distribution of public lands only, and not those of private citizens, that the agrarian laws of the Gracchi were no infringement of the rights of private property. Nor was it by the observance of other mode of tenure that Rome grew so great; for the citizen's right to own land was as fully recognized in the earliest period of its prosperity and dawning greatness as centuries after in the most dazzling

zenith of its power. The public lands comprised in part what was originally unoccupied territory, in part territory acquired by cession and conquest. The Licinian law limited the quantity that any individual might possess of these lands to five hundred jugers—about two hundred and seventy-five acres. The law was neglected, and contrary to its clear provisions, vast estates were appropriated out of the public domain. The Gracchi contended for the enforcement of this long disused law and for the division and distribution of all lands possessed by individuals beyond the limit which it fixed. The Gracchi failed, but the struggle brought on the civil wars.

The bloody and disastrous seditions which these disputes gave rise to, as well as the sad fate of the Gracchi, who

perished with over three thousand of their followers, teach an important lesson on the difficulty of such reforms and on the hazards that beset wise legislation in such grave matters. The reluctance, delay and resistance of the aristocracy to yield a little in uncertain times, and the extreme demands of an angry populace have been at once the wrong and the ruin of both, and have brought violence and disaster to all the people. We shall see if the genius and virtue of the American people, profiting by the lessons of history, will solve such questions as these with moderation and with justice to the rights of all as becomes a republic, will solve them in time and without the shedding of citizens' blood.

J. L. GALVIN.

A PIONEER OF SOUTHEASTERN OHIO.

WILLIAM W. HOLLOWAY.

AMONG the men of southeastern Ohio who have aided in building up that important and thriving section of the state, and in developing its resources, William W. Holloway of Bridgeport deserves an honored and prominent place. His life has been quietly devoted to the advancement of many interests, and his natural genius for business, strict integrity, and avoidance of those speculative paths by which so many seek fortune and find only disaster, have given him an influence and leadership which he has used to good advantage, and to the bettering of that portion of the country where he first saw the light of day, and in which his long and useful life has been passed. Mr. Holloway was born at Flushing, Belmont county, Ohio, on November 23, 1818. His parents were among the early settlers, and were hard-working, honest and respected members of the pioneer communities in which their lot was at various times cast. The father, Jacob Holloway, was born in 1785, and came from Winchester, Virginia, to Ohio in 1810. The mother was born in 1786, and their marriage occurred at Mt. Pleasant in 1813. They were both of Quaker parentage, and passed their life in strict accord with the tenets of that faith. The mother, by a previous marriage, had two children, John and Maria Warfield, the first named of whom is still living, in his seventy-seventh year, in Illi-

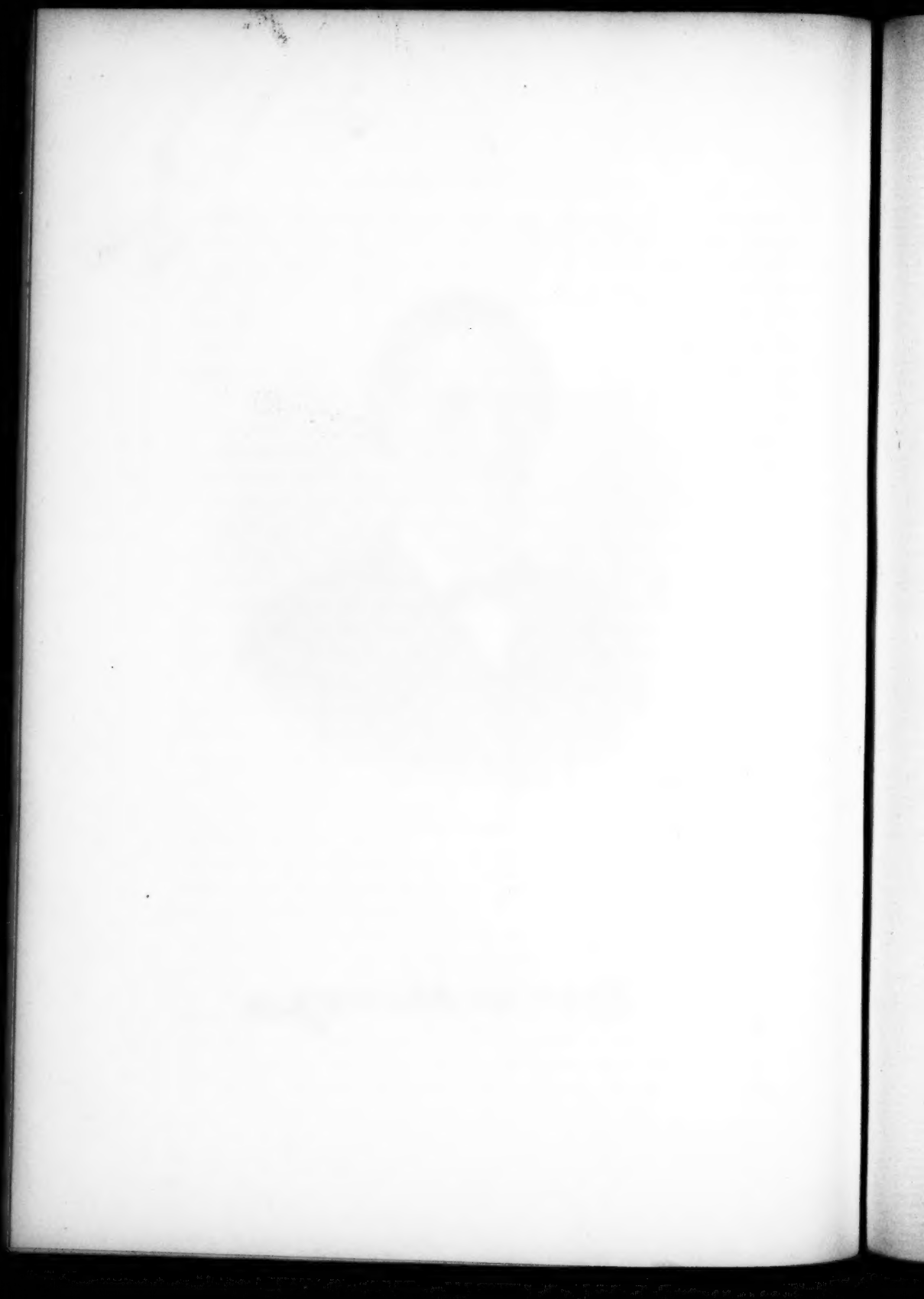
nois, while the latter is now living, in her eightieth year, at Flushing, the widow of Joseph Walker.

The elder Holloway was a cabinet-maker by trade, but soon after coming to Ohio engaged in the selling of goods at St. Clairesville; and afterward traded his stock of goods for a farm in Flushing, where he spent the remainder of his days, dying in 1851. The wife survived him, dying in 1866, at the ripe old age of eighty. With the two above mentioned, eight children were of the membership of their family, and all filled their place honorably and well in life's struggle, and all except three have already rendered their account and passed into rest.

William W. Holloway, the subject of this sketch, commenced life amid surroundings that, upon a superficial glance, would seem to be against his growth and advancement toward success in life, but which in reality were among the best gifts that any youth could enjoy. Born in a log-cabin and of an ancestry that bequeathed to him intelligence, a sturdy willingness to make hands and head useful in any honest toil that might become his duty, and imbued with the simple habits and modest desires of those of his parents' faith, he was far better endowed than are many who seem far better equipped in youth, and to whom wealth is a matter of inheritance, and ease and luxury a part



W. W. Halloway



of their daily lot. His early years were passed in aiding his father upon the farm and in the common schools of the neighborhood, and when sixteen years of age he was sent to the Friends' boarding school at Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson county, where he remained two years. Upon leaving this school he remained upon his father's farm until in his nineteenth year, when he went into a store conducted by his father and half-brother, John Warfield, at Uniontown, Belmont county. He applied himself with aptitude and diligence to the interests consigned to his hands, and was rewarded for his industry and faithfulness when his father, in 1842, gave him an interest in the establishment. The business was thus successfully continued until in 1846, when they felt the need of a more extended field of operation, and removed to Bridgeport, enlarged their operations considerably, and entered into the wholesale grocery and commission business, under the firm name of Holloway & Warfield—Mr. William Holloway taking the place of his father. The character, enterprise and unquestioned financial responsibility of the firm, added to the strict integrity of all its methods of business, soon made it among the best known in eastern Ohio, and added largely to the measure of its success—continuing its operations in that direction until 1856. The keen business sense and foresight of its members soon led to the discovery of another form of public usefulness and another source of business success, and the result was that in 1847 they founded a branch bank of the State Bank of Ohio in Bridgeport. Mr. Warfield was made its president and remained such until 1856, when he re-

signed the position and made his home in Illinois. Mr. Holloway, who had been a member of its directory from the first, was promptly advanced to the presidency, which he held continuously until 1862, when the bank was wound up, in order that the First National Bank of Bridgeport—under the new United States banking law—might take its place. Mr. Holloway was chosen president of the new organization, and continued in charge of its affairs until 1865, when he entered upon a new field of responsibility and labor in connection with one of the great measures of internal improvement in the west, and that has been of such practical benefit to the two great states which it so early joined in a new bond of relationship and commercial interchange. As early as 1857 he had become identified with the newly organized Cleveland & Pittsburgh railroad as a stockholder and director, and in the year above named—1865—he became its vice-president, and labored therein until 1868, during which time his skill and business genius were largely given to develop the property and make it fulfill the great purposes for which it was created.

After his retirement from the vice-presidency of the road, as above described, Mr. Holloway gave his attention to his general business affairs, until 1873, when he was elected president of the *Ætna Iron and Nail company*, which has stood upon a financial footing of great soundness from the start, and which is double in size and influence what it was at first. He remained in this position for twelve years, when he resigned and allowed the responsibilities to fall into younger hands. In addition to the above large business en-

gements, it may be stated that Mr. Holloway is interested financially in the Standard Iron works, for the manufacture of sheet iron, the Junction Iron company, and the Laughlin Junction Steel company. He has also been prominently identified with the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling railroad enterprise.

Mr. Holloway has been a business man, in the broad meaning of the term, throughout his whole life, and while adding to his own possessions by his industry and financial skill, has ever had an eye to the good of the community in which his lot has been cast, making his capital effective in many ways in the giving of employment, the creation of products, and the opening of the way to markets east and west. He has had no desire for public life of any character, declining all overtures in that direction, and refusing to entertain any suggestions leading thereto. In politics he is a Republican, and he watches the current of National events and the discussions of public questions with a solicitous and patriotic interest. He was married on April 29, 1846, to Miss Martha Ann Pryor, the daughter of James Pryor, one of the substantial citizens of Belmont county. Their married life has been one of mutual love and esteem, and their union blessed by four daughters and one son, all of whom are now living. The

son, James J. Holloway, is cashier of the First National bank of Bridgeport; and the subject of this sketch, William W. Holloway, is now president, and was chosen a director of the Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railroad company after its difficulty caused by the failure of the Ohio Trust company, and was one of that small number of men by whose enterprise and labor it was placed upon its feet again.

Leave should not be taken of the subject of this brief and inadequate sketch, without the declaration that William W. Holloway is best appreciated where he is best known, and that those who have been the witnesses of his career for many years are most generous of their tributes in his praise. Although he has nearly touched his three-score and ten, he is still a moving factor in the world of men, and those strong individual points of character that have given him such success are still at their best. His industry, manliness, honesty and ability are united in the formation of a character of an unusual mould; while among the legacies he will leave to those who will come after him, there is none that he can regard with more pride, or that they have a right to more highly honor, than that possession which each man must earn for himself and none can buy—an honored and honorable name.

THEODORE JOHNSON.

TERRITORIAL BENCH OF MINNESOTA.

THE *personnel* of the bench of a territory rarely affords much scope for the pen of the historian. Of all the appointments in the gift of the administration for a territory, scarcely any are less desirable for a man of average ability than a seat on the territorial bench. This statement may seem strange to those who have not given the subject reflection, but the history of territories will prove it true. And the reasons for it are sufficiently obvious. The territories are on the frontiers of civilization. Society is largely in a crude state. Years must elapse before churches, schools, theatres, hospitals, hotels and the thousand comforts and conveniences of civilized life can be had to any large degree. A generation of pioneer life must be lived before what men usually consider most valuable can be enjoyed. Hence men of ability and standing in the profession in the states will rarely relinquish these advantages for the uncertain tenure of a seat on the territorial bench. The position is certainly an honorable one, but perhaps not more so, than a high standing at the bar in the east and south. The reputation of an honest and able lawyer is one which cannot be increased by any government appointment. Not for such reason, therefore, would such a lawyer seek or accept the office of territorial judge.

But perhaps a still stronger reason why able lawyers are averse to accepting such a position, is the fact that it almost cuts

them off from the chance of future promotion. He who takes that office "leaves hope behind." Not alone for official promotion, but for his profession as well. This, probably, is not the general idea entertained, and of course there are exceptions; but from a somewhat extensive acquaintance with the bench of several territories, I feel sure that it is true as a general rule. Indeed, from the nature of the case it must be so. If the law be a jealous mistress to the profession at large, much more is she of him who assumes to embody her highest attributes. There can be no dallying with politics or politicians. Even a known intimate personal acquaintance with a noted politician will more or less smirch the ermine. He can address no political meetings, and can scarcely discuss political topics with his neighbors, with bated breath, at his own fireside. When therefore, at the expiration of his term of service of four years, more or less, he finds himself at liberty to engage in politics, if so disposed he is an unknown quantity, with not even as good a show as yesterday's arrival. During all these years of seclusion, active politicians have been coming to the front, combinations have been made, and he has been left out in the cold. Instead of the office serving as a stepping-stone to future preferment, it has proved the strongest obstacle in the way, if he has faithfully discharged his judicial duties. The instance of Stephen A. Douglas may be

cited as a striking exception to this rule, as it may be said that he used his judicial office, effectually, to advance his political prospects. But he was an exception to all rules, judicial and political.

Nor does the position of territorial judge conduce to success in the practice of law when the incumbent retires. The cases coming before the court are largely of minor importance, and the inducements for close study are proportionally diminished. But in addition to this, it may well be questioned whether the judicial habit of mind, long indulged in, is most conducive to successful practice at the bar. At least, such is my conclusion, from somewhat numerous instances which have fallen under my own observation. There are exceptions, of course—perhaps one of the most notable in our own state, that of Judge Cooper, one of the first territorial judges, and who enjoyed quite a large practice after leaving the bench. But the brilliant professional young men, who always flock to the territories to make their fortune or build a reputation, have largely preëmpted the ground. For a man to leave the bench and take his place at the bar, is almost like commencing life anew. He is then probably at middle life—perhaps has had but little if any practice before, and it is rare that a man commences practice at that age and becomes a distinguished practitioner. To this must be added, that the salary of a judge in those days, \$2,500 per annum (if we recollect rightly), was barely sufficient to support a family. With every change of administration, the judge was liable to lose his position.

Under such disadvantages it is no

wonder that an administration cannot always fill these positions with the ablest lawyers. Indeed, the wonder is that men of any average ability are found willing to take them. And Minnesota, certainly, has no reason to be ashamed of her territorial bench. With these preliminary remarks, we proceed to speak more in detail of the territorial judges.

Governor Ramsey's proclamation declaring the territory of Minnesota duly organized, was dated June 1, 1849. This was under the administration of President Z. Taylor, the last of the Whig Presidents, and the official appointments were of those holding the same political views. Aaron Goodrich was appointed chief justice, David B. Cooper and Bradley B. Meeker, associate justices of the supreme court. The territory was divided into three judicial districts, one being assigned to each justice. The justices met twice a year as a supreme court for review of cases appealed from the district courts.

These justices were all men of more than average ability, although of limited practice at the bar. But cases at that early day were not large in number or importance. Indeed, the extremely limited business of the courts at that time is shown from the fact that only sixteen opinions are reported from these justices during the nearly three years that they held office. This circumstance alone, however, would not give a correct idea of the amount of legal business transacted, as a considerable number of decisions were rendered in which opinions were either not written or have been lost.

Honorable B. B. Meeker was a native of Connecticut, and the family name in that

state runs back to an early date. He was a man of very decided convictions and had the courage to maintain the same, whether popular or otherwise. He was a bachelor, and his residence was Minneapolis. He was averse to engaging in the practice of his profession, and after his retirement from the bench, which occurred in the year 1853, in consequence of the advent of a Democratic administration, under President Pierce, he never resumed the practice of law. He firmly believed that the new administration had no power to remove territorial judges, and proposed to carry the question to the United States supreme court, but finally abandoned the idea. He subsequently invested to some extent in real estate, and acquired property in Ramsey county, now adjoining the city limits of Minneapolis, and which has become very valuable. He was always most enthusiastic in regard to the future of Minneapolis, and since his prophecies of its future have been far more than realized, it has always been a regret to his friends that he could not have been spared to see their fulfillment. He died February 20, 1873, and his remains were taken to Connecticut for burial.

Chief-Justice Aaron Goodrich was a native of Cayuga county, New York, and was born in 1807. He was a man of marked ability, and would have been a man of note in any community. Had his tastes naturally inclined to the law, there is no doubt but that he would have acquired a leading position in the profession. But his predilections were in the direction of politics and literature, and it is in those fields that he was best known. He studied law in New York. Later he

moved to Stewart county, Tennessee, where he commenced practice. In 1847 he served in the legislature of Tennessee, and his abilities were recognized in the endorsement he received from that state for chief-justice of Minnesota, to which position he was appointed in May, 1849. The duties of the office, however, were not entirely congenial to one of his active temperament, and he retired in 1851, after something less than three years' service. His legal abilities, however, later received a fitting acknowledgment in his appointment, by a legislature opposed to him in politics, to the office of commissioner to revise the laws and prepare a code of practice and pleadings for the territory. To one educated under the old English system, which largely prevailed in New York at the time he studied for the profession, the radical changes introduced by the code were exceedingly repugnant to his conservative views. He submitted a vigorous minority report on the subject to the legislature. While he did not succeed in preventing the reform (so called), many of the older conservative members of the bar sympathized in his views, and even to-day it is an open question whether the adoption of the code system of practice and pleading has not a tendency to diminish the number of eminent lawyers.

Having always been a pronounced Whig in politics (the Whig party almost universally having gone over to the Republican party in 1860) under President Lincoln, Judge Goodrich received the appointment of secretary of legation at Brussels. He was eminently fitted for the position, inasmuch as the duties are merely nominal, and gave him ample scope for the exercise

of his literary tastes. This office he held for about eight years. Though the duties of the office were, as said, practically nominal, Judge Goodrich was by no means idle. He collected material for and then and afterwards wrote a book entitled 'A History of the Character and Achievements of the So-called Christopher Columbus.' It was an attempt to prove that Columbus was a pirate, whose real name was Griego, who stole the log-book of a mariner and sought to steal his discoveries. We have never heard that he succeeded in convincing any of the truth of his discovery. But the book is ingenious and shows much research and labor. A scarcely less distinguished lawyer and historian of Minnesota is now engaged in a similar work affecting the memory of the late lamented William Shakespeare. It may well be doubted, however, whether the result will be any more successful in this latter case than the former.

Judge Goodrich was a delegate to the convention which nominated Lincoln for President in 1860. He took some part in the campaign, and delivered a number of vigorous and effective speeches. During General Grant's administration he acted with the branch of the party known as Liberal Republicans, and was a delegate in 1872 to the Cincinnati convention. Subsequently he acted mostly with the Democratic party. He was an authority in Masonic literature, to which he was himself a contributor, and attained a high rank in the order. He had the acquaintance and friendship of many men of National reputation, including such men as Lincoln, Seward, Taylor, Fillmore, Johnson and others of the Whig and

Republican parties. His long residence in the state made him a prominent member of the Old Settlers' association, and their dinners were often enlivened by his oratory and wit.

Judge Goodrich had accumulated and owned at the time of his death probably the most valuable private library in the state. It was rich in historical and literary treasures, containing many rare works in Italian and Spanish, many of which are famous editions now out of print, and which are only reached by accident. It is especially rich in works and pamphlets relating to the discovery of the continent. An unusual opportunity is furnished to the historical society to enrich its shelves (already assuming much importance in its specialty) with works of permanent value, and which will largely tend to place it in the front rank of historical societies.

Judge Goodrich died, regretted by a large circle of friends, in St. Paul, June 24, 1887. His record is a part of the history of Minnesota.*

Judge David Cooper was undoubtedly the ablest lawyer of the first three appointees to the bench of the territory. He had the advantage of a more thorough legal training, and of a considerable amount of practice in Pennsylvania before his appointment as associate justice. He wrote more opinions than either of the other justices, and they will compare favorably with those written by subsequent courts. But he was rather known as a case lawyer—to pay more at-

* For some of the facts in this sketch, the writer is indebted to the *Pioneer Press*, which contained an appreciative notice of the judge soon after his death.

tention to sharp technical points rather than for broad, comprehensive views of questions presented to him. This appeared as well in his practice at the bar as in the discharge of his duties on the bench. For instance, in one case before the state supreme court (and that not one of great importance), his points and subdivisions amounted to more than forty in number. This might be excusable in a young attorney, but hardly for one of experience, who had occupied a seat on the bench. In the particular instance cited he lost his case, but perhaps not in consequence of his prolixity. As a general rule, however, it may be stated that a great multiplication of minor points does not conduce to success. It weakens rather than strengthens a case.

That Judge Cooper had a greater taste for the profession and practice of the law than his associates on the bench, is shown by the fact that at the expiration of his judicial term he immediately engaged in the practice of law and soon acquired a large, if not lucrative, business. Senator McMillen was for some time in partnership with him. He was naturally allied in sympathy with the Republican party, but took no active part in politics. He was too fastidious, both intellectually and esthetically, to resort to the arts which make a successful politician. In dress he aspired to be a disciple of Chesterfield. Many will remember his appearance in court, in lace ruffles, and wrist bands on his shirts, not unaccompanied with perfumes. This is a mere matter of taste, but we doubt whether at that day Boston or Philadelphia could have furnished many, if any, instances of the same kind.

But it would be a mistake to infer from this that Judge Cooper lacked either vigor of intellect or of expression in his views on any subject that engaged his attention. He certainly had the courage of his convictions, and was so outspoken in their expression that no one could accuse him of being a time- or man-server.

For instance, on one occasion he had several cases in which he was employed at one term of the state supreme court. The court happened to disagree with him in the law of the case in three or four, in one of which the chief-justice had written a dissenting opinion. One was left, in which also the chief wrote a dissenting opinion, and on the morning on which the opinion was published the chief-justice, in going down town to his office, met Judge Cooper. The latter greeted him with a cordial good morning and genially remarked: "Well, judge, I see those other two d—n fools have beaten you again." The chief-justice appreciated the joke, especially where he got a chance to tell it on his associates.

In the early days of territorial history, courts were not always conducted with that dignity and decorum deemed essential in later times. A degree of intimacy and familiarity existed between the bench and bar, refreshingly primitive and which tended much to relieve the monotony of judicial proceeding. To one just arrived from the east, and accustomed to the proceedings, in the staid, solemn old courts, presided over by such men as Denio, Bronson, Oakley, and their compeers, where the slightest familiarity was never tolerated, the free and easy manners of

this western court seemed of questionable tendency. It was no uncommon thing while waiting for a witness, or while the counsel was addressing the jury, for the judge to descend from the bench, and taking his seat with the bar, with his legs elevated on the table, and a cigar in his mouth, join in the jokes and stories which were wont to relieve the tedium of the court room. The first district court which the writer attended in the territory was in 1850, and the court was held in a hall over a saloon, kept by a noted Frenchman, on the upper part of Third street, opposite the American House. A case was being argued by Wm. Hollinshead, one of the ablest lawyers at the bar at that day, although even then there were men of mark in the profession. In the middle of his argument, at eleven o'clock, the counsel suspended his remarks, and looking at his watch moved that the court take a recess of fifteen minutes. The motion was granted *nem con.* What the object of a recess at that time could be was not apparent to a tenderfoot, but did not long remain a mystery. The bench, counsel, jury, indeed every person in the room, bolted for the door, crossed the street to the American, where extensive irrigation immediately occurred. The ceremony concluded, all persons returned to the court room, and business proceeded in regular order. Indeed, so far as I could judge, that was no interruption of the regular order of business.

It is not an unusual thing at the present day for attorneys to find fault with the decisions of the supreme court, when they do not happen to be in their favor.

I have no doubt it would be far more agreeable to the *feelings* of the members of that court (if indeed, they can be supposed to have any feelings), to decide every case so as to give satisfaction to both parties. Unfortunately, under our present system of jurisprudence, that seems impossible. What the future may have in store for us, in this direction, when Socialists and Anarchists shall come to the front, and take charge of the judiciary, we can scarcely foresee. It has always seemed to me rather an unprofitable business to find fault with the decisions of the supreme court, inasmuch as that tribunal has "the last say" in the matter. Nevertheless, it may be a consolation to tyro's in the law to know that thirty-five and forty years ago, complaints of the same kind were made by dissatisfied attorneys. But the reasons for such decisions, in the lapse of time, may have somewhat changed. For instance, at one of the early terms of the supreme court of the territory, the writer happened to have four cases on the docket. The first two were perhaps about average cases, which were liable to go either way. The third, I felt sure of losing, and had only appealed it on the peremptory demand of my client to gain time. The fourth, I felt absolutely sure of winning, as it was an appeal from a judgment, and no question was involved save the regularity of the record, and had carried it up, at my own expense, against the wishes of my client. The attorneys were the same in all the cases, Mr. N—— being my opponent.

In due time, the first three cases were

decided in my favor. The fourth lingered, but a month later it appeared and I was lost. I immediately searched for the opinion, for what seemed an extraordinary decision, but none was on file—only the words “judgment reversed.” Meeting one of the judges soon after, I ventured to call his attention to the matter, and ask the reason of what appeared so extraordinary a decision. He had forgotten the case, but finally his memory was refreshed.

“Oh yes—I recollect—the case of so and so, in which Mr. N—— was opposing attorney?”

“The same.”

“Well, I am not sure about the decision in that case, but my recollection is that it was not one of very much importance, and as Mr. N—— had lost every case he had that term, we thought it would not make much difference to decide that case in his favor.”

The explanation was so frank and naive that it entirely disarmed criticism, especially as it was accompanied by a genial invitation “to interview a friend,” at the next corner.

Let no one infer, however, from these instances of the manner of conducting judicial affairs, in the early days of the territory, that on the whole justice was not obtained as nearly as in the older communities. And I think far more so than in some of the newer territories with which I have been acquainted. Charges of bribery and corruption of courts and juries were almost wholly unknown. Some methods were peculiar, and have become obsolete, but

were not really as prejudicial as one at the present day might think.

The limits of this article are exhausted by this brief sketch of the first territorial bench. As population increased, and litigation became larger and more important, the standard of legal ability for a seat on the bench was correspondingly advanced. Before the state was admitted, in 1858, the Honorable Jerome Fuller, William H. Welch, Andrew Chatfield, Moses Sherburne, R. R. Nelson and Charles E. Flandrau had served for longer or shorter terms as supreme court justices. William Hollinshead, Isaac Atwater, John B. Brisbin and Harvey Officer served in the order named as reporters of supreme court.

Some of the justices above named were able lawyers, and the last two named rose to higher positions on the state and United States bench. Occasion may serve hereafter to give some further sketch of their lives. There was an increase of dignity of the bench with the increase of business, but the novel, fascinating, indescribable flavor of territorial times was passing away. Churches, log school-houses, appendages to saloons, with floors covered with tanbark and saw-dust, where justice was first administered, gradually gave place to more commodious structures. Clerks, who couldn't write the simplest record without instruction from the presiding judge were superseded by others who could at least use the form book. The goddess of justice began to discard her homely and ragged robes, while she was supposed to retain the bandage on her

eyes. But with all these, too, went that royal *bon-homme*, that genial comradeship, that simple equality between bench and bar, that cordial delight in each other's early success, which gave a charm to practice in territorial times, for which all the successes in after life can poorly compensate.

ISAAC ATWATER,

BUFFALO—III.

WILLIAM HODGE, JR.

FROM the standpoint of human observation and finite understanding, it often seems to us that some men were created for a special, marked use and purpose, and that there would have been prominent interstices in times and localities had they not lived. They give tone and character to, and form and shape communities, and leave their impress on society and on the day and generation in which they exist. Such, in no ordinary sense and degree, were William Hodge, sen., and William Hodge, jr., father and son. The branch of the family from which they are descended had its origin in John Hodge, who was an early inhabitant of Windsor, Connecticut, and where he married, August 1, 1666, Susanna Denslow. The latter was the daughter of Henry Denslow, who came from Dorchester, Massachusetts, and was settled at Windsor in 1644. He was devoted and loyal to his adopted state, took up arms in its defence and was killed by Indians during the progress of the "great Indian war" in 1676. The early Hodges were men such as the country had chief need of in its settling, developing and building up—hardy, intelligent, enterprising and patriotic. In the War of the Revolution were Benjamin Hodge, Benjamin Hodge, jr., Elija Hodge, John Hodge

and John Hodge, jr. Of the family it has been said that "they were engaged in the good and useful work, in peaceful times, of building mills, and, in the Revolutionary war, of fighting for the liberty and independence of the land." It is further said that the mother of William Hodge, sen., was a descendant of Lord Churchill. William, sen., was born in Glastonbury, Connecticut, the second of July, 1781. His father, Benjamin, removed from the latter place to Richfield, Otsego county, New York, in 1794. His son William was then thirteen years old. He was a man of strong character and sterling worth. He early gave promise of more than ordinary ability and success in life. His younger years were spent in farming and teaching a village school. For the latter occupation he seemed to have had a special liking and aptitude and was well fitted for the position of teacher, having availed himself of the advantages that the schools of Connecticut offered to the children of the state. This preparation was further supplemented by the good opportunities afforded by the schools of Richfield and also by studious habits, a desire for reading and a naturally strong and observant mind and nature. He was somewhat inclined to professional life

and had an exceedingly good chance to enter upon the practice and study of medicine with his cousin, Dr. Joseph White, who was an eminent practicing physician and surgeon in Otsego county, and who was urgent and anxious that young Hodge should connect himself with his office. This he undoubtedly would have done had it not been for his mother, who, from her peculiar ideas, in this instance, of motherly regard, refused her consent on the ground, as she said, that his station in life would be above that of his brothers, and she did not want to manifest any partiality by allowing him to do what would bring about such a result. He therefore followed farming and teaching in Richfield until twenty-two years of age, when, in 1804, he removed to Buffalo. Soon after, he bought several small tracts of land, aggregating many acres, at six dollars per acre, of what is now the city of Buffalo. A part of this land was purchased from a Mr. Husten, who already had a nursery of apple-trees growing from seed which he himself had planted. This was the first nursery planted on that then western frontier. Mr. Hodge continued the business for more than twenty years, and it was subsequently carried on by his son, William, jr.

It is worthy of remark that nearly all the apple orchards in western New York originated from Mr. Hodge's nursery. Mr. Hodge was one of the most useful and enterprising citizens Buffalo has ever had. He engaged, at different times, in a variety of business, and was quite successful in nearly all. In 1811 he built

a brick tavern on what is now the corner of Main and Utica streets. This was the first brick building in Erie county, and became known far and near as the "Brick Tavern on the Hill." It was the last building destroyed when the British burned the village, December 30, 1813. The following spring he rebuilt this structure and continued tavern-keeping for over twenty years.

For a number of years he was engaged in brick-making. He early, before 1812, manufactured "fanning mills," the first in western New York, and in 1816, together with his brother, Velorous Hodge and Whipple Hawkins, started the first forge in Buffalo. He also made wire screens and furnished many of the first grist mills in that vicinity and Canada with rolling screens. He likewise owned the first threshing machine in that part of the state. Thus he continued his active and useful business career, and "to the end retained the esteem of his acquaintances. In most of the forty-three years of his residence in Buffalo, he held some office of importance in the town, such as commissioner, assessor and magistrate. While not ambitious or seeking popularity, he was yet public-spirited, being one of the foremost to engage in enterprises for the good of the community. With willing hands and energetic mind, carrying on many kinds of business, he gave employment to many persons. By his own exertions, and through the hard labor, industrious habits and good character of his family of ten children, amid toil and privations and some most severe struggles,

he did his part towards building up the great city of Buffalo.

He died September 18, 1848. Of his death and burial the following mention has been made. "His funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends, who deeply sympathized with the sorrowing family and warmly acknowledged that in the death of William Hodge the community had sustained no common loss. These friends also followed his remains to their quiet resting-place in the High Street cemetery, whence, in later years, they were transferred to Forest Lawn. It was fitting indeed that they should first be buried and should remain for years within a cemetery which was shaded perhaps by two hundred trees of his own planting, and whose very soil had been the property of one of his children, and within the bounds of two burial lots which were made his own in return for his services in thus beautifying the cemetery." In all the labors and business activities, honest, faithful, upright, noble, a "crown of glory" to the life of William Hodge, sen. William Hodge, jr., always evinced an intelligent, warm and filial interest, living and working with and for his father long after he became of age. Such regard and affection was manifest on both sides and their business relations so intimate, and the early years of William, jr., so much a part of the life of his father, that it has seemed entirely fitting and altogether proper that prominent mention should be made of that father.

William Hodge, jr., was born at Exeter, Otsego county, New York, Decem-

ber 20, 1804. In the following spring he, with his parents, came to Buffalo, the journey having been performed by wagon to Utica and thence in an open row boat. Of this circumstance and period, Honorable O. J. Hodge, editor and proprietor of the Cleveland *Sun and Voice*, in an article entitled "Buffalo's Oldest Resident," says:

Mr. William Hodge was a brother of Dr. Frank Hodge of Hudson, Ohio, and also of Mrs. James Purdy, Mrs. Dimon Sturges and Mrs. William Wey of Mansfield, Ohio. Mr. O. J. Hodge and Mr. Karl Hodge of this city are also relatives. When five months old William Hodge was carried in his mother's arms to Buffalo. Buffalo was then almost the western limit of civilization, and the trip was made from Exeter by water and on a flat boat. The family came by way of the Mohawk river, Oneida lake, Oswego river, Lake Ontario and Niagara river. The flat boat was carried around Niagara Falls on a wagon. The father, William Hodge, sen., worked hard in his new home, and at his death, in 1848, had acquired a large property.

At the time spoken of Buffalo was little more than a wilderness, but public attention had been directed to the cheap and fertile lands of western New York, and the Holland Land company having adopted a liberal system of sales, emigration extended beyond "Phelps & Gorham's purchase," and in 1801 the company laid out the village of "New Amsterdam," or "Buffalo Creek."

In this year Joseph Ellicott sat at his office desk tracing with sagacious hand the outlines of an infant city with mathematical streets and squares and docks for shipping. His prophetic eye, with singular clearness, then discovered the future importance of Buffalo. Riding on horseback, in 1802, with Mrs. Brisbane, among the brambles and bushes that then occupied what is now

many of its principal streets, he said to her, "This will some day be a great city." That little map traced in 1801 opened the drama of progress in which many generations have been actors on a busy stage, whose scenes have shifted like the magic wonders of eastern enchantment.

This Joseph Ellicott was a younger brother of Andrew A. Ellicott, then surveyor-general of the United States. He had assisted him in laying out the city of Washington and had adopted it as a pattern for Buffalo's broad streets, diagonal avenues and public squares. To many of these streets were given the names of members of the Holland Land company, and the entire settlement was called "New Amsterdam." For his personal delectation he curved Main street westerly from Swan to Eagle streets. Within this space, known subsequently as "Ellicott's bow window," he proposed to place a palatial residence, from the piazza of which he could obtain an unobstructed view of Main, Church and Niagara streets, and enjoy the gorgeous sunsets for which Buffalo is so justly celebrated. So Mr. Ellicott proposed. But towns and villages, as well as republics, are ungrateful. There were none so poor as to do reverence to the name of New Amsterdam. The inhabitants contemptuously sniffed at the inharmonious names of Willink and Van Stophorst, Busti and Vollenhoven, Stadnitski and Skimmelpennick and summarily ejected them from the premises. Mr. Ellicott's scheme faded like the sunsets which he expected to enjoy. But his fame has survived its

wreck, and he will be always remembered in the annals of Buffalo as the first man who appreciated its geographical position, who prophesied its greatness and planned its highways on a scale suitable to its future fortunes.

As to the origin of the name of the city which this Hodge family did so much for from a very early up to the present period, Honorable E. C. Sprague, in his semi-centennial address, says:

Our city derives its name from the river at whose mouth it is situated. How this stream came to be called Buffalo is somewhat doubtful. In a treaty made at Fort Stanwix, now the village of Rome, in 1784, between the United States and Iroquois Confederacy, the name of Buffalo creek was applied for the first time in any written document to what is now known as Buffalo river. Whether this name was chosen because the buffalo had at some time grazed upon its banks and drank its waters, or whether, as was supposed by President Fillmore, it was adopted by a mistake in the interpretation of its Indian name, cannot certainly be determined, although there is strong evidence to support the conclusion that both banks of the stream were in early days bounded by oak-opening prairies, occupied at times by herds of buffaloes. However this may be, Buffalo was from the year 1784 adopted by the Indians as the name of the creek, and subsequently applied to the village and city at its mouth.

In 1803 the village of "New Amsterdam" was surveyed into lots by William Peacock, but its inhabitants persisted in calling it Buffalo, and Buffalo it has remained up to this day. Lots began to be sold in 1804, and the history of Buffalo as a place of residence for white men may be said to begin at this date. Then came years of quiet, unrecorded village life, when in October, 1811, the growing community required a newspaper "to herald the existence of the rising hamlet and to minister to its intel-

lectual wants and foster its business interests." This was highly creditable to Buffalo, giving evidence, as it did, of the intelligence and culture of its citizens, and it is altogether probable that there have been but few places in the history of the country that established and supported a newspaper so soon after their settlement. Mr. Hodge says his first recollection is of living in a double log house, on farm lot number thirty-five, where his parents resided until he was eight years old. He also first attended school in a log house on what is now Main street, and later in a log house on another part of Main street. Speaking of these, his early childhood days, in his volume of 'Reminiscences,' Mr. Hodge says:

How plain in my remembrance is the scene; the road so lately cut through, full of logs, stumps and brush, many of the native forest trees being still standing around about. As I return to those days in memory, many things bring to mind that truthful, child-like hymn, beginning

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up, to man.

Of his school days he also makes pleasing and interesting mention, in which may be seen the difference in the methods and manner of teaching then and now:

The teachers were, in summer, females, receiving from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars per week; in the winter, males, receiving from twelve to fifteen dollars per month. The teachers "boarded 'round" with the different families from which children attended the school. These schools were kept three or four months in the winter and about the same time in the summer. In the study of geography we had no atlases, charts or maps, but our teacher would take a large slate—blackboards were not then known here—and mark out the region about which we

were studying and explain to us the situation of places in relation to each other. This made a lasting impression on our minds, such as could not be made by reading alone. We had as teacher of the winter school of 1823-4 a student in a law office in the village. He did this, he said, because it was necessary for him to earn some money in order to continue his studies. His salary was twenty dollars per month, he to "board 'round." He proved to be an excellent teacher and very gentlemanly, modest and pleasant in his deportment. In one thing I thought his teaching superior to that of any of my former teachers, and this was in "putting out words" for the first class to spell, for after pronouncing the word and before it was spelled he gave the definition. Now when this young teacher boarded at my father's there was from time to time some frolicking going on between him and my sisters. Frequently this took the form of snowballing, and sometimes there was considerable "cutting of capers" among them. Once, for instance, they had come to close quarters in a snowball contest, and one of the girls got a hard rubbing by the teacher's hands with snow. Her hair was pretty thoroughly disheveled and her face very red and quite clean. As he was much the stronger and took in this case the position which sometimes nations do, that "might makes right," my sister could not help herself. But she adopted a successful plan of getting even with this young limb of the law, as he discovered the next morning, when, on going to put on his boots, he found them well covered, legs and all, with soft soap. This teacher, after leaving our school, continued his studies and in due course of time was admitted to practice in our courts of law. Not being over-confident in himself, he opened an office, at first out in the country, but after practicing there a few years, ventured to come into the village and formed a partnership with others. He continued to do a successful business, was elected to the state legislature, rising in popularity as a statesman, till, after many years of the highest success, he left the political arena. The last years of his life were quite retired, and when, finally, on the day of his funeral, I was present, amid a vast assembly, to take a farewell look at one of my school-teachers, I was beholding all that was mortal of Millard Fillmore, once President of the United States.

Benjamin Hodge, jr., who came from Otsego county in 1806, was also a teacher of a school which William Hodge, jr., attended. He was a com-

petent and successful teacher, and was elected clerk of the district on its organization, which office he held for twenty-five years, being annually re-elected. William Hodge, jr., had personal acquaintance with and vivid recollections of some of the Indian chiefs. One was Red Jacket. He says :

I remember him well. In stature he was not tall, but rather stoutly built and straight as an arrow. He was dignified in his appearance and walk and quite reserved in his manner. There was another interesting character who impressed himself on the memory of Mr. Hodge—a "polite Frenchman," Louis Stephen Le Couteux, who early kept a drug store, and was also afterwards town clerk. He was a true gentleman, highly educated, and a refugee from France. He wore a queue, long stockings and knee breeches and shoe buckles. I know of only two besides him who in those days still wore queues—my grandfather, Benjamin Hodge, and Roswell Hosford.

Among the prominent citizens whom Mr. Hodge well remembers was Judge Samuel Wilkeson, who was one of the early settlers in northeast Ohio, on the Mahoning river. He subsequently removed to Buffalo and engaged in the iron trade. In 1828 he erected a foundry and machine shop, which was the earliest machinery-making establishment in Buffalo. In the same year he also purchased the Arcole blast furnace in Madison, Lake county, Ohio. On the opening in 1845 of the Erie and Pittsburgh and the Ohio and Pennsylvania canals, Judge Wilkeson's sons erected iron works near the junction of these two canals in Poland, Ohio, and put to test the often and unsuccessfully tried experiment of smelting iron with raw bituminous coal. In this enterprise they met with marked success. Mr. Hodge, in his book, makes mention

of his father's engaging in the banking business, which was not satisfactory. This calls to mind an incident which we remember to have seen related illustrating banking in its infancy in Buffalo. In 1840 Mr. Stephen C. Clark and John Hibbard, with others, started the Buffalo Steam Engine works. Soon after it got into a prosperous working condition it occurred to them that they would very likely need, in the course of their business transactions, some bank facilities. Although they had, at that moment, laid away in bags three thousand dollars in silver, Mr. Clark thought, notwithstanding, it would be better to establish mutual relations with some of the banks, of which there were then but three or four. Accordingly one day he made a note for five hundred dollars, endorsed by two respectable citizens, and with it he and Uncle John Hibbard started for the bank. They applied for accommodation to the Commercial bank. They were told by the officer of the bank that their limit was up, had no money on hand and could not use the paper. They made one or two more applications at other banks and with the same result. Finally they entered the O. Lee & Company's banking office. Said they: "We have come in this morning to ask you to discount a note for us. We are using considerable money in our business and have made a note with two good endorsers, which we would be glad to have you discount." "Can't do it, can't do it," replied the president, "I have no faith in your concern; you will fail and we will be obliged to collect it of the

endorsers. Can't do it, can't do it." Mr. Clark became indignant, straightened himself up in his manhood, and holding out the note, said: "Mr. Lee, you will discount that note or one of us must prepare to take a whipping." Mr. Lee looked at Mr. Clark for a moment, and made up his mind that the note would be paid promptly. "Teller," said he, "give Mr. Clark the money on that note." "I don't want the money," said Mr. Clark. "What! you don't want the money; what do you want?" "I want a hand-book and a check-book, and we'll check for the money as we need it." In two or three days after this occurrence Mr. Clark collected the bags of silver, put them on a cart and backed up in front of the O. Lee & Company's bank. Unloading it he walked into the bank and met the president, who asked what it meant. "Oh, nothing," replied Mr. Clark, "we had this money on hand which had been paid in by our customers, and as we had no safe place to keep it, and as we have succeeded in establishing relations with the bank, I have come to deposit it with you." The incident continues:

The president was not a little surprised, but was more so when, on invitation, he visited the works of the company, saw the comprehensive nature of their business and was shown over ten thousand dollars of accounts against some of the best concerns in the west and in Canada. It is needless to say that ever thereafter the Buffalo Steam Engine company could get what money it needed from the O. Lee & Company's bank without an endorser.

Mr. Velorous Hodge, son of Benjamin, and uncle of William, jr., relates an almost incredible and interesting bit of information in respect to the sound

of Perry's guns at the battle on Lake Erie being heard in Buffalo, two hundred miles away from the place of engagement. It may be said here that candor and truthfulness were noted characteristics of the Hodge family—certainly no one who ever knew Velorous Hodge would, for a moment, doubt his word. He says:

One day, in 1813, the writer, with several other boys, was picking blackberries in Buffalo on the hill where High street is now laid out, and not over forty rods from Main street. Suddenly, in an old ravine where the berries were very thick, we distinctly heard the firing cannon. It was the day of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, and the scene of the fight was almost two hundred miles away. When I went home with my berries I told my father that we had heard the firing of many great cannon, and the sound was from up the lake. He thought it must be that the British had landed on the lake shore not far off, probably at Cattaraugus or some place near by. But in a few days—telegraphs were not dreamed of then—we heard of Perry's battle, and my father at once said that the firing of cannon, which I had heard, must certainly have been the noise of the commodore's guns. He could scarcely believe that the waters of the lake could carry the sound two hundred miles; there was no other explanation. Afterwards we found out that the battle took place at the very hour when we heard the firing. I was too young to notice whether the lake was still at the time or not, but I'm quite sure there was little (if any) wind blowing.

I am positive that we heard that firing distinctly two hundred miles—which is certainly almost equal to the telegraph of to-day.

The life of William Hodge, jr., was long and eventful, creditable to himself and family, of great worth and merit, and of marked usefulness and benefit to Buffalo. That city has a proper appreciation of his labors and interest in its behalf. No measure having for its end and aim the material, social and moral welfare of the city but what re-

ceived his influence and liberal support. Mr. Sprague, before referred to, in his address says:

In 1805 William Hodge settled here with his son William, the latter of whom has, I believe, resided in Buffalo longer than any other man now living. Our patriarch, like the patriarch of the race, has been through life a gardener and horticulturist, but he has never fallen from his original uprightness, and in a serene old age retains his paternal Eden, excepting such portions as he has voluntarily conveyed.

He always kept aloof from politics, seeking no public honors or office, but contenting himself in the beautifying and improving of his large real estate interests. He was foremost in opening the northerly portion of Delaware avenue, as also Hodge avenue, on which he built many houses. He deeply and warmly loved nature, and it was a chief delight in early days to wander through the forests and fields of Buffalo when it was "in the country." Some one says:

What, indeed, one is inclined to ask, can any one really know about nature, whose early days have not

been spent in the country? What halo of beauty and old romance can equal the magic that invests those paths wherein you first learnt to run and ride, to drink the light and air of sunset or the sweetness of the earth's exhalations? What after-adventures can impress like those which the childish imagination invests or magnifies for itself?

Mr. Hodge died in Buffalo, April 24, 1887, nearly eighty-four years of age. His benignancy of manner, sunny countenance, warm and generous nature will long be remembered. He was for many years an active and devoted member of the Westminster Presbyterian church, which received from him many benefactions. He was also many years a member of the Buffalo Historical society, and has been its president. He seems to have begun early to build moral character, nor did it cease to grow, strengthen and develop during any part of eighty-four years of intelligent, honorable, upright living.

D. W. MANCHESTER.

THE PIONEER PRIEST AND EARLY HISTORY OF MINNESOTA.*

THE early history of Minnesota naturally classifies itself into two periods; one the age of barbarism, in which civilization sent out its avant-couriers to spy out the land, and the other the age of the actual struggle of civilization with and final victory over barbarism. The first period is prominently marked in its commencement by the arrival, in 1680, of the Franciscan priest, Louis Hennepin, a subject of Louis XIV., while the sovereignty of the lands was in France; in 1766, shortly after the sovereignty had passed to England, by the visit of Jonathan Carver, a Connecticut protestant, whose grandfather had served under William of Orange; and in 1805 by the tour of Zebulon Pike, an American officer who came to take down the English flag on the east side of the Mississippi river, where it defiantly floated notwithstanding that that portion of what is now Minnesota had become the property of the United States at the close of the Revolutionary war. This period ends in 1837 with the cession to the United States by the Sioux or Dakotas of all their lands east of the Mississippi river by a treaty which bears the cross-mark signatures of Big Thunder, the father of Little Crow, the eagle head, He that walks last, He that

runs after the clouds, He that stands on both sides (of a question), He that walks in a circle, and other chiefs with equally significant names, that might well apply to some of the dominant race.

The first era was an era of dealings on nearly equal terms, the savages, although in the ascendancy, protecting the traders, as they needed their goods. It was a romantic period. The traders lived among the Indians in all the style of feudal barons.

The savages, save for occasional wars between themselves, led a harmless, contented hunter life. The woods were filled with deer and bear, the prairies with buffalo, and the lakes and rivers with abundance of fish and wild fowl. "Often before their lands were taken away," I once heard a trader say, "I used to stop before their lodges and listen to their happy songs." Louis Hennepin was an enthusiastic traveler, a diligent observer of men and countries, and what is more to the purpose, he kept a record of what he saw over two hundred years ago in this then distant land, which remains for our reading, wherein he describes the plants, the animals, the people, and their manners and customs. He drew a map of the country. He wrote in this old book:

We could not sufficiently admire the extent of those vast countries and the charming lands through which we passed and which lie all unutilized. I must needs say that the poorer part of our countrymen would do well to think of it and go and plant themselves in this fine country where, for a little

[* This very able and remarkably entertaining paper was read by I. V. D. Heard, Esq., one of the oldest and most prominent members of the Minnesota bar, at the banquet given in St. Paul in honor of Cardinal Gibbons. It was in response to a toast embodying the subjects contained in the above caption.—EDITOR MAGAZINE.]

pains in tilling the earth, they would live happily and subsist much better than they do here.

He was competent to speak on this subject, as he was well versed in the then war-afflicted condition of Europe, for he had shrived the dying at the bloody battle of Senef between the Prince of Conde and William of Orange. His book was published in nearly all the capitals of Europe, in many different languages. Sparks, Bancroft, Shea and all other American historians draw largely upon Hennepin's work for the condition, in his time, of the country from Quebec to the Mississippi. He gave to the world the first drawing of Niagara. He was the first discoverer of the upper Mississippi. He christened rivers, lakes and streams and gave the name to the flashing cataract of St. Anthony, in the long ago, when to it the trembling Indian brought

"Belts of porcelain, pipes and rings—
Tributes to be hung in air
To the friend presiding there."

He sought a water-way across the continent.

In the mind of this seer Europe was connected westwardly with Japan two hundred years before the Bavarian Villiard drove home the spike of gold that joined with lines of shimmering steel the sounding billows of Atlantic and Pacific seas. This Franciscan priest brought to these upper wilds its first altar and altar cloth and holy cross and chalice, "with glittering silver gilt." He sang its first Christian hymn and prayed its first Christian prayer. I would that I could, if time permitted, bring him again to ideal life and draw the "father in his habit as he lived." He was a kindly man. He administered

medicine to the sick Indian and tried to comfort his sorrows. He planted tobacco on the Mille Lacs for the peace calumet of the Dakotas. He even mentions in his history the little dog he had with him—joint discoverer of the Mississippi. To-day no man knoweth his sepulchre.

A gentleman, long years ago engaged in the Indian trade once told me the following incident:

A young man of the Chippewa nation purchased of this gentleman a horse and paid for his keeping by the gentleman until the following spring, and went off to his country. On the following spring he came again and paid likewise for the keeping for the ensuing year. The third spring the Indian came once more and offered to pay for that year. Whereupon the gentleman asked for an explanation of this singular conduct. "Well," replied the Chippewa, "I will tell you. I am not a fisherman, I have never caught any fish to speak of, I am no hunter, I am no warrior, I never killed anybody. When I used to try to speak in the councils the other Indians would not listen to me as I had done nothing to give me any standing, but now when I rise to speak and start my remarks with the statement that I own a horse, the other Indians, who own none, all listen to me."

Jonathan Carver knew something about Indians. He was present at the massacre at Fort William Henry. I do not wish to compare Captain Carver's previous knowledge of Indians with the ownership of a horse, but it certainly gave him some advantage in his visit to these barbarous regions and in his dealings with the savages. Carver, like Hennepin, was a bold traveler, a keen observer, and gave to the world a most valuable record which is likewise resorted to by historians. Carver was working, however, largely for Carver, as he had not been here long before he negotiated a treaty with the Great Father of all the Snakes (Beelzebub, for

short), and the Swift Runner over the Mountains, two Sioux chiefs, for the cession of a large tract of land embracing the present city of St. Paul.

You can still see the cave in St. Paul to which Carver saw the Indians from far and near bringing their dead for burial; and if you are on the spot at midnight when the spirits of the departed Dakotas are wont to hold their walk, and your imagination is strong enough, you can hear the lament of the sorrowing Indians (that Schiller translated into song) which Carver heard over the dead Dakota chief, who with sharpened axe and knife and bended bow went into the spirit land,

"Where birds are blithe on every brake
Where forest teem with deer
Where glide the fish through every lake
One chase from year to year."

Jonathan Carver died in penury and obscurity. Minnesota on apt occasions impartially celebrates the advents of Louis Hennepin, the Catholic, and Jonathan Carver, the Puritan. Totally regardless of the views of Louis XIV and William of Orange on that subject, Zebulon Pike negotiated with the Indians for the present site of Fort Snelling and a considerable tract of land connected therewith, and was also a historian.

To the far-seeing eye, the clouds which betokened the end of the world for the nation of the Dakotas were even then dimly rising in the eastern skies. The martial music of the advancing conquering race was soon to mingle with the sound of the cataract from which Hiawatha,

"To the lodge of old Nokomis;
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine to his people,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsome of all the women,
In the land of the Dakotas,
In the land of handsome women."

Hennepin, the herald of the coming religion, with his sandled feet, his hooded capote and the cross of Saint Francis by his side; Carver, the herald of the future acquisition of the Indian lands, with his cue and old-fashioned colonial attire; and Zebulon Pike, the herald of the advancing crushing military power of the Republic, magnified by the mists of time, loom up a magnificent group of ideal statuary, the only noticeable figures, so far as white men are concerned, on the dark background of over a century of Minnesota's history. During Hennepin's visit the great comet of 1680 flamed across the sky, and, for the savage, lights up this vision of the fine arts with a lurid glow. The second period commencing shortly after the treaty of 1837, before alluded to, is marked by the settlement of French and Swiss at that point. On the first day of November, 1841, Father Gaultier erected a chapel on one of the most beautiful and prominent bluffs in the present city of St. Paul, and under which the canoe of Louis Hennepin twice glided in 1680. Father Gaultier when he blessed the Basilica dedicated it to St. Paul, the Apostle of Nations.

From that auspicious chapel this city—blest by a humble, untiring, self-denying priest of mighty Rome, this city which, to draw it mildly, proudly aspires to-day, in connection with Minneapolis, to be the metropolis of the valley—derives its name. It is very young, but her stately buildings, her coronet of lofty spires that rises above her outer battlements, her lines of railroad

that box the entire circuit of the compass, are full of prophesies of future grandeur. The people who saw the birth of the city of St. Paul are many of them still alive. The first delegate to congress, the first governor, and one of its first senators still walk the streets of St. Paul, and we challenge the world to produce three finer specimens of manhood than these men, Henry H. Sibley, Alexander Ramsey and Henry M. Rice. Father Ravoux, who arrived here about 1841, after spending a most laborious life, especially that part devoted to the Dakotas, whose language he speaks well and whose persistent friend he has always been, while his step has lost its buoyancy, still pursues his labors with unflagging zeal and bids fair to bless us with his presence for many and many a happy year. Bishop Ireland is still in the full vigor of his intellect, and for work of effective charity stands respected and beloved by all. He carries the temperance banner triumphantly aloft. He has long been blest with a most competent mentor and friend. The earth holds not alive a finer Christian gentleman than that mentor, Bishop Grace of St. Paul, whose head is now whitening for the harvest, and who worships leaning on the top of his staff. You can still fill at least a car with the old settlers of Minnesota, an intelligent and high-souled body of men whose hands are as open to charity and good works as they are ready when duty calls to grasp the pommel of the sword. They are of many lands and many creeds, but of whatever creed, to-night, Cardinal Gibbons, they are Catholics in their welcome to thee.

The second period of early history ends

with the expulsion of the Sioux from the state in 1862, the Chippewas having disposed of most of their tillable land previous to that date. In 1849 a territorial government was established with St. Paul as its capital, and in 1858 the state was admitted into the Union. The Dakotas of Minnesota were a portion of a great Confederate nation who once drew their victorious bows from the great lakes to the Rocky mountains and from the British possessions to the Saline springs of the Arkansas. The Mississippi valley above the Arkansas was once largely their own. After the introduction of fire-arms among the Chippewas by the French sometime subsequent to the arrival of Hennepin, the Chippewas, likewise a strong and brave nation and a branch of the mighty Algonquin race which extended from the great lakes to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, expelled the Dakotas from the northern portion of what afterwards became Minnesota. The Chippewas and Dakotas were in constant war, at least from the time of the conquest by the Chippewas before alluded to. The battles were fierce and numerous, and the site of one of them was not many years ago described by a person still living as being within his time a Golgotha of human bones. Both sides were very venturesome and did not hesitate to carry on their warfare in the midst of the white settlements. In 1853 the Chippewas killed and wounded the Dakotas in a store at the corner of Jackson and Third streets in St. Paul, then a village of about three thousand five hundred inhabitants, and a year or two before that the young Chippewa chief, Hole in the Day, crossed over into the Sioux

country opposite St. Paul and killed and scalped an Indian of that nation. St. Paul rang with plaudits of the chief's bravery, and this was only one act of many of a similar nature. He was very handsome. He wore his blanket with much grace. His hair was filled with many eagle feathers, the record of the enemies he had slain, although his face was as kind and gentle as a woman's. I have seen him walk along the streets of St. Paul, amid many Sioux thirsting for his life, as leisurely, calm and unconcerned as if he was in his own forests of pine. I saw him years afterwards, blear-eyed and bloated with liquor, in the city jail, as pitiful an object as Cooper's Chingachgook after civilization has done upon him its work. Hole in the Day was the foremost man of the Chippewa tribe, as dauntless and chivalrous in war as Harry Percy or the young Lochinvar. He was cowardly shot to death in ambush by jealous men of his own tribe. The Sioux of Minnesota held nearly all their original territory on the west side of the Mississippi until 1851, when they ceded it (with the exception of a small reservation) and a part of Dakota, the lands thus ceded estimated to contain over thirty-five millions of acres, a domain larger than New England or the Island of Cuba, situate in the great heart of the American continent and for which they received only a few cents per acre, a large portion of which went to pay old debts due the traders. One of the commissioners who negotiated these treaties, in recommending them to the favorable consideration of the senate of the United States, wrote: "The consideration agreed to be paid, though

in view of the actual value of these lands merely nominal, was esteemed to be as large as would be for the real good of the Indians and ample to supply their present wants and minister to their future comfort," a sad sarcasm on what afterwards took place.

In 1858, forced by their necessities, they sold the portion of their narrow reservation, ten miles in width, on the north side of the Minnesota river, the consideration being principally absorbed in the payment of their old debts to the traders. In 1862 the payment of their annuities, on which they largely depended for bread, were delayed. The Indians saw starvation staring them in the face. They inflamed their minds with burning rage toward the whites, and in less than seven days swept the frontier of this state, an area of over twenty thousand square miles, with the tomahawk and with fire. A dreadful solitude reigned. Here and there armed parties from the interior settlements ventured a little distance forth for the burial of the dead, but otherwise in that vast district there was no white person save the flying fugitive, hiding himself by day and shivering with affright at every sound and at every shadow that fell upon the grass. These Indians were at length subdued. Thirty-eight of their number were simultaneously executed from the same platform at Mankato. The annuities provided by the treaty for the support of the survivors were largely forfeited. Many of their number, after suffering long in prison at Davenport, were removed high up in Missouri into a horrible region filled with petrified lizards and the first bones of time, the soil miserable,

rarely visited by rain, the game scarce, the water alkaline and dangerous to health.

Standing Buffalo, head chief of the Sisseton tribe of the Sioux, in a letter to General Sibley, in 1863, said:

I love my lands, for upon them I was brought up and nourished. They were the lands of my fathers and I had come to be attached to them. Nevertheless, when the Americans came and asked for my land I forthwith ceded it to them because I loved the Americans. I sold my lands for fifty years' annuities. My great father, the President, agreed to give me annually money and goods. I knew my great father is good, and that he desires my happiness, but some of his children are not good like him; they are deceivers. I ought to have received a large sum of money annually. The money was sent by my great father, but in passing from hand to hand each one took a little and eventually I received but a single dollar. I ought to have received a large quantity of goods such as blankets, cotton and other articles. My great father sent them, but on the way out each appropriated a portion to his own use, so that I actually received but a small piece of cotton. I ought to have received an abundance of flour. My great father sent what was due me, but in passing from hand to hand it diminished so that I only received a single barrel. All this made my heart sad.

Little Crow, commander of the Sioux forces in 1862, was shot near Hutchinson, in this state, on the third day of July, 1863. His scalp was torn off and his body thrown into a pit used as a receptacle for the bones and offal of slaughtered cattle. About a week afterwards his head was pushed off with a stick. His skeleton still sees the light of sun and moon, and his curling scalp locks repose securely in a glass case in the capitol at St. Paul. He was the greatest hunter and orator among the Sioux, and until the outbreak he was always friendly to the whites. He went into the war against his own judgment and wishes, constrained by the sudden pressure of circumstances, for the war was

an unpremeditated explosion. After it commenced he became and held himself responsible for all its terrible atrocities, although he advised his young men, at least in the beginning, to spare the women and the children. He is acknowledged to have been a man of great shrewdness and ability. His countenance recalled the skinny face of Voltaire. Little Crow's grandfather and father (they were all called Lapetis Corbeau by the French) were distinguished chiefs and well liked by the whites. The village of these three Little Crows was for many years previous to 1851 located just below St. Paul, on the west side of the river, at a point called Kaposia.

During these troubles the Chippewas were also much excited, and it was feared would join the Sioux. About this time an old Chippewa chief sent this message to the eminent and philanthropic Bishop Whipple:

A very nice and pretty bird of all colors came and sang beside our village; a voice said, "Listen not to him; look not on his colors." He went away. He came with finer colors, and sweetly sang, and he continued to do so until we heard him, and he lead us away to die. The bird is the Big Knives, his songs are his fair words and lying promises; his colors are the paints, the beads and goods he gives us for our country; woe to us, for the day we hear the Big Knives we go to our graves.

The summation of these two early periods of Minnesota history, like that of many another state, philosophically considered, is simply the slow, gradual creeping of a superior race upon an inferior one, and the quick, sharp, intuitive, impulsive, mad, unreasonable, bloody protest of the savage as he vainly writhes in the embrace of the gigantic and irresistible python—civilization—that involves him fold by fold as

the serpents did Laocoon. Considered from another point of view this history is the abolishment of burning at the stake, of scalping men, women and children, of eating dogs. It is the expelling of the wild beast. It is the giving of the forest to the flame and its ashes to the soil. "It is thyme; it is marjoram; it is the laugh of children; it is the satisfied low of oxen; it is the bleating of cattle upon a thousand hills." It is the elevation of man from a beast to almost an angel, "noble in reason, infinite in faculty, express and admirable in form and moving—the beauty of the world." It is the illumination of the darkness of night with blazing electric suns. It is the rearing of stately shrines to greet the star of Bethlehem, if it, perchance, should, like that of empire, pass westward on its second coming to stand again over the holy hills of Palestine. Well said a writer about the time of the Sioux treaty in 1851:

On the skirts of civilization, unnoticed and in silence, as the leaves grow at night, young states yearly germinate into life. Without strife, unconquered, almost without thought, quietly and naturally as the sap ascends the tree, those principalities that yesterday were not, to-day take their seats in the world's councils.

Perhaps this long and bloody contest between the white man and the red man

may cease as slavery ceased. The Chippewas still within our boundaries and the Sioux are making progress in civilization. It was not long ago in a speech at an agricultural fair in this state that a prominent chief of the Dakota nation said: "My people have taken their hands from the tomahawk and the spear and laid them on the handles of the plow." Blest and thrice blest that day when justice and amity and goodness shall pervade among all the citizens of the republic.

Wendell Phillips said once:

It is for us, the children of a purer civilization, the pioneers of a Christian future, to found a capitol whose corner-stone is justice and whose top stone is liberty, within the sacred precincts of whose holy of holies dwelleth one who is no respecter of persons, but hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth to serve him. Crowding to the shelter of its stately arches I see old and young, learned and ignorant, rich and poor, native and foreign, Pagan, Christian and Jew, black, red and white in one glad, harmonious, triumphant procession.

"Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day;
Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the sacred way,
And through the bellowing forum
And round the suppliants' grove
Up to the everlasting gates of Capitolian Jove."

I. V. D. HEARD.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE fifth biennial report of the Kansas State Historical society, just at hand, shows the work of that vigorous organization for the two years ending January 18, 1887, at which time it was but eleven years old. The society is doing an excellent work, and doing it in a systematic, sensible and regular manner. "The primary object of the society," says a statement accompanying the report, "is that of collecting, arranging and cataloguing a library of the materials of Kansas history, including books, pamphlets, newspapers, maps, pictures, and in short everything which contains information concerning and going to illustrate the history of Kansas. Incidentally, so interwoven has been the history of Kansas with that of the whole country, and so much has it enlisted a general interest, its library has come to be the recipient, largely by gift, of not only the materials of the history, but of everything of a literary and scientific character relating to all parts of the country. There have been added to the society's library during the two years covered by this report: Of bound volumes, 2,860; unbound volumes and pamphlets, 10,008; volumes of newspapers and periodicals, 2,251; manuscripts, 1,672; and numerous pictures and miscellaneous contributions. The total of the library in January last was, of bound volumes, 8,352; unbound volumes, 21,103; bound newspaper files and volumes of periodicals, 5,986, making the total of the library, 35,441." That is indeed an admirable showing for eleven years.

A CORRESPONDENT at Warren, the seat of Trumbull county, furnishes us the following interesting points concerning Sidney Rigdon, the man who, if he was not the brains of Mormonism, gave it a home and foothold in

Ohio that it could not have otherwise obtained: "Adamson Bentley and Sidney Rigdon married sisters of Richard Brooks of Warren. Rigdon was a prominent Disciple, but was not satisfied unless he could be the most prominent in whatever he was engaged, and as he was overshadowed by Alex Campbell and a few others, he left the Disciples and engaged in the Mormon scheme. He was regarded as a very smart man and really the brains of original Mormonism."

It will ever be a mooted question as to how far Rigdon was responsible for polygamy. During the days of growth in Palmyra and Kirtland, there was no hint of polygamy in the Mormon doctrine, but each man was commanded to have one wife and cleave only unto her. It was only in the times of enlarged power and opportunity at Nauvoo, when he was at the head of the Mormon state and church and general of the Mormon army, that Smith began to openly practice the secret desires of his heart, and to pave the way for the revelation of polygamy. Several of Smith's followers began to have "revelations" of their own, permitting them to have as many wives as Abraham or Solomon, if they could get them. Smith, as a matter of care for his own supremacy, made war on these offenders, excommunicating them, and cutting them off from the church.

THE "revelation" was not made public until August 29, 1852, at Salt Lake City, after Smith's death and the accession of Young to the leadership. It is related on fair authority that when Smith "received" it at Nauvoo his wife, Emma, whom he had legally married in Pennsylvania against the wishes of her father in the old money digging

days, received it as most women would—she took the document and thrust it into the stove—not knowing that a copy had been made. For fear his wife might have a desire to become the “spiritual” wife of some one else, Smith had it expressly ordered in the revelation that she should remain with him: “And I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else.” This revelation is said to have been given on July 12, 1843. Joseph was afraid to break the news to his wife, and commanded his brother, Hyrum, to read it to her. She made Nauvoo warm for the messenger, and also for Joseph when he put in an appearance. He spent a whole day in arguing with her and reconciling her to the list of associate wives he had chosen, and as she remained obdurate he assumed a lofty air, and closed the argument with the command: “Emma, attend to your own affairs, and let the anointed of the Lord fulfill the works for which God has raised him up.” There are grave doubts whether Joseph ever gave such revelation, or whether the whole scheme was afterwards concocted by Brigham Young, who gave Smith as the author of the decree, in order that it might possess added influence and weight.

The glories of Nauvoo have departed indeed, and from a flourishing city it has become a mere hamlet, important only in its memories and past promises. A recent visitor thus describes it: “To-day it is a scattered little town of about fifteen hundred people. Its dwelling-houses are either quaint, old-fashioned cottages, with kitchen gardens adjoining, or else are large unfinished looking structures, monuments of the past, that look strangely out of place in their rural surroundings. The newer part of the town is built in plain, substantial style. The population consists of a few mild Mormons, a few Icarians, remnants of the French settlement, thrifty Germans, who have splendid vineyards; Catholics who have built a fine cathedral, and a thin sprink-

ling of people of any and all occupations and beliefs. There is little about the place to speak of former times except the vacant squares, the unfinished buildings. The ruins of the temple have been torn down and its handsome stone put to ordinary uses.”

In the interesting article, “A Friend of Mrs. Ann Hutchinson,” commenced in the issue of November and continued this month, mention is made of “Mr. Cotton” who had been a former pastor of that remarkable woman, and whose emigration to New England had been one of the causes that led her also to come to America. In 1846 the Massachusetts Sabbath School society published ‘The Life of John Cotton,’ in its series “Lives of the Chief Fathers of New England,” wherein can be found a chapter devoted to Mrs. Hutchinson and the trouble her teachings and theories caused the church of which Mr. Cotton was the head. We quote briefly: “For three or four years in the beginning of Mr. Cotton’s ministry, the internal prosperity of his church was unexampled. . . . But clouds of thick darkness soon overcast the sunny prospect. . . . The prominent instigator of this mischief was a daughter of Eve, named Ann Hutchinson. She was probably a pious woman, and certainly an artful one. On the ground of the apostle’s direction, that the elder women should teach the younger, she used to convene large numbers of females at her house, where she instilled into them the doctrines of antinomianism in their most demoralizing form. . . . Mrs. Hutchinson was enabled to raise a terrible commotion in the community. They had the address to procure, for a time, the countenance of Mr. Cotton. This they did, by giving him such explanations in private conversation, as satisfied his unsuspicious nature of the orthodoxy of their sentiments.”

THE heresy of the gifted woman was before long made a matter of public concern,

and on the second of November, 1637, the general court assembled at Cambridge. Mrs. Hutchinson was given a trial of two days' duration, was voted "unfit for their society," and requested to leave it. She was imprisoned, but after a short time released, but, "returning to her old course of agitation, she was summoned before the whole congregation on a lecture day, when her errors were enumerated and condemned, and a solemn admonition was read to her by Mr. Cotton, who decidedly reprov'd the disposition of the woman who had once been his most ardent admirer." She subsequently made a written recantation, but in language so equivocal that it could not be accepted by the church. "All hope in her favor being now abandoned, a motion was made for her excommunication. The long-suffering church, feeling a lingering tenderness for their erring sister, and something of horror at the thought of passing that dread sentence, still hesitated to take the step. At last the resolution was adopted, and the gangrened limb was stricken from the body." Her end was terrible—her earthly career being concluded forever under the scalping-knife of the bloody Mohawk Indian.

THE editor recently came into possession of several scattering notes prepared by Mr. George F. Marshall, the veteran whose pen has interested so many readers of local themes in years past, concerning one of Cleveland's best known citizens, and cannot forego the temptation of using them without the writer's knowledge or permission. Writing of Mr. James Pannel, the well-known banker, Mr. Marshall relates the following interesting series of incidents. "One day while young Pannel was at work beside his carpenter's bench, a tall, gaunt man, with piercing gray eyes, stood watching his movements too closely for his comfort and he became nervous under so close a scrutiny. At length he was called aside to hold a private conversation with no other than the Honorable Reuben Wood. Unconscious of

committing any great wrong worthy of a severe talking to, or even a severer punishment, while encumbered with mingled doubt and fear, he was led outside the shop and came face to face with the tall judge. Here the judge told him that he would like to have him go out in the country beyond Rocky river and build him a dwelling-house. It was like a new world to young Pannel that he had the offer of so desirable a contract while so young and so little known. The preliminaries were at once arranged and on Saturday night, after working hours, the two were to set out for Rockport to spy out the land and see whether the young carpenter would like the prospect. Promptly at 7 P. M., on the appointed day, the judge rode up to the shop, when two human souls with but a single saddled horse, started through the woods for Rockport.

In a small cabin beside the lake lived the famous, popular Wood. Young Pannel took a survey of the premises and concluded he would be able to withstand the situation if the judge could, and at once entered into an agreement to build the desired residence. On the following Monday the ox team was yoked to the wagon when the judge and Pannel returned to town for the necessary chest of tools and a few supplies, to enter at once upon the contract. While Pannel was scoring a few logs for sills and beams and bents, the judge and his man were active in hauling lumber and other material until the present comfortable mansion which has graced the grounds of Evergreen Place for over a half century was completed. Pannel boasts of having a good time out there in the country. He said that the first few weeks he had to struggle to keep off the blues and the ague, but he found hard work and regular, abstemious habits an excellent preventive for both maladies. If, in his eagerness to accomplish all his desires, he would now and then bend, if not break, the Sabbath, he claimed it as a sanitary measure, a work of necessity; but the pious Mrs. Wood was ever ready to chide him when

found engaged in any variation from Christian duty. Young Jim had not so completely schooled himself into proper habits of religious duty, and the judge, taking note of the reproof he was liable to lay under in working on Sunday, suggested that they take a stroll into the woods, and lest they become liable to be attacked by a bear, or panther, wild cat, or black squirrel, it would be safer to carry each a gun with a supply of ammunition, and thus, by these means, they held the Sabbath entirely sacred and it resulted in the young man becoming one of the best shots in Cuyahoga county for those times. It was one glory of his leisure hours in the summer time to take a companion or two and bathe in the blue waters of Lake Erie. It was said of Pannel that he could dive deeper, swim faster under water, and come up drier than any man in Rockport. When Saturday nights came, about all the men in that part of Rockport would come down to Wood's beach for a thorough weekly ablution, and it was a pastime with the boys to dive and swim through the gothic archway formed by the tall judge's lower limbs as he stood breast deep in the water."

"Just back of a bluff sand bank, which faces the lake, and a sloping sand beach, stands the memorable home of Ohio's favorite son, the late Governor Wood, a man whose legal knowledge and executive ability, as well as his manly form, stood well above his fellows; but the white home that Pannel built stands nearly as firm as ever in the shade of the pines and cedars with an outlook supremely charming towards the blue lake. That house so long the home of a family that was schooled in the elegance of refined literature and generous hospitality, had become famous throughout the state as a home of more than common interest, where judges of the highest courts in the state and Nation and other dignitaries were entertained with a grace and becoming dignity that was so cordial and unstinted that

Evergreen Place became to the dignitaries of Ohio what Buckingham palace was to those of England. Who can blame the man who built the home of the governor for pointing with pride, now, after more than a half century has passed, to the house that Jim built, away in the wild woods of Rockport?"

MR. MARSHALL continues: "In the days of the old hand fire-engines, Mr. Pannel was the friend of a vigorous department, and for many long years was one of its active members, working at the brakes of Neptune No. 2, with a vigor that appears to have told upon his constitution in his later life. Many citizens of Cleveland had a double purpose in becoming active firemen; aside from doing a duty in preventing a conflagration, business men, who chanced to be within hailing distance of a constable or sheriff were too often annoyed by a peremptory demand to sit upon a jury where a couple of disgruntled people could not settle the difference among themselves, often joined the department because of the exemption from jury duty that such membership gave." When the law was repealed, "the judges of the courts frequently ruled that the so-called exempted firemen, holding certificates of five years' service, were still liable to be held as jurors. This made quite a stir among those who had labored to obtain the desired exemption. It was clear in the minds of the common people that those judges ruled wrong as many judges had theretofore. The venerable and austere Judge Foote was particularly exacting with this class of exempted men and would never excuse them from jury duty upon that plea, holding that the law was repealed and therefore inoperative. Pannel was one of those who, though not read in the intricacies of law, had a good fund of common sense in store and could not, for a moment, see how a law could take away any rights he had legally acquired while he held the sheet anchor of his liberties—the Magna Charta so to speak!

The sheriff had brought Mr. Pannel before the austere Judge Foote as a juror. He plead his privilege of exemption with his certificate in hand, offering it to the judge for inspection, but the judge in spiteful terms said: 'That law is repealed, take a seat on the jury.' Mr. Pannel turned upon his heels and said in measured terms: '*Judge, I shan't do it,*' and left the court room, the dismayed judge the while appearing to weigh in his mind whether it would be best to order the sheriff to bring him back or pocket the affront and avoid a similar calamity in future; he had found a man who knew his right to liberty and meant to maintain it. This was the last time Mr. Pannel was so near a jury box—no judge has since had the heart either to demand or even ask him to take so important a judicial position. He thinks there are plenty of sedentary men equal to the task without forcing a man who is willing to attend to his own business without attempting to settle the differences of others."

THE letter published elsewhere from the pen of F. C. Sessions, president of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical society, suggests several subjects that our law-makers and Executive should carefully consider. The state owes something to its own reputation in this matter; and its neglect of duty in the past can only be condoned by prompt measures in the future.

THE original correspondence and other documents concerning the famous Whiskey Insurrection furnished this magazine during several recent numbers by the kindness of Mr. Isaac Craig of Allegheny, have called forth the enquiry as to the cause and meaning of that armed opposition to the authority of the United States. The question can be briefly answered as follows: The excise law that was the cause of the trouble was passed by congress March 3, 1791. It was the first law of the kind ever passed in this country, and is said to have been a scheme

devised by Hamilton for the express purpose of testing the power of the new Federal government. The measure was supported by the Federalists and opposed by the Anti-Federalists, and there is no doubt that the rebellion to it was rather a political than a social outbreak. The tax was on the manufacture of the spirits, but as the excise paid by the manufacturers of course raised the price of the article to all who used it, the tax may be said to have been laid on the article itself. The disaffection was greatest in western Pennsylvania, because the farmers there, being at a great distance from the important grain shipping and buying points, depended largely upon the distilleries for a market for their grain. They claimed that an article produced in an isolated community, and so largely the dependence of that community, could not be lawfully taxed for the advantage of the Federal government. The very name of an excise law was odious to many at this time from association with the detested laws of Great Britain. It is asserted, also, that the rebellion was largely due to the influence of Citizen Genet, the French minister sent over in 1793, who wanted the United States to take sides with France in the war with Great Britain. When he found that the administration would not listen to this proposal he became enraged, and is said to have threatened to appeal from the President to the people. However this may have been, there is no doubt that the insurrection assumed such proportions as to cause the government much anxiety. The people rose in arms and in such numbers that, had they had a brave and able leader, the disturbance might have culminated in civil war. But William Bradford, who styled himself the leader of the revolt, and whose violent speeches no doubt had been the most potent influence in arousing the bitter feeling which prevailed in the district against the government was only a selfish, scheming politician, whose sole desire, on the approach of the United States forces, was to get away from the locality with his

own person unharmed. General Henry Lee led the forces which Washington sent into the rebellious district, but when he reached the scene where the rioters had so recently been assembling "to breathe forth blood and slaughter" against the government and its supporters, there were no rioters to be found. They had scattered to their homes, and all afterwards submitted to the laws, receiving full pardon for their offenses. Bradford had wisely quitted the country, and did not return. The rebels subsequently paid their taxes without protest while the excise law remained in existence. It was repealed in 1802, as soon as the Anti-Federalists came into power, for that party had never approved of it. There was no still tax again levied until 1812, when it was necessary to increase the revenues to carry on the war with Great Britain. That tax was repealed again in 1815, and was not again levied until July 1, 1862. Since the last-mentioned date there has always been a whiskey tax in force. There have been many attempts on the part of manufacturers to evade the law, no doubt—especially from 1864 to 1868, when it ranged from one dollar and a half to two dollars a gallon—by making false reports of the amount distilled; but about the only efforts made to resist the collection of the tax by force were those of the "moonshiners" of the mountain districts of the south in 1881 and later.

THE paper found elsewhere in this number

upon the early days of Minnesota and the great pioneer priest, prepared by a prominent member of the Minnesota bar, is one of the most readable articles we have seen in a long time—interesting not only in its matter but unusually so in its manner. A rich field of historical research lies up there in the Northwest—New as it is so often called, but Old indeed in the romance of ancient discovery. We extend a welcome hand to those who are engaged in the patriotic and profitable task of placing that long and thrilling story upon record, and promise that the chapter above referred to will be followed by many others of a like purpose. These columns are open, and give a ready welcome to any who have that which they feel should find a permanent preservation in print.

MR. HEARD will be remembered as having written the 'History of the Sioux War, and Massacres of 1862 and 1863,' published by the Harpers in 1865. He was admirably fitted by native talents and opportunity for the work, having made his residence in Minnesota anterior to the removal of the Sioux from their ancient possessions to their reservations upon the Minnesota river, and was a member of General Sibley's expedition against the Indians in 1862, acting also as the recorder of the military commission which tried some four hundred of the participants in the outbreak. By observation, personal knowledge and study, he has become an authority upon the Indian question.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY:

A FRAGMENT.

In a little book* which I picked up some time ago at a second hand book stall, I find a poem entitled, "Death of J. Newman—A Fragment." The book, I think, is rare, as I have never seen another copy. The poem was perhaps never published elsewhere. I presume the poem was written by the author of the book, as it is signed with his initial. "J. Newman," I infer, was a member of the Pittsburgh Blues, and was killed, as a foot-note informs us, "at Fort Meigs, in the sortie on the fifth of May, 1813." The poem has thus an historical interest, and ought to be preserved, though J. Newman has been long forgotten. The poem is as follows:

"Behold yon band whose lightnings gleam afar,
Tis Butler's corps† so lately crowned with fame;
By Freedom roused they bravely lead the war,
And pluck the honors of a spotless name.
On Maumee's banks they've met their steel clad foes,
Loud shouts proclaim the contest now begun;
With bay'nets fixed, they front to front oppose,
Whilst clouds of smoke obscure the distant sun.
Pale Phrensy fills each breast with martial rage,
Fierce Havock views the scene with fell delight—
In dreadful conflicts heroes now engage,
Resolved on death or conquest in the fight.
The glistening musket strews the fields with slain;
The sure-aimed rifle thins the warlike bands.
Whilst rushing to the charge with martial strain,
His warlike corps each gallant chief commands,
The cannon deals destruction dire around;
The hoarser bomb at every burst deals death.

* "An Essay on the Origin and Structure of Language, etc., by N. Vernon, professor of mathematics, Frederick college, Frederick, Maryland, 1847. The fly-leaf bears the inscription: "Rev. John B. Kerfoot, president of the College of St. James, with the compliments of A. B. Hanson." This Rev. Mr. Kerfoot was afterwards the distinguished and beloved first bishop of Pittsburgh.

† "Captain James R. Butler, son of General Butler, who was slain at St. Clair's defeat, was commander of the Pittsburgh Blues, who so gallantly drove back the enemy at Mississinaway, after they had forced the lines." . . . "General Harrison pronounced them the most subordinate and best disciplined corps in the northwestern army."

And heaps with crimson dye th' embattled ground,
Deprived by numerous wounds of vital breath.
But lo! a bleeding form attracts my sight,
Borne by his comrades from the field of strife;
With mournful steps they quit the sanguine fight,
And save his body from the savage knife.
'Tis Newman's corse! he rushing to the field,
Fell bravely fighting in his country's cause;
Compell'd by death in bloom of youth to yield,
Life's onward course has made an endless pause.
Now wrapp'd in death, behold the hero lies!
His eyes are closed to see the light no more!
His comrades view his corse with humid eyes,
And with their gallant chief his loss deplore.
With bitterness they curse the fatal day,
When roused by fame, they sprung to meet the foe,
And dashing through the foeman's thick array,
In vengeful wrath they dealt the deadly blow,
For see! full low their friend a victim lies
To ruthless war, that scourge of humankind:
Ah! who shall stay his mother's plaintive cries,
Or quench the anguish of her suffering mind?
An aged sire is left his loss to mourn;
In silent grief his eve of life must close,
Till freed by death he hastens to that bourn
Where end alike our cares and earthly woes.
And see the pangs of numbers left to wail
Their kinsmen slain near Maumee's rapid tide;
The mother's sighs, the widow's tears prevail;
Corrosive sorrows o'er their breasts preside.
A frantic sister there, with accents wild,
Pours forth her grief to ease her madden'd brain;
An infant here, a father's only child,
Makes fond enquiries in an artless strain;
But hapless babe, thou'lt see no more thy sire—
Full low he lies beneath the grassy sod;
But yet his soul, tipt with ethereal fire,
Mounts to the skies and hastes to meet its God.
Curst war, away! let peace return once more;
Come, gentle peace, we'll meet thy fond embrace,
Thou hast the means our blessings to restore,
And raise again the smile on beauty's face.

V."

It is not necessary to say anything about the "poetry" of the above, one way or the other; but as a fragment of our early literature, and especially as it relates to a passage in our early local history, it is valuable, and deserves to be preserved. Besides, possibly, some one can add something of further interest to the incident upon which the poem is based. To the student of our local annals, nothing is unimportant that casts a ray of light upon the obscure pages of the past.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY:

THE PRESERVATION OF THE MOUNDS.

OHIO is richer in archaeological and prehistoric remains than any other state, and thus far has done absolutely nothing to protect the many ancient mounds, earthworks, burial places and village sites. It is not very flattering to one's state pride that some Boston women were applied to by Professor Putnam of the Peabody museum, Cambridge, Massachusetts, to buy the famous Serpent mound in Adams county. Professor Putnam has taken a deep interest in discovering the origin and connections of the ancient Americans, and their distribution and routes of migration over the continent, and has interested himself especially in the purchase for protection, of the Serpent mound. The good women of Boston responded to the appeal and raised \$5,000 or \$6,000 for its purchase and protection. He has just returned to Boston from his summer labors at this mound, and has bought some sixty or eighty acres containing the mound and has laid it out as a beautiful park, free to the public. The possession of this relic of a vanished race by the Peabody museum marks an important step in American archaeology, and Professor Putnam has rendered a splendid service in bringing it about.

He has made some important excavations on the spot this summer, the result of which, together with the work on the careful restoration of the mound, will form the subject of a lecture, illustrated with lantern slides from various photographs taken on the ground at each step of the undertaking. Some important discoveries will be made known in the lecture, which he has promised to give in Columbus some time this winter.

Professor Putnam intends to make a thorough investigation of the Miami valley, with its rich remains of the mound builders and other prehistoric races, his life work. The Serpent mound is the only effigy mound of the kind in existence. When Squier and Davis made the survey of this mound in 1849, it was covered with a heavy growth of trees, which were nearly all destroyed by the great tornado in 1860,

two maples alone escaping that terrible blast. Professor Putnam found that it was suffering much from wash-outs. If he had not taken an interest in its preservation it is evident it would soon be a thing of the past. Is it not to be deplored that the public-spirited citizens of Ohio do not take a deeper interest in the preservation of these wonderful remains of a prehistoric race? It is to be hoped that the governor will call the attention of the legislature in his message to the importance of their preservation, and that a small appropriation may be made toward securing from destruction some of the more important and ancient monuments of our state. There are many others as important as the "Serpent" which need attention at once to preserve them, Fort Ancient, on the little Miami, seven miles from Lebanon, is the most remarkable of the defensive works; Fort Hill, on Brush creek, about ten miles above the "Serpent;" the fortified hill in Butler county; several of the works in the Scioto valley, such as those at High bank and Cedar bank works near Chillicothe, the great banks at Piketon, etc. In Ohio alone there are ten thousand of these ancient mounds and from fifteen hundred to two thousand inclosures. Who the builders were or whence they came will probably never be known.

"Whence came they? Whither did they go?
What myriad tales of joy and woe
Resound with mingled tone
Above the consecrated ground,
That speaks with hollow, ghostly sound,
Its orator a nameless mound.

"And did they love? And did they hate?
Did they in pain and pleasure wait,
With human laugh and moan?
No answer comes, no music sings
Where sleep and silence reign as kings.

"The dark-eyed maiden's liquid song,
Ringing their limpid waves along,
Has left no echoing tone;
In nameless graves, they slumber well,
Where Lethæan billows ebb and swell,
On shining shores of Asphodel."

F. C. SESSIONS,
President Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

'TRANSACTIONS AND REPORTS OF THE NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.' Vol. I, 1885; Vol. II, 1887.

These well-edited and exceedingly valuable volumes that have been already issued under the auspices of the Nebraska State Historical society, show an interest in the historical record of the state and of the northwest, that argues well for the preservation of matters connected with the beginning and growth of that portion of our country. In August, 1878, Honorable Robert W. Furnas of Brownville, Nebraska, sent forth a circular letter to such as he felt would be interested, asking them to co-operate in the formation of such a society. In pursuance of that call, a meeting was held at Lincoln on September 25 of the same year, and this lusty and vigorous society has been the result. Attention is given to all matters of historical and biographical interest, and the two volumes already issued show that the work has been most ably and intelligently done, and give promise for even more valuable results in the future.

'HANDY HELPS IN THE STUDY AND READING OF ENGLISH HISTORY.' By Annie E. Wilson. Louisville, Kentucky.

This valuable aid to students and readers has been carefully prepared by a valued contributor to this magazine—a lady competent not only to understand and classify her subject, but one who has the requisite literary skill to present the information conveyed in the ablest and most attractive manner. The manual gives an outline of each of the periods of English history, with a list of books for reading as each epoch is under consideration, the contemporary rules of continental Europe, and also a genealogical chart of English sovereigns, etc. It is compactly put together, and admirably fills the purpose for which it was intended. Schools and readers desiring copies of the work can order them of the author direct.

'AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE.' By Thomas Stevens. (With over one hundred illustrations). Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Mr. Stevens has given us a bird's-eye glance of this old earth from a new point of view. Tourists on

foot, tourists on horseback, upon railroad trains, steamboats and in balloons we have had without number from Marco Polo to Sergeant Bates, but never has the world been circumnavigated, so to speak, by a man upon this modern steed of steel that tires not but that moves at the touch of man with an obedience that other methods of conveyance do not furnish. Mr. Stevens is more than a mere tourist—he carries a mental camera with him, and the incidents he catches as he goes are so well and faithfully reproduced, that he gives us an idea of the far countries of the east difficult to gain in any other way. He so describes the incidents and people met upon his way that we seem to experience the one and confront the other. The book is not alone for the lover of athletic sports; it is for the historical reader and the student of mankind. The book is handsome in every respect, and the multitude of illustrations with which it is adorned explain and faithfully supplement the text.

'UNIVERSAL HISTORY.' In four volumes: 'Ancient History,' by George Rawlinson, M. A., Camden professor of ancient history in the University of Oxford, canon of Canterbury. 'Medieval History,' by George Thomas Stokes, D. D., professor of ecclesiastical history in the University of Dublin. 'Modern History,' by Arthur St. George Patton, B. A., senior moderator University of Dublin, and professor of English literature, Alexandria college. 'Geological History,' by Edward Hull, M. A., LL.D., F. R. S., director of the geological survey of Ireland, and professor of geology in the Royal college of science, Dublin. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Received from the Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland.

In the four above described books one gets a full library of useful knowledge of man and his relations to earth, and of the old earth itself, and has in a small compass that which would inform him upon all the salient points of history, even though no other books were within his reach. The work has been ably and accurately done by men who are masters of their peculiar fields of knowledge. The volume first named embraces a period extending from the creation of the world to the destruction of the Roman empire in the west by the barbarians, A. D. 476. It tells the history of the various nations and states

of the earth during that time, in a series of parallel narratives, giving especial prominence "to the leading events which presided over the formation and development of those great empires into which mankind was mainly grouped." The second volume deals with the Middle Ages, and terminates at the fall of Constantinople, A. D. 1453, which by general consent is held to form a convenient line of demarcation between the dark ages and the brighter era on which mankind then entered. The third volume is occupied by Modern Times, in the larger acceptation of the term; commencing at the destruction of the Greek empire by the taking of Constantinople in 1453, and brings us down to the present day. The fourth volume describes itself in its title, being, indeed, "the natural history of the earth and of its pre-human inhabitants." The idea of causing this book to form one of the group to which it pertains may seem unique, but the day has come when an acquaintance with the leading facts and ideas of geology has become as necessary a portion of education as a knowledge of geography or history. This series is one of unusual value, because it furnishes so much within a comparatively small space, and because of the high authority in historical matters of the men by whose pens it has been produced.

'BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DAVID ATWOOD.' By Reuben G. Thwaites, corresponding secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Reprinted from the *MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY*, for February, 1887.

The readers of this magazine have already perused Mr. Thwaites' compact and appreciative sketch of one of Wisconsin's pioneer editors, and those who knew David Atwood can best appreciate the faultless delineation of his character and career there presented. This little volume preserves that record in a compact and convenient shape, and has been executed in a high degree of mechanical art.

'MILDRED RUSSELL'S LETTERS.' Published by J. W. Randolph & English, Richmond, Va.

The story of two years of wandering amid some of the most interesting scenes of Europe, is told in this modest little book in a form not only attractive but full of a real interest, whether one has been along the line of her travels, or is content to remain at home and learn from the experiences of others. The Rhine, Munich, Verona, Venice, Florence and Rome; the carnival at Rome; from Genoa to Monte Carlo; to Paris and London; summering

in Scotland; Heidelberg and Cologne; Amsterdam and Antwerp—these are a few of the many scenes which we are shown. The author not only has eyes to see, but that needed power in one who would describe—the power to make others see with her. It is a charming and refreshing book.

'SKETCH OF AMERICAN FINANCES—1789 TO 1835.' By John Watts Kearny. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York. Received from Cobb, Andrews & Co., Cleveland.

The labor expended so freely by Mr. Kearny in the gathering of material and the preparation of this book, has had its natural result in the publication of the best monograph upon this ever-present and ever-fruitful theme—our National finances—that has yet appeared. Going back to the beginning of our financial history, at the time when English methods were no longer applicable, and the new nation was compelled to devise methods and create resources of its own, the author tells us the full story of the settlement of the Revolutionary war debt; followed by a history of the revenue, expenditure and sinking fund; the War of 1812; increase of the public debt; financial embarrassments; peace with Great Britain; the protective tariff; and the extinguishment of the public debt. All through the work are scores of facts of historical interest; while the narrative is carried forward in a clear and distinct manner that makes apparent the application of each fact to the relation it was intended to sustain. The interest surrounding this work is not altogether historical, as one purpose of the author was to show us how this and the next generation may "best manage and most speedily pay off our great public debt." "Every year," continues he in introduction, "its importance is, through the medium of taxation and surplus revenue, brought home to all classes and to every species of industry; while at the same time any lack of wisdom or experience in dealing with this central issue, is sure to be felt in the wide circumference of the rest of our public questions. A similar inquiry held a dominant place in our National councils from the year 1789, the date of the present Constitution, down to the year 1835. The financial history of this period is well worth special study, because of the signal ability and sagacity by which the government brought its difficult problem to a successful issue." And in no better way can that question be studied than in this careful and compact sketch which Mr. Kearny has written, and the Putnams given to the world.

The following pamphlet publications have been received :

'PROCEEDINGS OF THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE.' No. 148. For October, 1887.

Poetry: 'AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE STUDENTS AND FACULTY OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.' By Honorable Daniel Agnew, LL.D., late chief-justice of Pennsylvania.

'ANTHROPOPHAGY, HISTORIC AND PREHISTORIC.' By General Charles W. Darling, corresponding secretary of the Oneida Historical society, Utica, New York.

'THE STUDY OF HISTORY IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.' By Paul Frederico, professor in the University of Ghent. No. X, in fifth series Johns Hopkins University Studies.

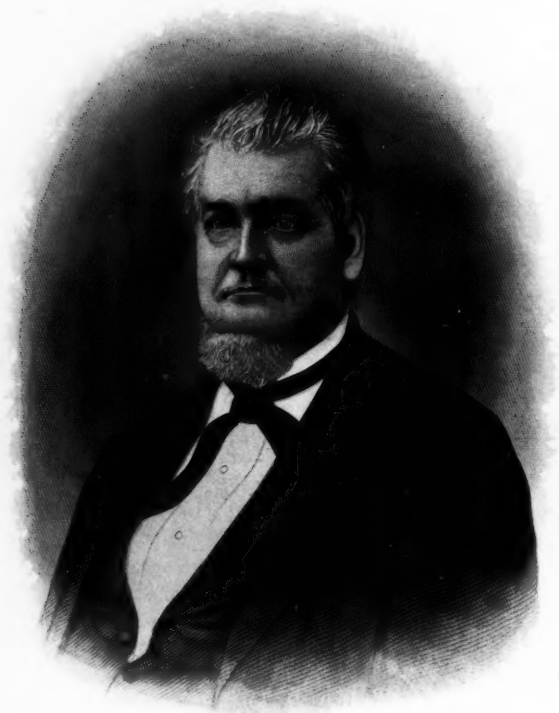
'HISTORICAL FALLACIES REGARDING COLONIAL NEW YORK.' An address delivered before the Oneida Historical society, by Douglas Campbell of New York.

'TRANSACTIONS OF THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY AT UTICA, NEW YORK, 1885-1886.

'ANCESTRY OF DARLING.' Governor John Haynes came from Essex county, England, to Bos-

ton, Massachusetts, 1633. He married Mabel Harlakenden, who came from England to Boston, Massachusetts, 1635. Their son, Joseph Haynes married, 1668, Sarah Lord of Hartford, Connecticut. Their daughter, Sarah Haynes married, 1694, Rev. James Pierpont, born 1659, died 1714. Their daughter, Abigail Pierpont, born 1696, married, 1716, Rev. Joseph Noyes, born 1688. Their daughter, Abigail Noyes, born 1724, married Judge Thomas Darling, born 1719, died 1789. Their son, Samuel Darling, M. D., born 1751, married, 1779, Clarinda Ely, born 1759. Their son, Rev. Charles Chauncey Darling, born 1799, died 1887. He married Adeline E. Dana of Boston, the granddaughter of Major Robert Davis of the Revolutionary army. Their son, Gen. Charles W. Darling, born 1830, married, 1857, Angeline E. Robertson of New York. The various prominent offices which the individuals above named have held, in church and state, will be alluded to in a genealogical history which is now being prepared for publication by the corresponding secretary of the Oneida Historical society at Utica, New York.

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